A SUMMER NOVEL COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

# PICTORIAL REVIEW

AUGUST 1919
TWENTY CENTS

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# PICTORIAL REVIEW

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## *ARE YOU HAPPILY MARRIED?*

"The Telltale Letter"—*One of W. B. King's Delightful Illustrations for "Happily Married"*

DOES your husband still pay you compliments? Does he still tell you how nice you look? Or does he take you for granted? Do you dress to please him? Or are you so sure of him you don't care? Are you like Mrs. Madden? If you want to learn exactly how to manage a man, you must surely not miss reading

# "HAPPILY MARRIED"

## *By Corra Harris*

***Author of "Making Her His Wife," "The Co-Citizens," Etc.***

HOW Mrs. Harris does know men and women! Her understanding of their little vanities, their hidden motives, and their subtle ways is as deep as the ocean. In "Happily Married" she makes you see the inner workings of the mind of a woman who is too sure of her husband, and of a husband who is too sure of himself. When "the other" woman comes along, things certainly become exciting in the little town of Sulgrave.

***This delightful novel begins in Pictorial Review for September, and finishes in the issue on sale October 15th***


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# A Woman of Big Business

## Second Article of a Series on "Interesting Women"

### By Helen Christine Bennett

HENRITA F. RIED

A Woman Who Combines Great Business Ability with Rare Personal Charm

THERE is no article needed in this title. Big Business, with capitals, has come to be a term with a distinct meaning. "A big business" is just what it implies, but "Big Business" with capitals and without the "a," means a collection of businesses with extensions that may extend not only over a country but throughout the world. It is a kind of business with which women up to this time have had little to do except as subordinates, and even now the women who are working heads of Big Business could be counted on one's fingers and leave some fingers to spare.

It is for this reason that I approach the story of Miss Henrita F. Ried reverently. In the centuries to come her name will be known to all students of the progress of women as that of one of the first few to meet man in this very special field of his own making, on his own level, and to take her place there on her own merit. Only those women who come after, following on the trail she has helped to blaze, and those of the present who have all their lives lived among the spoken and unspoken limitations prescribed for them because they are women, can appreciate the service Miss Ried has rendered all women by entering upon man's exclusive territory and making it her own as well because she knew how to handle it.

Miss Ried is secretary of the Bush Terminal Company and vice-president of all its subsidiary companies. I suppose that means little to you—it did to me when I first heard it—so an explanation is needed. The Bush Terminal Company began in Brooklyn as a small company offering docking space to shippers. To-day it has a plant covering two hundred acres on which it has erected scores of buildings. It owns eight huge piers, many tugs, and it furnishes manufacturing and transportation facilities for two hundred and seventy-six companies, and warehouses for four thousand more. An entire building in lower Manhattan is given over to its executive offices. Last Fall it opened a two-million-dollar sales building on West Forty-second Street, New York City, in which at present over one thousand manufacturers have their sample lines on display to be sold through the Bush Sales Service. In the same building is located the Bush Advertising Agency. The Bush Terminal Company is prepared to furnish any manufacturer with factory space, warehouse and storage space in which goods may be held; to ship goods to different parts of this country or to any country in the world; to offer to manufacturers, whose plants are outside New York, a selling service and an advertising service as well as storage and shipping facilities. The Bush companies handle all lines of goods from perfumes to heaters. They have a London office and contemplate offices in South America and on the continent of Europe as soon as post-war conditions permit.

OF THIS large enterprise Miss Ried is secretary, which may mean almost anything, but which in her case means assistant to the president of the company, Mr. Irving T. Bush. She is consulted on all new business; and is the absolute director of all employees of the company as to their engagement and retention in service. So rigid is this last rule that even the president will not engage a man or woman without Miss Ried's approval. The ten thousand employees of the Bush Terminal are her people.

How did she get there? By earning her way, every step. She started out in Kentucky by being a girl instead of a boy, to the great disappointment of her father, Judge Ried, who determined to make the best of her, named her Henrita—an extension of the "Henry" which awaited her—and decided to bring her up as a boy. Accordingly he himself taught her. He wanted her to be a lawyer and a judge, but Southern women did not do these things, and when Miss Ried reached womanhood she decided to go into business and went to Chicago to work on the house-organ of a business concern. The small magazine proved a success, and Miss Ried bought it from the company which ran it and extended it into a trade paper. When she had made it enough of a success to give her a start, she transferred a part of her interest in it and entered upon a new and original enterprise, that of translating the advertising of American merchants into good foreign advertising and of doing the reverse for foreign merchants. She went abroad several times in the interest of her clients, organized the work thoroughly while abroad, and in a short time had a good business. As a part of her work in America she took over the management of the Eastern division of the National Citizen's League for Currency Reform, which was then working on the conditions essential to the establishing of the present Federal Banks. Mr. Irving T. Bush was the chairman of the Executive Committee of the League. His work brought him frequently to Miss Ried's office, and one day he asked her opinion of a problem which had arisen in the Brooklyn Terminal. She answered promptly and Mr. Bush acted upon her advice. The results were so satisfactory that he tried Miss Ried again. In a short time he had engaged her to act on the Advisory Committee of his business, and after a year in this capacity, during which she ran her own business as well, she went abroad. The coming of the war found her in Germany and she hastily fled for home. When she arrived Mr. Bush proposed that as her own business was likely to be inactive during a European war, she should come into the Bush organization as his special assistant. A year later she was secretary of the Bush Terminal Company and vice-president of the subsidiary companies. Incidentally, she had sold her first venture—the trade paper, the net profits of which had amounted to forty thousand dollars.

UNDER her in the Bush Terminal were many men of proved ability, men who also did "Big Business," men to whom a woman at the secretary's desk was a complete innovation. There must have been men among them who resented her coming, men who looked upon her with skeptical eyes and men who secretly prophesied her speedy downfall. With the rare skill that enables her to select employees and to discover their particular abilities, Miss Ried moved among these men and worked with them, asking no quarter at their hands, but claiming every day and every hour their full recognition of her place among them. Gradually their antagonism lessened, at first because of her great personal charm and at last because, being men of Big Business, they honestly respected and admired an ability superior to their own.

"When I first came here," said the vice-president of one of the subsidiary companies, "and we had conferences I used to sit and listen to what we called Miss Ried's 'snap judgments'—we called them that because they come so quickly and snappily—and think she had a great streak of luck to be able to snap off an opinion and have it come right so often. But gradually it dawned upon me that she was almost always right. That was entirely too often to be lucky. Luck couldn't figure on so big an average. She arrived at a decision with such lightning quickness that the rest of us, I for one, felt that we got there about a week and a day later. I have never found out how she does it. If she reasons it out she must apply some rule of logic that I do not know, but I am free to admit that she holds her place because of her ability, because

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

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# Victrola

## Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.

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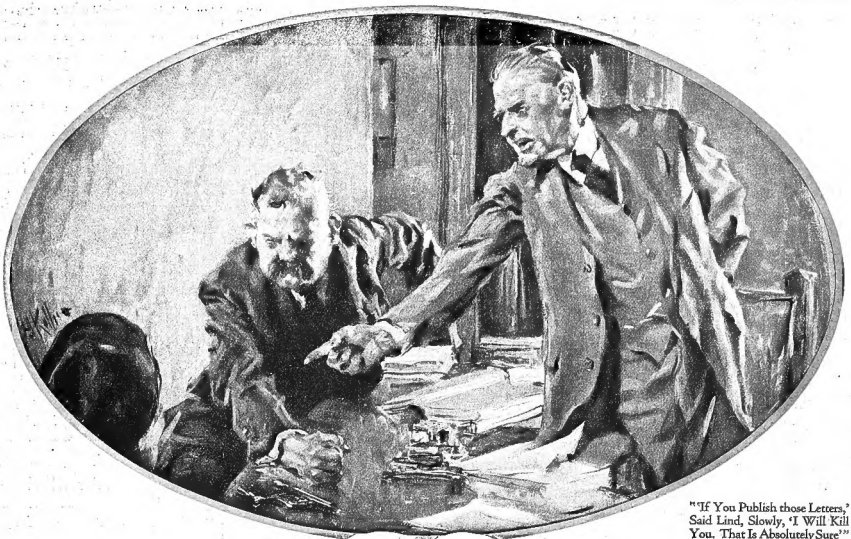

"If You Publish those Letters,' Said Lind, Slowly, 'I Will Kill You. That Is Absolutely Sure'"

# THE PACKET OF LETTERS

## *A Dramatic Novel of Love and Mystery Complete in this Issue*

By
WILL PAYNE

AUTHOR OF "THE LOSING GAME," "THE AUTOMATIC CAPITALIST," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ARTHUR I. KELLER

VISITORS to Denver count upon the residence of Thorsen Lind as one of the "sights." They expect a display of opulence, and are disappointed.

What they see is a stone wall, four feet high, fronting the boulevard for some three hundred yards, and above the wall—if it is Sumner—a luxuriant screen of shrubbery. Passing the tall wrought-iron gate they get a glimpse of the upper story of a large house, a quarter of a mile back from the road. The house is of native buff-colored stone, with a red-tile roof, and has an air of secluding itself. Obviously the thick screen of foliage just behind the wall was arranged for that purpose. Yet the tall gate stands wide open. Any one who wishes may enter.

About half past four of a pleasant afternoon in October a young man did wish. He was alone, driving a low, high-powered roadster in disregard of the speed laws. He swung up to the door, sprang out, and rang impatiently. The door was opened by a butler whom he hardly saw, so eager was he to enter the room across the hall. In an instant he had caught a tall, slim girl, who had risen to meet him, in his arms.

She flushed a little, gave a helpless, breathless little laugh, and murmured, "Oh, Lynn! You know it isn't settled yet."

"You're a liar, Jane! It is settled! I've done it! I've got Bane! He starts for the penitentiary at ten o'clock to-morrow morning! It's sure!"

It was news of much moment. Miss Jane Glenn, so to speak, stared over it a moment, wondering. Then she exclaimed, "But sit down, Lynn. Tell me about it. How did you do it?"

"Well," he mused, "it's funny how it all fell out—when I think it over. You know, Uncle Thorsen said I'd never get Bane. I sort of doubted that I would myself—sly, wise, old fox; been at the game thirty years, too. No amateur is Abner Bane. But, you see, if I didn't get Bane, why the job wasn't done. All these small-fry underlings—poor devils of divekeepers and gamblers and pickpockets and crooks and repeaters and ballot-box stuffers. I might slaughter them, but Bane is the system; he's the king-pin.

"If I couldn't get the boss, the job wasn't really done. Everything ran back to him. I knew that well enough. But I knew he must have go-betweens. Somehow or other the trail must lead smack up to him, and I just blundered on it.

"I've always had my eye on Solly Helter—knowing he's very close to Abner. I got some goods on Solly of a sort, so I went after him for all I was worth. I told him we were bound to clean up this mess—his game was played out. I told him we were sure to get him and sure to get Bane, and Mickey, his little brother, was as good as in the penitentiary for ten years right then. I heaped it on and hammered it in for all I had in me—and he came through. I hardly dared credit my ears when he began to loosen up," Lynn confessed. "But I kept him at it. I got it all down on paper—signed, acknowledged, witnessed—the whole system—graft, election frauds, subornation of perjury, even forgery. It took four hours with a good stenographer; Ellis and I questioning. It reads like the Devil's own diary. It cinches Abner Bane in half a dozen ways. And what's most important of all, I've got Solly Helter locked up good and tight under cover where Bane can never get at him until he repeats his story in open court. Bane could fight a written confession. Very likely he could get Solly to repudiate it. But I've got Solly good and tight—and that means I've got Bane. I'm watching Bane, too. He can't jump his bail and skip."

"He's given bail, then?" she asked.

"He was arrested and arraigned and liberated on bail half an hour ago. I was in the court-room when I telephoned you I was coming. I wanted to beat the extra editions of the newspapers out here."

HER eyes fell and she said gravely, "It's a great victory for you, Lynn. It's a great thing for you to have done." Her lips trembled very slightly, but she looked up courageously and added, "I'm very proud of you." Then, as tho to change the subject as quickly as possible, she asked, "Does Uncle Thorsen know it? I can guess how glad he'll be!"

The young man looked thoughtful and spoke very soberly. "I owe everything to him, Jane. What I owe him! I was just a fool youngster running wild when he took me in hand. He knows how to take a chap in hand! He put me through." He laughed a little. "It soon got so I was more afraid of him than I was of work, so I worked. Why, take this Public Prosecutor business—I'd never have had the nerve to stand for a big office like that. These wiseheads think a man shouldn't ask for an important office until he's lost his hair and teeth. As a matter of fact, it was just Uncle Thorsen that elected me. Of course, I've no claim on him, but—I'm mighty glad he can know I'm not falling down on the job. I even owe him you. You know you said you'd marry me if I got Bane."

She laughed with the helplessness before his impetuosity which was always overcoming her, and protested, "Oh, Lynn! You know it was you who said I should marry you if you got Bane."

Then with a sudden suspicion of the truth she accused, "You were really expecting to get Bane when you said it."

"Well, what if I was?" he retorted boldly. "You had to marry me anyhow. It never could have been any other way. If I wanted the Public Prosecutorship, it was for you. Bane was for you. Everything was for you. I don't want anything in the world but to try my best to make you happy. There isn't anything else in the world. But when I talk seriously to you, you laugh at me. Be fair with me. Have I displeased you? Is there anything I can do?"

"YOU know I have no family," she reminded him. "All I know of my parents is that they were poor and died when I was a baby. I am a waif, a foundling. I suppose it would make no difference to you, Lynn, but it might to—others."

He saw the connection then and could only cry in amazement, "What? That rot? Good Lord!" In his astonishment he stood up, repeating incredulously, "That awful rot? Good Lord! Whoever thinks about that?"

"Your people are proud," she urged. "They have a right to be proud. They have a right to know who is coming into the family. But I am proud, too, Lynn. The only account I can give of myself is that I'm Thorsen Lind's girl. As far back as I can remember I looked to no one except him—and Aunt Sara, of course. I love her; but she's no relative—and only distantly related to him—a cousin's widow whom he got to take care of me when I was little. All I can say for myself is that I belong to him. That's enough for me. I'm proud of it. You see, Lynn, I couldn't go into anybody's house by the back door."

"Why, Jane," he returned quickly, "if you shouldn't be as welcome as the sunshine in my house, it wouldn't be my house any more. I'd turn my back on it with never another thought. Why—dear girl—this is the greatest nonsense in the world. Of course, you'll be welcome in my house. If you were not, I never could have anything but contempt for the house. That's a matter of course."

"Dividing a family is bad business, Lynn," she replied. "You love your mother very much."

"I certainly do!" he affirmed. "My mother is the loveliest woman in the world and the noblest and the best—except you. That's just why, Jane, as fine as she is—why, of course she'll welcome you and love you. You don't really know her or you wouldn't imagine anything else. She'll be glad. I'll tell her to-night."

The statement startled her, there was that conclusiveness about it. This was his birthday. She was to be one of the

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guests at his house that night in celebration of the day.

"I'll tell her as soon as I get home," he repeated. "I'll stake everything on her. She will be glad. I know it. She loves you now. It's true, Jane, that my father—well, he isn't always pleasant for anybody. Sarcasm, you know. All that can be said is—well, he's my father." Then, pleading, "But you mustn't mind, girl—a biting word now and then. Why should we bother about that? We've got our own lives to live. You and I will make our own house—the finest and happiest house in the world. You mustn't mind."

He lifted her hand and kissed it and it came to them that this was definite surrender. By way of clinching it, he added, "You must tell Uncle Thorsen."

She laughed, understanding he exacted that by way of further pledge, and replied, "Yes, to-night."

Then a dazzling idea struck him. Still holding her hand he stood up aglow. "See here, Jane! What do you think? It's my birthday, you know; and it's the day we're engaged. Don't you think Uncle Thorsen would come over to our house to-night—celebrating it all? Wouldn't he break the rule to-night? I know Mother would be tickled to have him. I'll telephone her now—ask her to invite him. I know she'd be mighty glad to do it. Shall I?"

The idea tempted her also. But it was a well-settled tradition that there was no social side to Thorsen Lind's life. She didn't wish Mrs. Lee to telephone and be refused. She didn't wish to take a step that might in any degree commit Lind.

"I think you'd better wait until he comes home and let me speak to him," she said. Then she stood up and they said "Good-by."

Lynn checked his car near the curve that wound through the screen of shrubbery and looked back across the spacious lawn. In its mellow and opulent Autumn setting the big house stood dreaming, enclosing her. A sense of the man who had built the house and put her in it rose upon him, and he murmured, "What I owe to him! What luck I've had!"

But even while he was thinking it, the luck was turning.

THERE is a decided suggestion of seclusion in Thorsen Lind's office. Many buildings in Denver are more imposing, but none more surely attracts the stranger's eye. It is in the Spanish Mission style, spacious, but only two stories high, and on the two sides where it fronts the street it stands back a dozen feet from the building-line. A copper toilet to the right of the entrance bears the sign "Mountains and Desert Railroad."

Twenty minutes or so after Lynn Lee wheeled up to the door of Thorsen Lind's residence, a car stopped in front of this odd office building. A heavy man climbed out of it, waddled through the arch and took the stairs to the right.

Near the head of the stairs he opened a door on whose ground-glass panel the word "President" was painted in neat, black letters, and so entered a cell-like anteroom. Behind a desk sat a lean old Indian in baggy trousers. Striding across to this desk, the caller took a blank card from a little stack there, bent over and wrote heavily upon it with a lead-pencil. Without speaking, he shoved the card across the desk toward the odd doorman and straightened up, glowering like a person in extremely bad temper.

The Indian looked impassively at the card, picked it up, arose and silently disappeared through the door beside his desk. The room into which he stepped was much larger than the anteroom. A big mission table was placed nearly in the center of the room, and there sat the only occupant—Felton, Thorsen Lind's private secretary, a middle-aged man with a thin face, gray over the temples.

Felton glanced mechanically at the card as Jim, the Indian, silently deposited it at his elbow, and a faint line of perplexity appeared in his forehead. The name scrawled upon it was "Abner Bane"—a new caller at the office—and on general principles by no means a welcome caller, and beneath the name, was scrawled,

"Urgent. K. 182."

Felton didn't know what that might mean. He thought it was merely a cheap trick to arouse Mr. Lind's curiosity and gain admission. But he didn't know, so he carried the card into the room at the right.

Thorsen Lind was then sixty-one years old. He looked a man who had struggled and expended energy prodigally. He was two or three inches under six feet, with a long, powerful trunk, square shoulders, and a deep chest. His gray eyes, under jutting brows, roamed at times to hold glints of yellow. People said his income from his copper mines alone was a million a year.

Lind took the card. It held his glance for a long moment. He showed no surprise, but to Felton's eye his face seemed slowly to settle, grow heavy, and take on a mask. Even his voice sounded heavy and ominous as he said, "Show him in at once."

A moment later, Bane followed Jim, the Indian, across Felton's room to Lind's door. When Jim pulled Lind's door shut behind him, Bane, in taking the chair, drew an automatic pistol from his hip-pocket and laid it on the table in front of him.

"I don't trust you much," he observed impudently, "so I'll ask you to keep in front of me as you are. I have your letters."

As Lind stood silent and impassive, the visitor—after a moment—proceeded, gradually gathering heat and violence as he went on:

"This young jumping-jack and trained monkey of yours, Lynn Lee, Esquire, thinks he's going to prosecute me for several things. Says he, 'There's Abner Bane, a lowly cuss who drinks common whisky in common barrooms instead of guzzling champagne in a club. He's a friend of people that's got callouses and coal-soot and engine-oil on their hands. Our circle wouldn't wipe their feet on him. I'll just take this Bane person,' he says, 'and break him into a dozen pieces. Then our lily-white set will clap their hands and say I'm a great little savior of society.'"

His voice had been rising. It seemed to Lind that he was purposely working himself into a passion.

"Do you think I'll stand for any of that, Lind?" he bawled. "Not for a second. The case against me has got to stop right here!"

Lind put his hands behind his back and spoke evenly.

"I have nothing whatever to do with the case against you, Bane. I didn't even know there was a case against you until you told me so just now."

"That's a lie," Bane retorted, his hand near the weapon. "Don't try to tell me it wasn't just you and nobody else that made him Public Prosecutor. I'm no infant in arms when it comes to local politics, Thor. You tell him to drop this case against me right here."

Lind stepped somewhat nearer the table, looking the caller hard in the eye. "Why should I?" he demanded. "You're a rotten crook. I suppose Lynn's got the evidence against you. Naturally he'll prosecute you. Why shouldn't he?"

Bane's fat face puckered into a scowl as tho from bodily pain. "So that's the ticket, is it?" he cried, in a venomous rage. "High and mighty, eh! Grand nabob business! All right, grand nabob, listen to me; the squab's got a signed confession from Solly Helter. But I don't care a whoop about that. He's got Solly somewhere under cover. You turn Solly over to me this evening, you understand—this evening in my office—so I can get him out of the State—or, so help me, I'll have your letters and the whole edifying story in the *Bulletin* by to-morrow morning! Want a show-down, do you? Well—there's your show-down. And it'll be fine reading for Lynn Lee, Esquire."

Without moving, Lind replied, slowly, "Some letters were stolen from my house eighteen months ago, five letters."

"Correct," said Bane, "five, tied with a common brown string. You once said that criminals came to me, and some of 'em do. Two gentlemen with whom I had professional dealings cracked your safe. You want to know. They couldn't make head or tail of those letters. It took me over a year, and it cost me quite a bit of money first and last, to get it all put together right—some traveling here and there, too, as far as Phoenix, Arizona. But I've got it now, and everybody in Denver will have it to-morrow morning if a show-down is what you must have."

"If you publish those letters," said Lind, slowly, looking him hard in the eye, "I will kill you. That is absolutely sure."

"You fetch me Solly Helter or tell me where I can get him, or bust you go—curse you, and that's the last word!" Bane announced. Pistol in hand he backed to the door.

A silent half hour passed before Lind came out of his room, with leaden face, his eyes on the floor. Passing the table he merely said, "Good night, Felton"—by way of dismissal. In the anteroom he spoke to the Indian:

"Home now, Jim."

The Indian slipped swiftly to get his master's hat and coat, then followed him down-stairs and climbed up on the seat beside the chauffeur in the waiting car. He looked even more impassive than the man in the tonneau. But he had noticed Lind's face and voice. There was speculation in his mind—a hunting and sniffing.

At his house Lind would have gone directly to his study, but Jane came running to meet him as soon as he stepped into the hall. In his abstraction he noticed that her cheeks were rosier than usual and her eyes brighter.

"You've heard the news, Uncle Thorsen?" she began, happily. "The news about Abner Bane?"

"Why, yes," he said, making an effort to collect himself. "It's a fine victory for the boy—something to be proud of. I didn't think he could get Bane. It's a bully stroke. It's fine for the boy."

She began again, with an uncertain note, "I——," hesitated, stepped closer to him, and put her hand on his arm, with downcast eyes, and murmured, "I have promised to marry him, Uncle Thorsen."

He had quite expected it; yet, as he looked at her, he found a revelation in it—a more penetrating concept of the gentle woman giving herself for once and all.

"I'm mighty glad, Jane," he said quietly. "It's what I wished. I wished it more than anything else. The boy's got the right stuff in him. I'm mighty glad. You will be happy."

She laughed and kissed him without an invitation, and said exuberantly, "We will all be happy!"

The statement mocked him and threw him back into his own coil of thought.

He hesitated an instant, for there was a kind of infamy in pumping her. But he was not in a position to be scrupulous, so he asked, "What did Lynn tell you about the case against Bane?"

She repeated it. He reflected, and inquired promptly, "Did he tell you where he was keeping this man Helter—the witness against Bane?"

"Why no, he said nothing about that," she replied.

"Do you know where Lynn would be going after he left here?" he asked. "I want to see him as soon as possible."

"Why no, he didn't say," she replied. "But he'll surely be home in half past seven, I should think. There's a party at the house to-night—his birthday. Dinner is at eight." She smiled. "He left word that I was to urge you to come to the party yourself. He said his mother would be delighted—his birthday—and our engagement, you know. He thought you might break the rule."

LIND stared at her a moment in a heavy abstraction, and struck his hand across his hair again. Then abruptly he asked, "What's the number of Lee's house?" at the same time reaching for the telephone. She told him the number, pushing the instrument toward his reaching hand. A moment later he was saying, "Is this Mr. Lee's house? This is Thorsen Lind. I wish to speak to Mrs. Lee." And, after a pause, "Is this Mrs. Lee? Thorsen Lind speaking. Could you make a place for me at your party to-night? I wish very much to come." After a moment. "Thank you. It's very good of you. Good-by."

"You're really going?" she cried, trying to put a gay lilt in her voice as tho it were a happy surprize. But even to her ears it sounded weak and uncertain, a note of alarm more than a note of pleasure.

"I must see Lynn as soon as I can," he said, anxiously. "Going to his house seems to be the surest way. Lynn has got to let Bane go!"

"Bane isn't guilty?" she ventured bewilderedly.

"Guilty as the devil! No doubt about that!" he retorted.

That was even more bewildering. After another moment she ventured again, out of the groping tumult in her mind, "But if Bane is guilty—how can Lynn let him go?"

She waited breathlessly, but his eyes wandered from her face, and the silence continued.

Suddenly he stood up, forced a smile, and said quietly, "There's no good talking about it now, Jane. You must be dressing for the party, and so must I. Quite an adventure for me—a dinner party, and I suppose a dance afterward."

A score of people sat down to dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Lee and their son that evening. Miss Ella Watkins was at the right hand of the host and hostess of the house, and the two were watching a little play without audible words at the upper end of the table.

The first character in this little play was the mistress of the house. Her hair was silver white, her figure was that of a girl, her dark eyes sparkled limpidly, and when she smiled, a little dimple came at the corner of her lips. The second character in the little play was Lynn Lee, at his mother's right, and with the same air of youthful ardor in his formal evening dress as in a sack coat. The third was Jane Glenn—next to Lynn—in a blue-satin gown, silver trimmed, that went well with her creamy complexion and yellow hair.

These three characters were talking together. At the foot of the table one couldn't catch the words; but one could see the young man's ardent looks, the young woman's teased smiles and downcast eyes, the mother's good nature.

Seeing that, Ella Watkins tittered, and murmured archly to the master of the house, "Was I a true prophet? Did I cast the horoscope right?"

She was given to tittering, and to a tremendous activity in what Lynn disrespectfully called the "kid-glove uplift." Her tale of years, in fact, put her a good third of the way toward the next generation beyond the set of Lynn's age, but she nursed the delusion that none but herself knew that. She was tall and angular, with a long nose and prominent, nervous eyes.

"I give you no credit," the head of the house replied. "You said Lynn was making a fool of himself over a pretty girl. Nobody need be a prophet to know he'd do that."

HE SPOKE very dryly—a dryness that bit. He was somewhat under a man's medium height, and spare. A meager fringe of white hair grew around the base of his skull, which was otherwise perfectly bald and mildly shiny, like old ivory. His features were sharp and the bony structure of his face showed under the yellowish skin. There were pouches under his eyes. He ate very sparingly and drank nothing for years, for his digestion had long since gone to wreck. He lacked but a year of three score and ten, but in his decay there was a certain bone-toughness. He seemed likely to live many years.

It was quite characteristic of him that he had always despised Denver. Thirty-six years, now, since he had come there to take a promising position in the legal department of a railroad. Those were the circumstances might have said he came under something of a cloud; but a luminous cloud, reflecting the sulfurous fire of a certain half-suppressed society scandal in New Orleans.

His social distinction and acute mind readily made a place for him. In a few years the brilliant advocate was famous over a wide region. His epigrams were current topics to conversation from the Missouri to the Coast. Many people knew well enough that his professional activities consisted to no small extent in a cynical manipulation of politics, but that, in those days, was taken rather as a

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matter of course. Many deeply conservative minds regarded him as a champion whose shining sword defended the flowers of civilization—and especially the institution of private property—from sansculottic hordes who threatened an overturn. It was in that light that Katherine Kilgore saw him when she visited Denver at the age of twenty-one—he then being thirty-nine. The following year he went back to Baltimore to wed her. It was "Just Lee's luck!" men said when they discussed the charm and beauty of the bride. Epigrams were not his only help to conversation. For a long time certain stories about him—which might well have dismayed a prudent prospective father-in-law, had been handed about club grill-rooms and even hotel bars. For ten years now he had practically retired from professional activities—with an ample fortune and badly impaired digestion.

LEE'S attention was fixed on the little play at the opposite end of the table. His son and the girl were evidently in love; his wife was looking on benevolently like one in the secret. Apparently nobody had considered it necessary to consult him. Shameless in some ways; known for what he was and coolly indifferent to the fact of being so known, he still had a towering pride of family. Watching the little play, his heart distilled gall.

There had been no time to consult him. The affairs which Lynn had in hand when he left the railroad office kept him late. Reaching home, he had burst in upon his mother's toilet and there, careless of the maid, had bent over her chair and told her the great news that Jane was going to marry him. He wished to talk much longer; but he must hurry to dress. Then the guests began arriving; dinner was announced; there had been no time to consult anybody about anything.

Lind also lacked time. Young Mr. and Mrs. Ashcraft had called at his house for Jane, by a previous arrangement, so he had driven to Lee's alone. First of all it was necessary to talk to Lynn; he must find an opportunity for that directly after dinner. When the men joined the women in the library, by good luck Lind found a seat beside Jane.

"I want you to help me," he said evenly, somewhat under his breath. "I must get a chance to talk to Lynn as soon as I can. I suppose others will be coming in and they will be going up-stairs to dance very soon. You can reach him more easily than I can. Send him down here to me, will you? I'll manage to stay behind. If there's anybody else here we can step out on the terrace."

"I will do as you say," she murmured, striving to be loyal, but with a divided mind.

Getting word to Lynn was not immediately easy. Under the light air of the party, Lynn, his mother, and his father had something on their minds. Mr. Lee had not been told of the engagement. He suspected that he was going to be told and he was looking for an opportunity to say something on his own account first.

He found his opportunity in the spacious hall, where Lynn and his mother were lingering a moment.

"Glad to notice you're not drinking," he observed to the young man in his usual dry manner.

"Why, I never cared much for drink, Father," Lynn answered cheerfully. "To-day I decided to cut it out altogether. This is a great day for me." His mother's hand tightened a little on his arm. She had told him to let her break the news.

"I have discovered a mild interest in watching our celebrated guest—who invited himself, I understand. Charmingly original," his father sneered.

Mrs. Lee seemed uneasy. "He wished to come," she said, lower.

"Oh, quite right, I'm sure," her husband observed. "His wish should be sufficient in everything. Lucky dog! I could consume myself with envy when I think of him, if I wasn't beyond all that. There's no point in grinding your teeth when the teeth are false. But he must be nearly as old as I am and if a charming young lady had smiled on me in the last ten years, it's been only to speculate on whether I'll look much different when I'm laid out. Lucky dog! He gives her the name of Miss Glenn, doesn't he? I've usually heard her referred to simply as his young lady—under his protection, I suppose they call it."

While Mrs. Lee stood helpless, Lynn exclaimed, in a sort of amazed indignation, "Why, of course, you know she's his ward—his protégée. He brought her up."

"I recall the story," his father answered coolly. "Rather vague as to details, as I remember it, but something like what you say. She was seventeen or eighteen when she appeared here in his lordly keeping—a very charming age, and a very charming girl."

Lynn's face reddened and his eyes sparkled. "Did you ever hear a word against her?" he demanded hotly.

Lee put his hands in his trousers pockets and chuckled mirthlessly. "Servants will tattle, you know."

His wife turned pale. "All you say is false! All false! Your own corrupt mind invented it! Never have I heard a breath of gossip."

"It's lies," said Lynn, like one choking, his fists mechanically clenched.

His mother put a hand on his arm. "Lynn! Go, now! I will tell you later! Go!" He hesitated an instant, then ran up the stairs as tho pursued.

WIFE turned to husband, dark eyes burning in her white face, trembling, striving hard to control herself. "I understand now," she said, after a moment, with difficulty. "I understand—it came to me. You've heard something about Lynn and Jane Glenn, and you took this means—— I understand it now." She seemed to gather up all the scorn and indignation in the world. "After all I've known of you, I never supposed that even you would do a thing as vile as that. Couldn't you have done something else—less detestable than that?"

"If I keep him from marrying Miss Nobody from Nowhere—who's probably Lind's mistress to boot—you ought to thank me," he replied imperturbably.

"What I have to thank you for!" she said, low, as tho it summed up for a lifetime.

"Naturally one shouldn't look to a woman for gratitude or even justice," he remarked. "Yet an impartial jury might say you had a great deal to thank me for. Few husbands have been more indulgent, I think. It's a long time that we've been playing our little comedy of Wife-in-Name-Only. We agreed that something was due to the names we bear; that we inherited a certain station, a certain tradition which we must live up to. We said we owed it to our descent and breeding to keep a brave, conventional house, fronting the world proudly. That has cost us both something. Marrying the heir of our name and tradition to Miss Nobody is hardly in line with my idea of our obligation."

"In your heart you care nothing whatever whom he marries," she replied.

"Well, put it that way," he rejoined calmly. "Say the long comedy grows irksome, and I welcome a little diversion to save me a bit from boredom. Or, if you like, say there's a bit too much of Thorsen Lind in this to suit my taste." He looked at her a moment out of cold eyes, then turned and went deliberately up-stairs.

THE ballroom occupied the greater part of the third, and top, story of the house. For this occasion it had been prodigally decorated with Autumn leaves. The air pulsed with dance music and a score of couples were gliding rhythmically over the floor when the master of the house entered. Some others were sitting around the wall. Among the latter he noticed the angular figure, long face, and prominent nervous eyes of Ella Watkins—looking toward the door, as it happened, as tho she might have been hoping to see him come in. He went down the room, took a seat beside her, and remained there for the greater part of the evening. But while there he observed several things which he did not comment upon to his companion. First, he observed that Jane Glenn was speaking to his son in a way that suggested something other than mere ballroom talk. His son immediately left the room, going down-stairs—and he did not return, which, of course, was rather odd.

Not long after Lynn's departure, Jane herself left the room, in company with young Mr. and Mrs. Ashcraft and Mr. Tommy Bolton. They went laughing, as tho they might be going out-of-doors for a promenade on the terrace, for the evening was warm. At any rate, young Mrs. Ashcraft carried a filmy shawl over her arms. Presently young Mr. and Mrs. Ashcraft and Mr. Tommy Bolton returned; but Jane did not—which, also, was rather odd. Mr. Lee also noticed that Thorsen did not appear in the ballroom.

Naturally, the master of the house surmised that something or other was going on down-stairs. He would have rather liked to stroll down and take a look, only he wouldn't put himself in that cheap position. But if he had gone he would have seen that his son and Thorsen Lind held an earnest conversation in the library—which his son terminated abruptly, turning on his heel, leaving the room, and

"As the Men—and Many Women—Hurried Down-stairs, and Having Gained the Lower Floor Raced for the Terrace, They Distinguished Cries from Outside, thus: 'It's Murder!' 'Get the Police!'"

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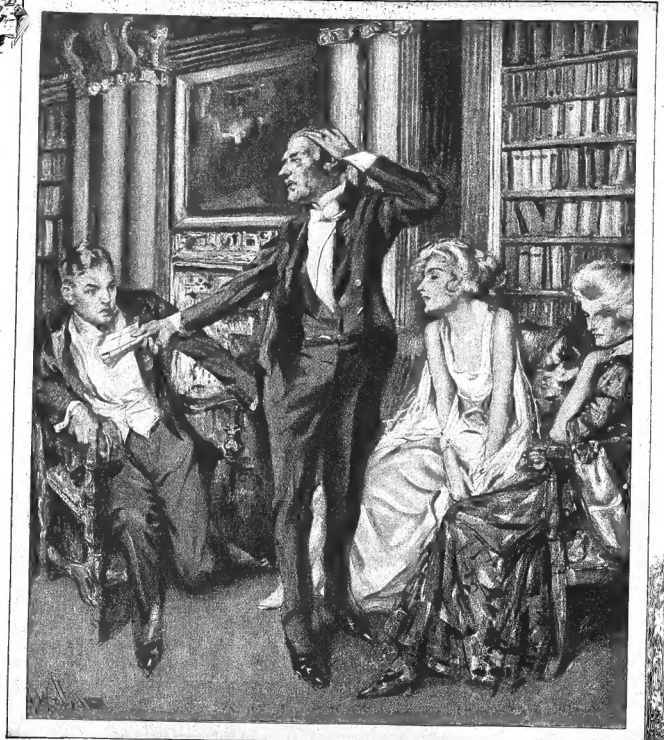

"'You Must Have Full Faith in Jane, Lynn. I Will Prove to You that these Letters Have Nothing Whatever to Do with Her'"

going up-stairs with a deeply disturbed air. He would have seen him encounter a footman who was looking for him to say that Mr. Bane—Abner Bane—was on the telephone, insisting on speaking to him. He would have seen Lynn go to the telephone in his den on the second floor, and if he had listened he would have heard Lynn tell Bane to come up to the house.

As pride and a sense of personal dignity prevented him from spying in any such obvious, vulgar way, Mr. Lee merely sat on talking caustically to Ella Watkins—meanwhile wondering what the absentees were about. At length one of them appeared. Both Mr. Lee and Miss Watkins saw Thorsen Lind walk into the ballroom. He came in alone, with a leisurely and composed air, just at the end of a dance. He drew out his watch. Mr. Lee was minded to do the same, and saw that it was twenty minutes past eleven. Lind stood composedly on the floor, with his hands behind his back, looking over the scene with indulgent amusement.

Mrs. Lee saw him, and went over toward him.

"You haven't run away then—without giving me a chance to say more than the two words when you came?"

"It isn't quite time yet," he replied. "Only twenty minutes past eleven a moment ago. I looked at my watch when I came in here. You see, if I stay until the clock strikes twelve, my automobile will change into a pumpkin, and you'll be looking for the owner of a glass slipper. It's number ten, on a D last."

AS HE spoke he saw Jane come into the room hastily, walk past Wilbur Lee and Ella Watkins, and take a seat alone.

Mrs. Lee had also seen Jane enter. She looked toward the girl now and added with a significance he could not fail to catch, "Some day, I shall be coming to your house."

"That will be the best day I've seen in thirty years," he said.

By that time several others had come up and Lind found himself engaged in ballroom talk. The men he knew, but there were women to be introduced. A group formed about him—for to these young people he was a romantic figure, a master of fortune. They knew the current stories about him—how he had gone into the desert and found the copper; his boundless energy; how he had built the railroad and developed waste regions. He talked good naturedly with them, and he was telling a little Indian story when in through the open windows came an arresting sound—a woman screaming down below. There was a general start in the room. Some of those who were seated sprang up; feminine hands tightened on masculine arms. There was a general turning toward the windows. Then they heard a man down below shout excitedly. An instant later came another scream in a woman's voice. At that there was a rush for the door. Young Walter Felton was able to declare later that this happened just a trifle after half past eleven.

As the men—and many women—hurried down-stairs, and, having gained the lower floor, raced for the terrace, they distinguished cries from outside, thus:

"Colter! Get Doctor Colter!"

"Look at the blood!"

"It's murder!"

"Get the police!"

"That's Bane! Abner Bane! Somebody killed him!"

Leaving Lind's office about half past five, Bane was driven to the Great Divide Hotel. In the barroom an elderly man in white apron behind the bar greeted him,

"Good afternoon, Mr. Bane."

By way of reply, Bane said merely, "Rye."

The bartender placed bottle and a glass before him. Bane filled it to the brim, absorbed the contents at a long gulp, took a bare sip of water, refilled the whisky-glass and emptied it as expeditiously again. Then he tossed a half-dollar on the bar and lumbered out without uttering a word. Back in the lobby, he took a comfortable chair and deliberately lighted a cigar—waiting for the liquor to take hold.

The events of that day had shaken his tough, dull nerves. He had bellowed and blackguarded and threatened, but at the bottom of his heart he was afraid of Thorsen Lind. There was, somehow, something about the man that smelled deadly.

Lind had said, very coolly, "If you use those letters, I will kill you."

Was Abner Bane to be scared by a silly threat? He asserted the contrary, passionately; yet there was the spot of fear inside him.

When the cigar was quite finished, he went out of the side door and down the street to the Silver Lode Saloon; and presently further down to the Miners' Exchange. It was twenty minutes to seven when he returned to his car, which had been waiting for him in front of the Great Divide.

He was driven to a restaurant and dined there abundantly. He paid another visit to the Great Divide and reached his office a little before eight. Leaving the car at the curb, the chauffeur accompanied him up-stairs to the office.

The chauffeur was known as "Peter Mike"—a stocky, dark-eyed, round-headed, curly-haired young man who looked like an Italian. The police said he was a "gunman." Besides driving the car he acted in the capacity of bodyguard to Bane. Bane left Peter Mike in his front office, saying he was expecting a caller, and proceeded himself to the inner room, or private office, leaving the door slightly ajar. There he settled himself in the swivel chair and produced a quart bottle of whisky.

He took a drink from the bottle, lighted a cigar and waited—with the fixed grin, while the liquor rioted in his brain. Gradually a sodden stage ensued and a sullen rage grew upon him.

Ten minutes past ten and no caller! Bane took another drink——

At half past ten he busied himself a moment at the telephone, and immediately afterward came into the front room. He crooked a finger at Peter Mike who followed his patron down-stairs. When they were in the car Bane said,

"Drive to Wilbur Lee's house."

He spoke only once on the way. The words were "I'm going to make 'em come across, Peter. I've got the goods on 'em right here," tapping his breast pocket. "There'll be nothing doing in court tomorrow."

Peter turned in at the entrance to the spacious grounds at Mr. Lee's. From the gate up to the house—a distance of two hundred yards—the road described a long curve, sweeping around and running along the main or north front of the house. Some five feet above the road, along that side of the house, runs a brick-paved terrace, with a neatly trimmed shrub on its outer edge. Midway of the façade a flight of stone steps leads from the roadway up to the terrace, and so across the terrace to the front door. Peter slowed down, and Bane told him to stop a rod or so before they got to the stone steps.

TELLING Peter to wait for him there, Bane got out of the car and walked ahead. He kept on along the roadway until he reached the northeast corner of the house. Then he turned to the right, into a path bordered by shrubbery. That was the last Peter saw of him.

To a person in Peter's position—sitting in an automobile on the roadway, with the steep bank of the terrace at his right hand and the parapet of shrubbery along the edge of the terrace as a further screen, hardly any part of the lower story of the long house is visible, nor is anything on the terrace visible.

When he stopped the car in front of the house, Peter noticed by the little clock in the dash that it was about ten minutes to eleven. When they left Bane's office it was just a little after half past ten. Driving as he had, ten minutes to eleven would be almost exactly the time of their arrival.

And after Bane left the car, Peter just sat there, listening to the dance music up-stairs, until he heard a woman scream around at the east end of the house. And he still sat there, listening to the screaming and shouting until he heard somebody say, "It's Bane!"

Then he got out of the car and went to investigate. He skirted the shrubbery that bordered the path and soon made out that somebody, coming down from the ballroom and strolling through the grounds, had found Bane's body lying in the path. He came forward then, asking questions, and stayed there until the police arrived—and took him into custody.

It was from Peter's statements that Inspector Mutchler learned of Bane's movements during the evening. The

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Inspector reached the scene as soon as possible after the alarm was given, and at once took charge

His first step was to shoo away the flock of fluttered guests, ordering them all inside except Lynn Lee who was also an officer of the law. After investigating the scene of the crime and questioning Peter Mike, the Inspector went up to the terrace and entered the library through one of the tall windows that stood open.

"Where's the young lady who first saw the body?" he demanded gruffly.

Lynn Lee, standing at the Inspector's elbow, nodded at dark, [illegible] with Louise Roberts in a shimmering ballroom gown that seemed oddly misplaced at an inquest

Her statement was that some time after eleven o'clock she had left the ballroom with four or five others to go down-stairs and take a turn on the terrace, for they were warm from dancing. She had suggested that they walk further—down through the grounds, and without waiting for the others, she ran on ahead in the path for a long distance. The bordering shrubbery was thick and it was quite dark. She stepped on something that yielded disagreeably. Startled, she sprang aside and peered down and made out the body of a man lying sprawled at the edge of the path with his arm outstretched. It was his hand she had stepped on. She screamed and ran back. Then everybody was shouting and running up and calling out. Somebody said the man in the path was Abner Bane. No, from the time of stepping out on the terrace until finding the body she had heard nothing unusual and seen nobody except her companions from the ballroom

Young Dr. Colter had been one of the first to reach the spot. With an

evident professional relish he described the posture of the body, on its back, with sprawled limbs; blood on the path; recently dead, for there was no sign yet of *rigor mortis*. There was a great wound on the head.

"Meaning," grumbled the Inspector, "that the man had been hit a thundering wallop over the head with a blunt instrument and killed."

"Exactly," said the young physician. "It was a smashing blow, too; death must have been instantaneous."

OTHERS who reached the spot early were questioned. No one had heard any unusual sound before the discovery of the body or seen anybody about.

There was a little silence. Then Inspector Mutchler turned to Wilbur Lee and said irritably, "Your son tells me Bane was coming here to see him."

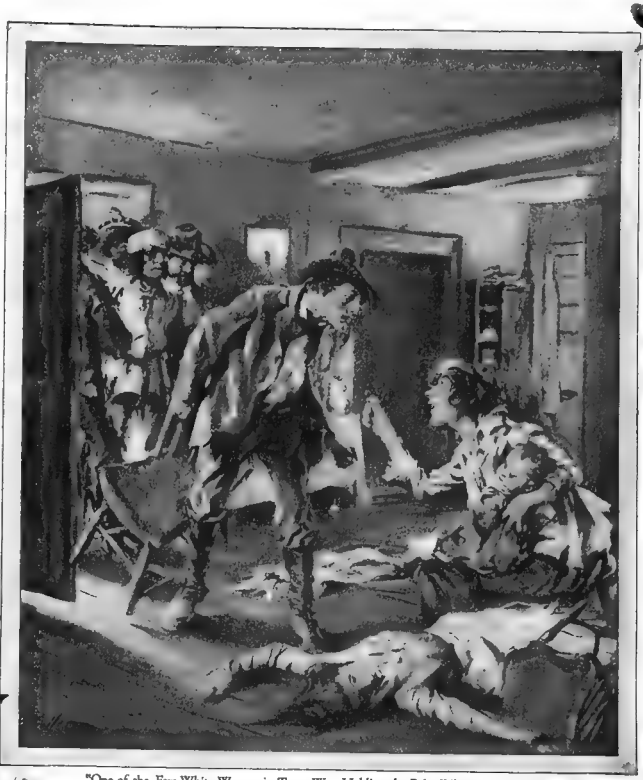
The statement created a stir and flutter in the room. Eyes turned to Lynn, expectantly. Every one had noticed that Lynn was pale, but there was nothing extraordinary about that in view of the tragedy which had suddenly unfolded at his door.

He looked steadily at his father and spoke with firmness, like a man giving formal testimony:

"About half past ten, Simpson—the footman—told me Abner Bane was on the telephone insisting on speaking to me—saying it was very important. The voice on the wire said it was Abner Bane and that he wanted me to come to his office.

"I told him I wouldn't do that—that I am a public officer; it's part of my business to listen to people who say they have something important to tell. So I told him there was a party at the house to-night; but he could drive up to the front door and follow the path around to the south door—the living-room—and I would be waiting for him there.

"Soon after talking to him I went into the living-room to wait for him. I was still waiting there when I heard a scream outside. I don't know what Bane meant to tell me. I certainly never had any dealings with him except to prosecute him."



"One of the Few White Women in Town Was Holding the Baby When We Came in. The Girl Mother Lay on the Floor Dead"

"Ah!" Lee purred, and put a fleshless finger up to his chin, reflecting. "But did Bane come here alone?" he asked Inspector Mutchler.

This questioning seemed to annoy the Inspector. With a slight, impatient shrug of his lean shoulders he replied, "A thug and gunman called Peter Mike who acts as his chauffeur drove him up here."

"What's Mr. Mike's explanation of their errand?" Lee asked with an unpleasant humor. "Blackmail, perhaps!"

With a challenging energy Lynn replied, "Not Abner Bane or any other man living had any ground for blackmailing me."

"Very glad to hear it, I'm sure," Lee replied, without a trace of emotion. "You do the family honor. So if there was blackmail it must have been directed at somebody else." Then his dull eyes turned slowly, until they rested on Jane. She met them at first, then looked quickly away.

"Were you alone down-stairs, Lynn?" asked his father with a false aim of innocent interest.

"No, Mr. Lind was with me," Lynn replied. "After the talk with Bane over the wire, I came down-stairs. I found Mr. Lind here. I mentioned to him that Bane had just 'phoned he was coming here to tell me something important. Then I went on into the living-room. A very few minutes later Mr. Lind came in there. He said he would like to hear what Bane had to say—so we waited there together."

Lee seemed to be casting back in his mind. "Waiting together all the time until this scream was heard?" he asked.

"Nearly all the time," Lynn replied. "After we had waited a few minutes, Mr. Lind stepped in here—through that door. He said he would take a look out of the windows here and see if Bane's car was coming up the road. He came back in four or five minutes saying no car was in sight. Then we just waited there for half an hour. Mr. Lind looked at his watch and said, 'It's twenty minutes past eleven now. I don't believe he's coming. I'm going up to the ballroom. If he does come, please send me word there.' With that he left me. Ten minutes later the scream sounded."

"Exact time is a very important element here, my son," he observed. "You say it was thirteen minutes to eleven when Mr. Lind rejoined you in the living-room. Could you be quite certain of that—if you were called upon to prove it, now?"

"Yes," Lynn replied firmly. "The living-room is not in use to-night. That is why I told Bane to come there. It hasn't been lighted up this evening. If you will look into it now you will see there are only two small lights—in the wall sconces at either side the door. It was that way when I went in there. I was pacing back and forth, being restless, as I have said—when Mr. Lind came back. He came up to me when I was a little distance from the door. The light wasn't strong there. When he took out his watch he held it up to the light. I could see it plainly, as he stood just beside me. When he said, 'It's thirteen minutes to eleven,' I was looking at the watch and saw the time plainly."

"And did you look at the watch again when he said 'It's twenty minutes past eleven?'" Lee asked.

"No," Lynn replied. "But I'm certain we were in there half an hour or so waiting—a long time."

The master of the house turned his cold, fishy eyes to Thornen Lind and inquired, "You're quite sure of the time of leaving the living-room?"

"Absolutely!" Lind replied.

"I think that checks off those two," said the Inspector, with some unbending toward a grim humor. But he immediately became grumpy again and addressed the mistress of the house brusquely, "Mrs. Lee, I'd like to know if any of your servants were down-stairs here between a quarter of eleven and a quarter past—or anywhere around the east end of the house."

MRS. LEE left the room to summon the servants, and the Inspector proceeded methodically. When he stepped into the room nearly everybody had noticed the black muzzle of a revolver sticking up from his side pocket. He took the weapon out of his pocket now, and turned to Dr. Colter.

"Look to you as tho that might be what Bane was hit with?" he asked irritably.

The doctor took the weapon, inspected its butt gravely and replied, "Why, no, Inspector, it doesn't. In my opinion," he proceeded, "it must have been something bigger and heavier than that, and of a different shape. Seems clear to me the thing he was hit with must have been triangular in shape, or pyramidal, and a trifle over three inches across the base."

"Mr. Lind, my men took this gun off your Indian, Jim," the Inspector announced. "They found him out there in

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the shrubbery, and when they searched him, this gun was in his pocket."

Lind replied with an air of cool amusement, "Jim rode up here with me from my house, as you'll find by asking my chauffeur. The fact is, I had reason to believe a gentleman had come to Denver, who—well, who never did appreciate me properly, so I told Jim to ride up here with me to-night and put a gun in his pocket. I think you'll find he sat in my car until along about half past ten, when I sent for the car to come up here to the house. I was thinking of going home and sent word to Jim to come into the house. He came in and after I spoke to him I told him to sit down in the hall and wait for me. I remember distinctly that when I came out of the living-room at twenty minutes past eleven and went up-stairs to the ball-room he was still there in the hall. I didn't say anything to him, but went on up-stairs. I suppose when he heard the screaming and shouting outside he got more or less excited about it and presently slipped out to see what was up. As I recall it," Lind added, "a servant was there in the hall each time I went through. Perhaps she can tell whether Jim stayed there."

MRS. LEE spoke up from a position near the hall door. "One of my maids has been here in the hall from eight o'clock on to this moment. Do you wish to question her? I told Martha to take charge of the wraps here in the hall and not to go away on any account." With a slight motion of her head, she beckoned a tall servant to step forward; and by way of giving her name, said to the Inspector "Miss Martha Prawl."

The maid stepped forward to her mistress s side, standing very erect, her hands lightly folded against her apron, facing the Inspector with grave, steady eyes.

"You saw the Indian in the hall?" the Inspector asked grumpily.

"Yes sir," the maid replied, in a low, even voice. "Miss Glenn came to the front door and stepped outside. The Indian returned with her. She took him into the library. A few minutes later the Indian came back into the hall. I was sitting further back in the hall, near where the wraps are. I sat there all the time until we heard the screaming outside.. I am certain the Indian was there all the time. When he first came back from the library into the hall, he walked back and forth near the door, looking at things on the wall and on the table by the dining-room door."

"Idle curiosity, apparently," Lee suggested.

"Yes, sir, curiosity," the maid replied. "He picked up one or two things from the table, as a child might, and touched some things on the wall—one of the sconces, and the banner by the library door—he felt of that—and the electric light switch. He pressed that and put the lights out twice. He seemed to want to find out how it worked. When he found out he sat down in a chair by the library door. From that time on he never stirred until after the screaming and commotion had been going on for a little while. After many had run out there the Indian went out."

"Have you any way of fixing the time when the Indian came into the house?" Mr. Lee asked.

"It must have been about half past ten," she answered. "I thought I heard a car on the roadway in front of the house. It must have been Mr. Lind's car. I wondered if anybody could be going home and looked up at the clock. It wasn't quite half past ten then. It couldn't have been very long after that that Miss Glenn came into the hall from the library and stepped outdoors and came back with the Indian."

Lind spoke up. "It was I who asked Miss Glenn to step out and fetch Jim in here. As I said, a moment ago, I had made up my mind to go home and ordered my car brought up to the door. Then I changed my mind about going home, but I wished to speak with Jim."

"And when the Indian went into the library with Mr. Lind, how long was he gone?" Lee asked. Turning to the Inspector he explained, with an amiable air, "It's just as well, I take it, to get these points cleared up and out of the way once for all."

The Inspector nodded an impatient acquiescence, and Martha Prawl replied, "Not more than ten minutes."

"So he came back into the hall before a quarter to eleven and from that time on he was there in the hall until the screaming and so on?"

"Yes, sir."

Lee looked around at Thorsen Lind and inquired innocently, "By the way—your sending Miss Glenn out to fetch the Indian into the house—was that before or after you knew from my son that Bane was coming here?"

"It was after," Lind replied. "In fact, hearing that Bane was coming here was what made me change my mind about going home. I wished to hear what he had to say. Whether it was before Bane arrived can easily be found out. My car was standing in the roadway in front of the house. When Jim came inside, the car went back to the garage, for I told Miss Glenn to tell the chauffeur I shouldn't want it. The chauffeur would know whether Bane's car had come up in the roadway when he drove back. Inspector Mutchler can ask him; also he can ask Bane's driver—Peter Mike—whether my car was in front of the house when he came up."

Lee looked over at his guest with a certain dry appreciation and observed, "I see. An excellent and conclusive point that. It must have been before Bane's car came up. So we have the Indian definitely accounted for and finally checked off. We're getting on." He held up a bony hand and touched three fingers successively, as he repeated the names, "My son, Mr. Lind, the Indian, and of course the Indian can prove an alibi for Martha. Was anybody else down here at the fateful time?"

"That's what I'd like to know," grumbled the Inspector, adding irritably. "Somebody ought to have seen Bane's car come up to the house and know what happened to it after it did come up." As no one answered, he added, "Peter Mike says he sat in the car all the time until after the scream was heard. But I haven't found anybody yet who saw him."

"Of course, that would be important," Lee remarked thoughtfully, as tho it gave him a new idea. "Mr. Mike may need checking off himself."

He looked about the room. In the silence that ensued, various guests began casting back in their minds to recall where they had been. Suddenly Amy Stewart spoke up eagerly, like one scoring a point in a game:

"Oh, but where were you, Jane? Don't you remember—Louise and Tom and Arthur and I were going down-stairs from the ballroom and we passed you on the stairs here. You were going up-stairs. That was only a few minutes before Louise found it!"

Several people in the room had been asking themselves a question, which Amy's statement brought before the whole company. Wilbur Lee was one of those persons.

"Yes, I was down-stairs," said Jane. "But I saw nothing and heard nothing." Her admission produced an unpleasant impression. If she had been down-stairs why hadn't she avowed it before? A dead silence followed, which Mr. Lee broke by suggesting:

"Out-of-doors, perhaps?"

Jane raised her eyes to the Inspector, her fingers twining together in her lap, and spoke gently,

"I had been out on the terrace earlier—Mr. and Mrs. Ashcraft and Mr. Bolton and I. I saw Mr. Lind here in the library and I stepped through the window to speak to him. While we were talking, Mr. Lynn Lee came in and told Mr. Lind that Mr. Bane had just telephoned him—that he was coming here to the house. Mr. Lynn Lee went out. Mr. Lind seemed to be thinking—considering. After a moment he told me to go to the door and bring Jim in here, and to tell William—the chauffeur—to take the car back to the garage. I went to the door, and brought Jim in here. Then I stepped back into the hall, meaning to go up-stairs to the ballroom. But I didn't feel like dancing. My head ached. I was nervous and restless. I noticed the dining-room door was ajar, on the opposite side of the hall, so I went in there. No doubt the maid noticed me as I passed through."

She looked around at Martha Prawl who said, "Yes, I noticed it."

"It was dim and restful in there and I sat down over by a window. I don't know how long I sat there. Perhaps ten minutes or more—perhaps twenty. The window opens like a door you know and I opened it and stepped out on the terrace. No one else was on the terrace at the time. I stood out there in the cool air and walked back and forth for a long while. Then I came into this room and went through the hall up-stairs to the ballroom. Probably the maid and Jim saw me then. I passed close by Jim. He was sitting in the hall by the library door. Going up-stairs I passed Miss Stewart and the others coming down."

"You were on the terrace the whole time you were outdoors?" Lee asked in his innocent way.

"Yes," she replied with downcast eyes.

"I thought that was a bit of grass caught in the buckle of your slipper," he observed dryly.

Jane colored swiftly, lifting the right foot, then the left and bending forward to look. Those near her saw a little ribbon of green caught in the buckle of the left slipper. She paled more than before and an embarrassed silence followed. Inspector Mutchler broke it by asking in a way that showed he was loath to press this particular line of inquiry, "Miss Glenn, when you went out on the terrace, did you see Bane's car?"

"No," she replied and hesitated. "I thought — I saw the lights of a car while I was sitting in the dining-room. You know there is a hedge along the outer edge of the terrace. I saw a light struck along the hedge. I took it for granted that it must be the light of Bane's car coming around the curve toward the house."

Still with reluctance, the Inspector asked, "How long after that was it when you went outside?"

"A few minutes; I couldn't say just how long," she replied.

"You didn't look to see whether a car was standing there?"

"No, I wasn't particularly thinking of the car."

Again there was an embarrassed pause. This line of inquiry, bringing Jane so close to the tragedy, was disagreeable to a company composed of her friends.

"No doubt you'll get the clue when you discover what it was that Bane had in his pocket," Mr. Lee observed with a thoughtful air. "As I recall it, his speech to the thug on the way up here—something he said about 'making 'em come across,' and 'having the goods on 'em'—would indicate that he had documents or something else in his pocket."

"There was nothing on the body when we searched it," said the Inspector. "The weapon's the main thing now."

"The weapon, of course," Mr. Lee assented, "that would be a crucial point. From Dr. Colter's explanation it must have been something rather ponderous—something not easily concealed. Triangular, or pyramidal, I believe the Doctor said. Perhaps a monkey-wrench out of an automobile."

"Perhaps," said the Inspector; then blurted, with his smother of anger, "anything but one of these crook cases!" Addressing the company generally, he added grumpily, "I needn't bother you people any longer. Not likely your testimony will be needed—except Dr. Colter's. If it should be—you will be notified."

With that, and not so much as a nod by way of adieu, he turned to the open window that gave upon the terrace.

As tho by the Inspector's withdrawal at least a hem of the mantle of official authority had fallen upon him, Dr. Colter addressed the company sagely,

"There's no doubt one of Bane's crooks did it. They must have been in some sort of row among themselves. Bane was drunk, you know. He may have been threatening somebody. A third man might have concealed himself in the tonneau of the car, for Bane rode on the front seat with the chauffeur. Or the man may have followed them up here. The police will get it out of this fellow Mike finally."

The general idea was that he expressed Inspector Mutchler's opinion. It was, of course, the only idea which the company generally had ever entertained. To these well-conditioned young people the whole affair was only a melodrama suddenly turned into real life.

At once the company began to move about and in a moment—it being nearly one o'clock—by a common impulse they turned to the hall to get their wraps and depart.

LYNN stood beside his father and mother bidding the guests good night. Everybody noticed his pallor; but a murder under one's window was enough to make anybody pale. Finally the last guest disappeared. The family stood alone.

"Quite an adventure," Lee observed, addressing no one in particular and looking thoughtfully at the stairs.

"A frightful thing," Mrs. Lee murmured.

In the same detached way, Lee remarked, "That Inspector is a blockhead. I could have put him on the right track, and was minded to, but it occurred to me that it might not be courteous to get one's guest hanged. The young lady didn't tell the truth," Lee added calmly. "She had been off the terrace. I noticed her when she came into the ballroom a few minutes before the celebrated scream. I noticed then a bit of grass in the buckle of her slipper, and the slippers looked damp as tho she had been walking through the grass. She'd been off the terrace—down where the man was killed."

He had not looked at Lynn or particularly addressed him. Without speaking the young man turned quickly and went up-stairs.

Mrs. Lee also made no attempt to answer her husband—as tho that were quite useless, and after a glimpse around to see that all was being put in order for the night, she returned to the hall and climbed the stairs. Wilbur Lee had gone to his room.

Lynn's study, or den, adjoined his bedroom on the second floor. His mother listened at the door for a moment, then gently turned the knob and looked in. He was walking across the further side of the room like one in such a tumult that bodily repose was impossible. When he turned to face her at the sound of the opening door, his pallor and the torment in his eyes told their own story.

"You must not mind what your father says," she began quickly. "It isn't true. I see—it's got hold of you. You mustn't let it. I'm going to tell you about him."

She was striving for self-control and gaining it. As she went on, her voice steadied, and he suffered her to lead him to the leather lounge, and sat down beside her.

"You know some of it already—you must have known it. But I want to tell all I can—how I married him. I came out here to Denver on a visit, when I was twenty-one. My family wasn't prosperous any longer. It was narrow and dull at home. I knew well enough it was expected of me that I should make a good match. Wilbur Lee was a famous man here then. He was brilliant, Lynn—a good many years older than I, but without any suggestion of decay about him. He could claim a good family, too. I went back home, where it seemed narrower and duller than ever. My obligation to marry in a suitable way was falling due. He wrote me graceful, witty letters. When I was twenty-two I married him. You see, I really thought I loved him."

In the pause that followed. he squeezed her hand but did not speak.

She went on, with a voice quite steady now, "It's been a great many years since I have lived with him as his wife. If I was ignorant when I married him, my education began early. It was less than a year when I discovered he was unfaithful to me. He was a man practised, hardened, deliberate, utterly cynical. He's corrupt, through and through, Lynn. Time was when going on this way seemed impossible," she continued, "unbearable. But finally I firmly made up my mind to it. More than anything else, that was for you, Lynn. You would be growing up. I said I would make my life for you—you should have a home—the advantage of a good social position and what that means to a boy and a young man. You shouldn't go into the world with your head hanging. That's been my task, my son. I hope I haven't failed at it."

He had sat up more erectly, staring at her. "Mother!" he said, "I think you're the most wonderful woman in the world—and the loveliest!"

That was her victory. Her lips trembled, and there was a slight puckering at the corners of her eyes, such as might presage tears. But she had steeled herself in a long ruthless discipline and her eyes remained dry.

"I have told you this, Lynn," she said presently, "be-

*The Marriage Question*

THE war has upset many things. What is it going to do to marriage? Here is a subject that vitally interests every man and woman—young or old. Read the article in the September Pictorial Review by Havelock Ellis, the world's recognized authority on sex and society. It is the beginning of a series of discussions by eminent thinkers on the whole marriage question.

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cause I want you to know that nothing he says should influence you—especially nothing he says about an attractive young woman. I'm sure he heard something about you and Jane, and because he's old and can do her no other harm, he'd slander Jane out of sheer envy. I don't know—but I sometimes think he really believes everything evil—that to know any pretty woman was virtuous would pain him. Probably there are minds like that."

He was silent a moment, and then spoke with a sort of apology, like one looking back a long way.

"IT'S true that what Father said did work in my mind, Mother—I seemed not able to help it. There was a time to-night when I was jealous of Jane—and Thorsen Lind." He rubbed his hand across his brow. "Of course, I don't own Jane. If she should wish to belong to another man—why, she's free. I wouldn't harm her. If I'd wished to harm her, I'd just have turned them over to the police. Old Mutchler's stubborn, but he's honest enough. Once he got the clues he'd follow them. I could have just turned them over to the police—but I wouldn't harm Jane. I'd protect her to the limit."

His mother put her arms around him, pleading, "Oh Lynn! You've got it all wrong!"

"But don't you see, Mother," he urged. "Martha said Jim was there in the hall with her all the time. And Lind was with me all the time. I know that. So if Jim was in all the time, it must have been Jane, Jane herself—who struck the blow!"

"Oh Lynn, Lynn," his mother cried, in mournful reproach. "What nonsense! You've lost your wits, son, or you couldn't think such a thing. Why, Lynn! What utter nonsense! Jane? You're out of your head. You might as well say I did it?"

"No, Mother," he persisted. "You don't understand. There are minds like that. There is such a thing as a ruthless will getting absolute control of another mind—making another person do anything at all. Don't you see, she grew up with him. She's sweet and gentle and yielding. He's taken her will. She's completely helpless. I can't bear to think of her doing it. The thought is too awful. But if Jim did it, Jane must have known what was going on."

"I still say you are utterly mistaken, Lynn," she replied firmly. "You must be. There is some other explanation. I would take an oath to that, Lynn. I know it. I absolutely know it. What you think is impossible."

He looked at the rug a moment, his hand gripping hers. "To-morrow, Mother," he said in a slow half-whisper. "Will you question Martha again. They may have bribed her. You can get the truth from her."

"Yes, I will question her," she said. "I know she will tell me the truth. And I know what you think is impossible."

He attempted no reply, and she left, deeply perturbed, her mind groping for circumstantial foundations for the faith she felt. So, absorbed and moving mechanically, she went to her own bedroom. When she opened the door, the tall figure of Martha Prawl rose from a chair. She was visibly nervous.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Lee," said the servant. "I have waited for you. I must tell you something at once. Would you mind coming down-stairs with me a moment?"

She led the way down-stairs and into the library, turning on the lights there, and crossing the room to the carved table by the conservatory door.

Two unique candlesticks stood on this table. They were of solid brass and very heavy, their bases in the shape of pyramids some three inches across the bottom. The candlestick on the right hand, nearest to the conservatory door, was bent. It looked as tho it had been bent still more, and then partially straightened by a hasty effort.

The maid pointed to it, and said in her mistress's ear, "You heard what the doctor said about the weapon the man was hit with. That must be it."

YOUNG Mr. and Mrs. Ashcraft took Jane home—as they had taken her to the party by an arrangement made before Lind decided to go. Her uncle had not yet returned, and she went slowly up-stairs, to her sitting-room. Entering, she turned on all the lights and left the hall door wide open. Lind would see it and know she was there when he came up-stairs. That was the only invitation she felt privileged to extend. She dropped into a chair and fell to shivering.

For two hours a scene had been rehearsing itself in her memory without her being able to help it—as a sleepless mind at night flies back to a coil of thought again and again in spite of all one's effort to direct it elsewhere. Larger or smaller fragments of the scene kept bobbing up and re-enacting themselves. She let go now, helplessly, and the whole drama repeated itself in her memory. Over and over it was acted in her mind and still Lind did not come home. She sat shivering with her cloak about her, tormented by questions. Where could he have gone from the Lees'? Would he come in there? What would he say to her now?

Then she heard his step on the threshold, and sat up. He came into the room instantly, grave, but perfectly composed.

"Whatever has happened is beyond your range," he said. "It's something very simple and altogether right, but even if you knew all the circumstances you might find it difficult to understand." A grave smile just showed on his face, to disappear at once. "I've no doubt ruined you in a way by bringing you up conventionally, so you can hardly understand some of the simplest and most natural things in the world. There's nothing in me now that shrinks from a first-hand grapple with things." Again the grave smile hinted itself. "A coarse brute, no doubt," he added calmly.

"It's true I know what happened at Lee's to-night," he continued. "Possibly the time may come when I can tell you; but that's doubtful. You've known me since you've known anything. You must rest on that. There's one thing I'd like you to think of: whatever happened two hours ago is as dead and gone as what happened in Pharaoh's time. The Lord Himself can't change it. 'Done' is written down against it. Don't look back. Look nowhere but ahead."

She struggled to get some dependable hold upon the jumble of doubts and questions in her mind. "But—if it should come up again?" she asked.

"Whatever comes up, we'll meet," he answered promptly.

"But— Uncle Thorsen! If I should be questioned on the witness-stand?" she pleaded fearfully.

With the same challenging firmness he replied, "If you should be questioned on the witness-stand you would do what you felt to be required of you; what the integrity of your own mind demanded. You would do nothing to shield me that you couldn't do with your head held high."

That unbound her heart. She sprang up, ran over and threw her arms around his neck. "I would do it proudly—anything for you!" she declared, her eyes dimming with tears. "If it was for you, it would be right! I could never be ashamed, for you!"

He put his hands on her shoulders, smiling.

"That's my good girl," he said. "Whatever may get us, ever—it will not be shame." Then he added, re-assuringly, "Don't bother your head, either, about any witness-stand. There won't be any. So far as all that goes, we've heard the last of it."

The shrilling of the telephone interrupted him, and Lind went into the study to answer it. When he came back two minutes later he seemed gravely thoughtful and puzzled, and for a moment regarded Jane with an odd little smile.

"'Two Gentlemen with Whom I'd Had Professional Dealings Cracked Your Safe'"

"It seems I was said, with a grim touch, "that we haven't heard quite the last of it. We're to go back to Mrs. Lee's. The car will be up in a minute."

"To Mrs. Lee's?" Jane repeated blankly.

Lind brushed his hand over his hair, considering. "I don't quite make it out. Naturally she wouldn't say much over the telephone. But I wonder if—possibly—Lynn had noticed something. What she said hinted that way." He looked soberly at Jane and cautioned, "Let me do the talking."

When they crossed the terrace in front of Lee's house it was not a servant, but Mrs. Lee herself, who opened the door to them. Lind noticed that she closed it softly and spoke in a subdued tone, saying,

"In here, please," indicating the library. They caught the suggestion that she wished to avoid attracting the attention of other occupants of the house.

In the library they silently disposed themselves, obeying the slight gesture of the mistress of the house—Lind and Jane on the sofa where they had sat before, Mrs. Lee in front of them, Lynn apart, a little distance to the right. His manner suggested detachment, as tho he were reluctant to be there. A subdued, portentous air pervaded them.

"My son has been telling me something about what happened here to-night," Mrs. Lee began, low. "What he told me involved both of you—in a way I couldn't bear. On my own motion I telephoned for you. I couldn't endure to let it rest that way even overnight. I insisted that we meet here and have it out, once for all. I know there is some mistake!" She looked more particularly at Lind. "We've got to face it squarely here and now, and have it settled. I want you to hear the story—and answer it." She turned to her son. "Tell them, Lynn, just what you told me. Leave out nothing."

Lynn did not look at them. It was evident he rebelled at the rôle which had been put upon him, but he began with a dull deliberation,

"Jane came to me and said Mr. Lind wished to speak to me here in the library. She must have known what he wanted of me, for she said, 'You must do as he says.' When I came down here Mr. Lind began urging me to turn my witness against Bane—Solly Helter—over to him. The whole case against Bane hinges on Solly Helter. If I could put Solly on the stand and make him repeat his confession there, I was sure to convict Bane. But if Solly got away—well, a mere written confession, with no chance to cross-examine the witness and so on, or maybe the witness repudiating the confession, pretty much knocks the bottom out of the case. I knew well enough Bane would do all he knew to get Solly in his hands—make him repudiate the confession or get him out of the State. So I took good care that Solly shouldn't get away from me.

"Mr. Lind said that there had been a burglary at his house quite a while ago—some important private papers stolen. He thought Solly knew something about it—could give him a clue to the papers. He wanted me to turn Solly over to him so he could question him privately for a while; said he'd brought the Indian, Jim, up in the car with him to act as guard; that he and Jim would be responsible for Solly

"I told him everybody had said I couldn't get Bane, that I had sworn Solly shouldn't get away from me; that Larson and Murphy of my office had him under lock and key and they'd sworn to me they wouldn't let him out of their sight alive or let anybody see him. All three of us had sworn that if Solly got away it would be over our dead bodies. I told him Solly would give his testimony in court to-morrow, and to-morrow afternoon he could question him all he pleased.

"But that didn't suit him. He was terribly anxious and impatient. He said, 'No, no, Lynn. To-morrow won't do. To-night. I must question him to-night!' Of course, it struck me as odd that he should be in such a desperate hurry about a burglary that occurred two or three years ago."

The young man paused and rubbed his brows. "I felt under a strong obligation to Mr. Lind. I felt I must do whatever I could to meet his wishes, however unreasonable they seemed. So I said, 'Very well, if it must be to-night, I will go with you now. Solly Helter is in Larson's house, Larson and Murphy guarding him there. I will go with you. You can take him into the next room if you please. We'll leave the door open, and if Solly gets away it will be over our bodies.'

"But that didn't suit him either. He was terribly anxious to get Solly into his own hands. He said, 'Lynn, you mustn't make the conditions. You must do as I say.'"

Lynn paused again and looked into his lap.

"Something had happened before then. My father had said something to me—it was like nettles in my mind. It made me stubborn. I wasn't inclined to yield to Mr. Lind as I might have been yesterday. In spite of myself I felt a kind of hostility toward him.

"So with that feeling toward him in my mind, I said, 'Why, you talk as tho you wanted to have Solly get away.'

"And he said, 'What if he does get away, Lynn? Your skirts are free. I stand for something in this community. If you say I wanted a chance to question this man and you turned him over to me and he got away from me, who can blame you?'

"It came to me then that Mr. Lind did want Solly to get away. Of course I was amazed. I said, 'Why, if I turn Solly over to you when I suspect you're going to let him get away, I'll be as big a scoundrel as Bane himself. I'm a public officer. I'd be betraying my trust as much as tho I took a bribe to let him escape!'

"And he said, 'Why, no, you wouldn't. It's a man's motive that determines whether or not he's a scoundrel. A man who can say "I did so and so because my best friend asked me to, and I trusted him," need never be ashamed to look himself in the face. I know what Bane is as well as you do, but we'll get him again. When a scoundrel has the drop on you, you don't argue how much of a scoundrel he is. You throw up your hands and wait for the next time.'

"I said, 'But Bane hasn't got the drop on me. I've got the drop on him.'

"He said, 'But he's got the drop on me. He can kill me dead—in a way I can't stand.'

"That gripped hold of my mind—for what my father had said was running there in spite of myself. I said, 'That sounds like blackmail.'

"He said, 'Let it sound as it pleases, it's the truth. You must take my bond for Solly Helter to-night. You must!'

"My mind was all raw and stinging then, and I said, 'Go to Hell!' and turned around and walked out of the room."

THERE was a pause, and Lind spoke. "I made a great mistake in going to you about Helter, Lynn. It was stupid and cowardly of me. I shouldn't have done it."

"He did do it, all the same," Lynn replied, sticking to the third person. "Well, Bane telephoned me that he must see me; that he had something vitally important to tell me and to show me. I told him to come here and I'd be waiting for him at the south door. I didn't want him running into the company. That message from Bane set me thinking, coming just after what Mr. Lind had said. I concluded to tell him about it, and I did. Jane was with him here in this room when I told him."

He rubbed his brow again and went on more deliberately. "You heard what that thug told Mutchler, that Bane said

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# INTRODUCING TOM, DICK *and* HARRY

The Mutual Admiration Society

*Tom:*
"If that Kid Pulls My Tail To-day like He Did Yesterday, I'm Gonna Give Him a Good Hard Dig"

But Dick Has Had a Good Night's Sleep, a Whale of a Breakfast, and Is at Peace with the Whole World

Dick Always Did Have Trouble Negotiating that Picket Fence

There Were Times When It Was Wise to Give Dick a Wide Berth. And then again There Were Times When It Was Wise to Stick Mighty Close

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# The THREE TWELVETREES GAMBOLEERS Are Hard at It Again

DRAWINGS BY
C. H. TWELVETREES

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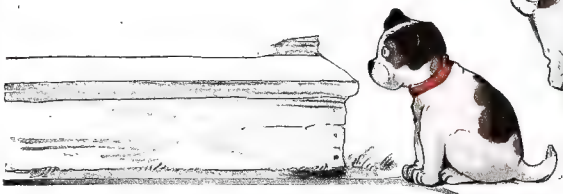
NEW YORK

*Harry:*
"There He Is Again. Yesterday He Rolled Me Down the Hill Three Times and Sat on Me Twice. I Suppose It's My Finish To-day"



Sometimes Tom and Harry Were Positive that Dick Had Angel's Wings and Wore a Halo

How People Could Get Pleasure in Crossing Mud-puddles Was too Much for Tom and Harry

A Three-cornered Fight Is No Joke

The End of a Perfect Day

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"Presently He Was Climbing Upward Like a Squirrel"

# MARRIAGE, LIMITED

## Martha Jibb, Expert in Efficiency, Applies Her Ability to the Business of Getting a Husband

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND
AUTHOR OF "WRAPPED IN SILK," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY P. J. MONAHAN

I AM, and have been for five years past, in charge of the offices of the Barkman Spring Company. A good many years ago I determined to make it my business to know all about business, and especially about this particular concern. They pay me very well for it -as the pay of women goes—that is to say, my salary is four thousand dollars a year.

As usual, the plant closed for inventory after the first of the year. I was finishing my work for the day when Samuel Barkman appeared in the door of his office and spoke to me.

"Miss Jibb," he said (my name is Martha Jibb), "will you come in a moment?"

Of course I did so.

"Miss Jibb," said Mr. Barkman, after closing the door, "we have shut down for inventory."

"I suspected as much," said I a trifle tartly.

"It is an excellent thing," he said, "for every business and every individual to take inventory once in a while."

I only shrugged my shoulders. The thing was so elementary. Really, Mr. Barkman would have seemed less ridiculous if he had called me in to tell me that typewriters were necessary in a modern office. I noticed that he was looking at me in a peculiar manner.

"How old are you, Miss Jibb?" he asked.

"Thirty," said I.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "and you own to it without turning a hair. You're as far gone as that?"

"I don't follow you," said I. "I'm thirty. It's a fact. That's all there is to it."

"Um! How long have you worked for us?"

"Twelve years."

"You came in here as a little girl, Miss Jibb. I remember you then. You were pretty."

"If I was," said I, "it never did me any good. You don't need prettiness in business."

"You don't need sugar in coffee," said he a trifle sharply.

"I don't take it," said I.

"You wouldn't," said he, and seemed to be displeased. "But here's what I wanted to say. I feel responsible for you, almost as if I were your father. You've grown up here, and we have been together almost every day for years."

"If anything's wrong with the way I run this office," said I, "just say so and quit beating around the bush."

"Nothing's wrong with the way you run the office, but everything is wrong with the way you run yourself."

I DIDN'T see that the way I ran myself was any of his business, but he was a man I respected and rather liked, so I said: "I'm fairly satisfied with myself. I'm earning four thousand a year. I've saved something like fifteen thousand dollars which I have invested in securities legal for Life Insurance Companies. In another ten years I shall have enough laid by to live upon reasonably. Really, I don't see that I have run myself so inefficiently."

"My dear child!" he said, "is that all you see to life —efficiency?"

"It's the main thing, isn't it?" said I.

"You are still good-looking," he said, "or you would be if you did your hair and dressed a little bit."

"Would a bunch of hair and a Paris gown make me worth a dollar a year more to this business?"

"They might make you worth four thousand dollars less—but— Oh, well, Miss Jibb, you don't seem to understand. I was talking about inventories. I want you to go home and take a personal inventory. Understand. Not of salary and savings, but of the real things that make up a woman's life. Just list what you have—and what you haven't. Did it ever strike you that efficiency in a woman didn't mean ability to run a business? Eh? What did the Lord create women for? What's her business on earth, anyhow? You're an efficient man, but darn it, if you're not a flat failure as a woman, then I don't want a cent."

I thought he must be ill, or maybe it was age. Still he was only forty or so, and it couldn't be that.

"What you need," said I, "is a vacation."

"What you need," said he, "is a waking up. Now you go home and take inventory. Do a little thinking—if you haven't lost the knack of thinking about anything but making money for the Barkman Spring Company. Take stock. Count up the number of husbands you have, and how many homes, and how many children, and such like. And you might make up a list of the number of men who have proposed marriage and taken you to theaters—and how many times you've been in love."

"Fiddlesticks," said I. "In love!"

"Women do it," said he.

"Women have toothache," said I.

"Go home," he said irritably. "Go home before I lose patience with you. And do what I tell you."

So I went home and did what Mr. Barkman told me to do. There I sat down and thought about what he had said. I hadn't given a thought to such things since I was a child and read novels. But, having an efficient mind and a capacity for analysis, I was able to see that there really was something to what Mr. Barkman had said. Efficiency in a woman and in a man *are* different. It was rather interesting. Looked at from a purely efficiency standpoint, a woman ought to get herself a husband and have a home and a reasonable number of children. That was clear. The more I thought about it, the clearer it seemed, and I grew rather ashamed of myself to think that I had failed. I had been an inefficient woman!

"It Would Be in His Favor if He Had Some Knowledge of Housework"

So I said to myself, "Martha Jibb, you've fallen down on the job of being a woman. You're thirty, which is not so old. You should have got yourself a husband five years ago, but you didn't. Therefore, the thing to do is to get one as quickly as possible and make up for lost time."

The resolution was made. I should marry. I should start immediately to search for a husband, and as soon as I had picked one out, I should find means to marry him. What could be easier? Every man married some woman or other, and there must be one around some place that would suit me. I had only to select him, and, as we say in business, sell myself to him. The selection would be harder than the salesmanship. I understood salesmanship thoroughly. What, after all, is acquiring a husband, but applying for a position as wife? It's business, like anything else, and the rules of business apply. My determination was made, so I went to bed calmly and slept.

Next morning I went to the office as usual and when Mr. Barkman came down, I went into his room.

"I'm going to do it," said I.

"What?" said he.

"Get married," said I.

"When?" said he. "And who's the man?"

"Haven't the least idea," said I.

"Then how—then who—then—what in thunder are you talking about?" he roared.

"I'm telling you," said I patiently. "I'm going to marry a man—some man not as yet selected. I've got to pick him out before I can marry him, haven't I?"

"Or he's got to pick you out?"

"What's that got to do with it?" said I. "You don't wait for customers to pick out the Barkman Spring Company. You have salesmen. You go out and sell your goods. I'm going to be my own salesman."

HE WAGGED his head. "My dear Miss Jibb," said he, "go to it, I beg of you. Would you mind making regular reports to me of progress? Have you a sales campaign laid out?"

"The campaign must fit the customer," said I. "I haven't selected the customer. Can you recommend anybody?"

"I'm not recommending husbands this morning," said he. "Go away from here, please. You upset me. But report, Miss Jibb. You are selecting a husband on the firm's time, and I'm entitled to reports."

"Of course," said I. His demand was perfectly natural, and I could make no reasonable objection to it.

The first matter to be attended to was to select my future husband. At first this did not seem a matter surrounded by many difficulties, but, as I considered it, complexities appeared. Naturally, if one were to live with a man and be his more or less constant companion, it is essential that he should be a man one would not object to living with. If one can not like one's husband, one should, it seemed to me, be able at least to tolerate him and to have him about without feeling that he was an annoyance. It was a new thought to me. I had never considered a man as a constant companion, and really, I did not know just what sort of creature would suit. It puzzled me.

"I Saw a Man Looking about Curiously"

There was in the office a stenographer who was a widow. She had possessed a husband at one period in her life, and, therefore, should be conversant with the subject. I decided to discuss the matter with her.

"Lillian," said I, "there is a matter I wish to take your advice upon."

"Very well, Miss Jibb," said she.

"You were married once," said I.

"Yes, indeed," she said, brightening perceptibly.

"Did you find it difficult to select a husband?"

"Select? How do you mean—select? The man picked me out and made me want to marry."

"Very inefficient," said I. "You mean to say that you waited for a man to come and marry you—let him select you, instead of your selecting him?"

"Well," she said, "I may have helped—some."

"What," said I, "do you consider acceptable characteristics in a husband? Your husband was perfectly satisfactory?"

"Well, as husbands go," she said. "He was so handsome every woman he met was crazy about him, and he could dance all the dances, and he didn't lose his temper much, and he knew how to kiss you so that you felt he wasn't your husband at all —you know!"

"Um! So he was a satisfactory husband because he was handsome and danced and kissed. He gave complete satisfaction, did he? He was efficient. You had no complaints to make."

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"Not until toward the last."

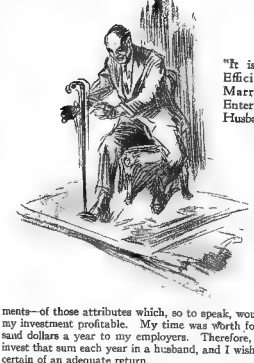
"Ah, when he was ill—perhaps it was excusable then. Did you miss him greatly after he died?"

"Died! Who—Josey? Him die? Eloped with a manicure, that's what he did, and took my ivory manicure-set with them. That's all I ever had against him."

I LEFT her. It was evident her ideas of matrimony and husbands were such as to give me no assistance whatever. Certainly I should not chose a man because he sang tenor or danced the fox-trot. Or kissed. The idea! And most assuredly I did not want the sort who would elope with a manicure. I perceived that I must rely on my own judgment.

It was not as if I were applying for a position, or hiring a man—whichever way you put it—for a limited time. It was a life position. At last I hit upon the idea of trying several for the place, and of not deciding upon one until he had proved satisfactory. That was a splendid idea, and excellent business. I would look about and find, say, four men, who seemed possible for the position, and then give a week or two to the task of trying them out. I would thus be able to compare them and to weigh abilities and characteristics, until I had made up my mind thoroughly which would be able best to fill the place.

I made a short list of necessary require-



"It is More Efficient to Marry an Entertaining Husband"

ments—of those attributes which, so to speak, would make my investment profitable. My time was worth four thousand dollars a year to my employers. Therefore, I would invest that sum each year in a husband, and I wished to be certain of an adequate return.

First, my investment must be profitable in the ordinary way of business, that is financially. I am thirty. It is reasonable to expect that I may live thirty more years. I would, therefore, be investing in marriage thirty times four thousand dollars, or one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

Second, I demanded a certain degree of intelligence. Man, I have observed, is a creature with a passion for inaccuracy. I can not endure inaccuracy. He need not be as efficient and accurate as I know myself to be, but he must be reasonably so.

Third, he must not have pink cheeks. Pink-cheeked men, I have taken notice, are apt to be dependent. I am willing to guide and control a husband, but I do not want to feel that I have to plan and execute his every movement.

FOURTH, he must not talk too much. I enjoy talking, and usually have something to say. I do not care constantly to be listening to some masculine nonsense when my time might be employed in molding his character.

Fifth, I abhor whiskers

Sixth, I will never marry a man who believes in the Apex Card Index System. If he approved the Imperial System, I shall be glad, but will require only neutrality.

Seventh, he must not eat beefsteak for breakfast.

Eighth, he must not wear a toupee. Men are constantly mislaying things, and I should not care to be constantly asked to assist in finding a handful of false hair.

Ninth, he must be entertaining. It is more efficient to marry an entertaining husband and to have him always at hand when required, than to feel the necessity of going out to vaudeville or pictures at great expense.

Tenth, it would be in his favor if he had some knowledge of housework and of the care of infants. I, myself, am ignorant of these things, and he would be useful until I had gained a mastery of them.

As I say, I arrived at last at a list of four men—a tentative list. I put the name and characteristics of each on a ruled card and placed them in a private filing-case which I use to systematize my personal affairs.

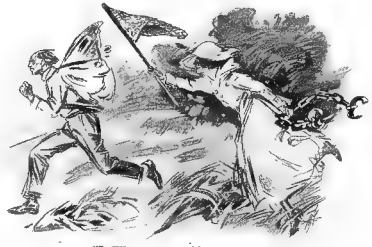
Card Number One read: Sismond Catty, age forty, manufacturer, entertaining because much laughter when he calls on Mr. Barkman. Manufacturer. Smooth face. Bald. Best prospect.

Card Number Two: Brownley Cast, age thirty-five. Salesman. Good salary. Mustache (must cut it off). Pompadour. A trifle too jolly (might be corrected).

Card Number Three: Ivanhoe Sagg. Age thirty-two. Heir to wholesale hardware (doesn't look it). Mild. Always carries book. Studies about poetry (not of value in business). Light hair, too long. Seems timid. Came in once without necktie. (Would have to install life system for him.)

Card Number Four: Jephson Orange. Age twenty-eight. Broker. Curly hair. Talks little. Does not look entertaining (but might substitute phonograph).

Of these four, Sismond Catty seemed nearest to my requirements, so I determined to institute my sales campaign against him. First, I studied the commodity I wished to sell, which was myself. Second, the character of the customer with a view to ascertaining the best mode of approach and of salesmanship, and third, the sort of campaign best suited to the commodity to be disposed of.



"It Was an Enjoyable Occupation"

Obviously I could not use general magazine advertising, for there would be too much waste circulation. Why pay for a million circulation to reach one man? Absurd. But his firm prints a house-organ. A well-considered advertisement in this might be of value. I made a note of it.

I had heard him express the opinion that he was averse to marriage. Therefore, my first effort must be directed toward altering this opinion. I must first sell marriage to him, and then sell myself.

I confess that I knew little of marriage myself. Therefore, I set to work to study it to discover the talking points. I went to the library to obtain books upon the subject and appealed to the young woman who gives you the books.

"I am looking," said I, "for a book containing information about marriage which will make it attractive."

She stared at me a bit and then said she didn't believe she could help me, but to try the fiction window. I did so, and read a number of so-called novels, but these dealt with occurrences leading up to marriage and stopped there. Love affairs seemed to be important, but the end and aim of love affairs appeared not to matter at all. This was absurd—like working a year to perfect an office-system and then never putting it into practise. I was beginning to worry. There seemed to be no help, and it was apparent that I should have to frame my own arguments unassisted.

I spent a day writing out short, crisp sales-points for marriage. These I typed upon post-cards, and twice each day I mailed one to Sismond Catty. I am a great believer in the follow-up system and upon the efficiency of hammering in the argument.

The first card read, "You can't run a business without competent help; you can't run a home without a competent wife."

Others of the list were,

"Woman has a special business in the world. It is to be a wife. Have you provided yourself with one?"

"Who takes best care of the firm's interests—a partner or a hired clerk? Who runs a household most efficiently? A wife or a housekeeper?"

"Children are recognized as assets. Marry and improve your inventory sheet."

There were many of them to this effect and two were mailed daily to Sismond Catty. The morning following the receipt of the twentieth he came hurriedly into our office and rushed into Mr. Barkman's room, leaving the door open.

"Say, Barkman," he said in an agitated voice, "what do you make of this?" I could see him throw a handful of my post-cards on the desk. "What's the idea? What's back of it? Is it some new brand of blackmail?"

Barkman looked them over slowly and chuckled. "Look like pretty good sense to me," he said.

"Sense! Anybody would think marriage was some new invention with a firm manufacturing it. This thing acts like a sales campaign. I don't want to buy any marriage. Huh," then his voice became ironic, "Gimme twenty shares of Marriage, Limited. What's the market on Marriage to-day. Say, who's doing this, anyhow? Is it a joke? What the—" he became vehement and incoherent.

"Blessed if I know, Sismond. But why don't you take a flyer some day?"

"Me! Marry! *Ha!*"

"Lots of folk do."

"Lots of folk have measles."

It seemed to me that this would be an opportune moment to show myself to Mr. Catty. He would thus associate me in his mind with marriage—the matter under discussion at the moment of my appearance. So I took up a copy of a contract and entered Mr. Barkman's room as if unaware that he had a visitor.

"This Youngstown contract," said I, "but another time will do."

"No. Wait. Miss Jibb," said Mr. Barkman, "this is Mr. Catty. Miss Jibb has been with us a great many years, Sismond, but I'm afraid I'm going to lose her."

"Eh? Lose her? How?"

"Marriage."

Mr. Catty almost dodged as if some one had struck at him.

"Marriage," he said to me severely. "Are you going to be married?"

"I plan to do so," said I. "I haven't selected the man—definitely," I said calmly, "but I have four in mind."

"Eh? What? Great heavens!"

"I am thirty years old; I am a competent woman; I am equipped to make a satisfactory wife. I should be very valuable to my husband."

He stared at me open-mouthed, and then turned to Mr. Barkman. "Suffering Scissors!" he said, "is this the way women go after the marriage game?"

"Not a game," said I, "a business. I am worth four thousand dollars a year to my employers. That is the income on eighty thousand dollars at five per cent. If I give up my place and marry I invest eighty thousand dollars in a husband. I want to be sure of making a safe investment."

"My stars!" said Mr. Catty.

I saw that I had made an impression which would not quickly fade, so I withdrew at what I considered to be the proper moment. He stared after me. I could feel his eyes on my back. Matters had progressed very satisfactorily.

THAT evening I took my first cooking lesson; these lessons I alternated with others with respect to sewing, darning, and domestic science of all sorts, and, with my mental equipment, it was not surprizing that I made rapid progress. During these days I continued to send to Mr. Catty two post-cards a day on the general subject of marriage. I now intensified my campaign. I constructed a pie. It was an excellent pie. This I placed in a box and despatched by messenger to Mr. Catty, enclosing a typewritten note that said, "A sample of wifely proficiency." Next day I sent him a sock which had once been worn through at the heel, but which I had darned according to the most approved method. It was accompanied by a card. "The way I would darn them if I were your wife." I continued this practise for two weeks, daily sending him some specimen of the results I could accomplish as his wife. They included codfish balls, knit slippers, potato salad, a system of household accounting, raised biscuits, an estimate of the hours of labor to be saved by utilizing vacuum cleaners and mechanical dish-washers, corned beef hash—and lastly a little volume entitled, "You Are Your Husband's Stomach's Keeper," which I assured him I had mastered.

It was the day following this that he appeared again in our office, looking haggard and worried, so it seemed to me, and very much in need of the supervision of a competent woman. He flung himself into Mr. Barkman's office and began talking in a loud, excited voice.

"If this doesn't stop I shall go crazy," he said. "It's been getting worse. First it was only cards boosting marriage in general. Now it's become marriage in particular. There's some woman after me. She's got her eye

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"I Was Not a Minute Too Soon. I Snatched the Steak. 'Consarn You!' Shouted Sismond, His Voice Choked with the Rage of a Frustrated Man"

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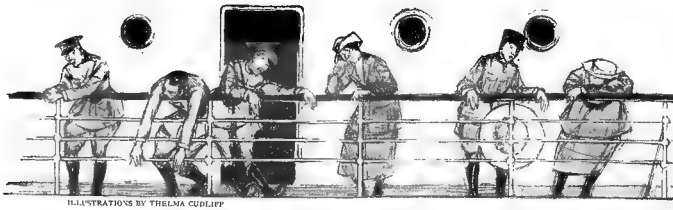


"'Take It from Me, the Trenches Ain't Got Nothing More Terrible in Them than that Briny Deep!'"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THELMA CUDLIPP

# "There's No Place Like Home"

## Just Back from France, the Office Stenographer Has a Few Things to Say

By JANE LEE

"'So You're Back, Eh?' Says He"

WELL, girls, mebby I ain't glad to get back to "Home, Sweet Home" with the rest of the boys! Oh, La! La! That disease I got last year along about this time, called the Overseas Fever (it's somethin' like the Love Fever, only 'tain't so satisfyin'), is entirely cured. It was pretty painful while it lasted. But I want to say right here and now, in the beginnin', at the start of this article, that nuthin' I done in France hurt like travelin' back and forth on them French ocean steamers. Take it from me, the road to Paree ain't no Lincoln Highway. I don't mind tellin' about this, 'cause on the way home I was completely surrounded by soldiers whose bosoms was completely surrounded by medals won in the war. The only trouble was, you couldn't see the medals very often, 'cause me and the soldiers was leaning over the rail mor'en half the time, but you just take it from me, who knows—the trenches ain't got nothing more terrible in them than that briny deep!

Now I was in France a whole year and I want to tell you girls who had to stay home and tend babies and war gardens, and can beans, that you had the best of it and then some. All this high falutin' talk about Sunny France is just plain flunk. The sun don't never shine over there only when it ain't got nuthin' else to do, and that ain't often. Why, last Fall I wanted to get my fotografs taken to send home for Christmas presents to kind friends who thought I was a heroine to give up a good job and where I was getting real money every Saturday night, and go to France and work for glory.

I BOUGHT a new uniform in Paris and then I waited for a sunny day. Well, I had to wait so long that I sent the fotografs home for Easter cards, 'stead of Christmas, and then it took so long for the Post-office to deliver them that my friends thought I was sending them for a little Memorial-day remembrance. Speaking of uniforms, I'd like to put in a word right here. They are simply grand on a man, but no female short of a Cleopatra looks good in 'em. They make all your curves look like rough, jagged edges. They make a man, but take it from me who knows, they break a woman.

I spent two whole weeks huntin' up an American fotografer and when I found him and the sunny day both to oncet, I thought I sure would get somethin' fine for the home folks to frame on the wall along by the side of the wreath off Grandma's grave and the stuffed crow that Bill shot when he was thirteen. But shucks, the war was full of disappointments. I explained carefully to the man what I wanted, and I sat down in the chair and says:

"Now young feller, you make a good picture of me that does me justice."

And what do you think he says back to me, with his head cocked on one side and looking my uniformed figger up and down,

"'Tain't justice you want, woman -it's mercy."

I knew right then and there that he was an American all right, 'cause a Frenchie would of said, "*Oh, ma belle Americaine, que vous êtes magnifique!*" which means in regular talk, "You're all to the mustard, kiddo!" But shucks, I knew it wasn't no use me that was so homely. It was the uniform that done it—no woman could live it down.

There was lots of things in France—specially when the scrap was still on—that was tryin' on a woman's beauty. F'r instance, sleepin' in a dug-out on a couple of old soap-boxes with a nail or two still left in 'em, under some blankets filled with hungry cooties, didn't help an awful lot. Me and another earnest war-worker done that one night and in the mornin' I got up and looked at myself in the cracked trench mirror, and I says, "Where have I seen that face before?" It looked kinda familiar, and yet I knew it wasn't me, nohow. Then I took a look at the other girl, who was washin' herself off with kerosene tryin' to kill the cooties. Before she put on a uniform and went to France to do her bit, she was some classy lookin' kid, all right, but when I looked at her that mornin' all I could think of was a movie I seen last year called "The Woman Whom God Forgot." That was her, all right. She handed me the kerosene-can and snickered. Her voice sounded like a fog-horn.

"Here," says she, "wash yourself off with this. It's the only thing that'll kill 'em, and for Heaven's sake fix yourself up before the men see you. You look like somethin' the cat dragged in and was ashamed to take out."

Over here in the U. S. A., girls, dancin' is dancin', and that's all there is to it. But over there dancin' is somethin' I wot not of, as the fancy writers say. You girls don't know nothin' about dancin' till you've been over to France and danced in about a foot of soft mud with a boiler-maker from Kansas in hob-nail boots. Why I even got so I was givin' dancin'-lessons in a hut where the floor was laid by a one-armed French cripple—all little ups and downs. And the boys sure was appreciative of what I done for 'em. There was one solemn-lookin' cuss that I tried to show how to do the "twinkle" step, and say, he was some stupid with his feet. He says to me the day he was goin',

"Sister," says he, "you've sure been good to me and when we get back to the States and I get back my old job, mebby I can do somethin' for you. You just call on me any time I can, won't you? Here's my card."

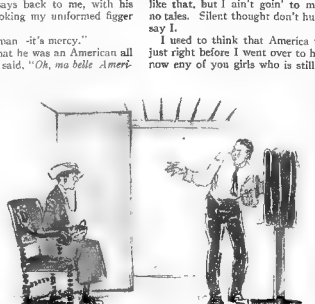
I shook his hand and thanked him, and then I looked at the card. It read,

ROBERT HARD
EMBALMER AND UNDERTAKER
Life-like Corpses My Specialty
Reaper, Georgia.

Just so often over there we girls used to take a ride in a taxi, and say, a ride in a French taxi ain't no ordinary event like it is over here in the U. S. A. It is just one grand and glorious career. They think the brake is an ornament and never use it and they never drive slower than forty miles an hour. Funny, tho, our Sammies weren't never afraid of 'em. People did say that the only thing the American boys were afraid of was their wives. I used to get the shivers, girls, when I seen some of them staid old married fellers breezing down the streets of Gay Paree with a French Damsel. Oh, La! La! The primrose path of Broadway ain't got nothin' to offer like that, but I ain't goin' to mention no names nor tell no tales. Silent thought don't hurt nobody but the thinker, say I.

"Right Away I Stops and Listens. 'Handsome Wimmin Like Me Was Not Let to Have a Passport'"

I used to think that America wasn't treatin' its wimmin just right before I went over to help General Pershing, but now eny of you girls who is still hollerin' for equal rights just better take a little run over and see what I seen. The wimmin of France has got equal rights. They do all the things our men do over here, like plowin' the fields, washin' the dirty streets, crackin' the stones by hand for the roads, and slingin' heavy boggage in the railroad stations. All them little feminine things, besides the regular things wimmin has always done like keepin' house, havin' babies, and such trivial little incidents.



"'Tain't Justice You Want, Woman—It's Mercy'"

Since I got back to Home, Sweet Home I ain't so strong for them equal rights. I'm goin' to beat my universal keyboard and say nothin' no more.

Another thing I had to do in Paris was to live in a hotel that was run for wimmin only. I felt as if I'd been sent up for life—not a man about. I got so lonely that I went to church one mornin'. Did eny of you girls ever stop to think that oncet a woman gets along about forty, the only place she'll ever hear a word about Love is in church? 'Tain't a very comfortable, snuggly love like the real thing, but you can be pretty sure the minister will talk about some kind of love. Another thing I'd like to know is, what's all this talk about forty bein' a "dangerous age" for wimmin. That's my age and nuthin' happened to me over there and there was about two or three hundred thousand men to every American girl. How do you explain that?

NOW that I'm back again I ain't goin' to never complain when I have to help with the dishes or dish up a meal or two at home. I got my trainin' over there servin' chocolate and cookies to the boys. Before I go further in this tale I'll like to ask you if any of you ever seen the elefants at the circus take a drink of water out of a pail? They make a gurgle and the water's gone. Well, girls, that's just like the soldiers drink chocolate over there. They never knew when they had enuf and I don't never expect to live long enuf to find out. I used to go to bed nights with the arm paralysis, and wake up screamin', "two lumps, six lumps, three lumps!" The girl in the chamber (that's what they call a hall bedroom over there), started a subscription to get a Maximum Silencer for me so the people on my floor could sleep without interruption.

Yes, siree, I'm glad to get back home on American ground and talk the American language. Of course even home has a blow or two to hand you these days. When I went back to see my old boss and ask him to give me back my job, he handed me one, all right, all right. He shook me by the hand, good enuf, but he looked at me kinda queer.

"So you're back, eh?" says he. "Well, we got along right peaceful since you left. I hired a deaf and dumb girl in your place and she's certainly fine. You've paid your debt to Lafayette, I suppose, but if you happen to owe anybody else you just pay 'em, and don't worry about the office—no matter how long it takes you. You don't need to hurry back!"

CAN you beat that, girls? Men is certainly selfish when it comes to dealin' with the quiverin' nymphs that work in their office. But I stuck around all right and got my old job back. I thought I'd work that deaf and dumb act he liked so much and I got along all right till one day an old dame came in to see my boss. You know he's an editor and an awful lot of them old writer hens come in to see him. She sat there clackin' 'bout some bran new idea she had.

"Now," she says, "I'd like to write an artickle for you called, 'Wimmin's Inhumanity to Wimmin,' and I want to tell the truth about the war-workers that got sent to France."

Right away I stops and listens and on she goes,

"No wimmin got sent over unless they was so homely that it made the boys glad they had to go over the top. Handsome wimmin like me was not let to have a passport. It's a bran new idea and I'd like to write it up."

Well, that was the last moment of my deaf and dumb career. I turned on her good and plenty. Says I:

"What do you know about it? Just you get that perfect thirty-six of yours into one of them rotten cotton uniforms and go to France for a year and sleep in railroad stations and eat salmon sandwiches and comb your hair oncet a week and take a bath before you sail and don't take another till you get back home at the end of twelve long cold and hot months. Just try it out, old dame, and if you can take a prize at any beauty show, well, I'll pay real money for admission to see the presentation."

Take it from me, girls. I knows. France may be all right, but there certainly is No Place Like Home.

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# THE ORIOLE

*PART THREE*
*CONCLUDING INSTALMENT*

"Herbert no More Than Half-opened His Front Door before He Perceived that His Friend's Advice Had Been Excellent"

## By BOOTH TARKINGTON

AUTHOR OF "THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS," "PENROD," "SEVENTEEN," ETC.

*ILLUSTRATIONS BY WORTH BREHM*

THROUGHOUT the afternoon adult members of the Atwater family connection made futile efforts to secure all the copies of that week's edition of *The North End Daily Oriole*. It could not be done.

It was a trying time for "the family." Great-aunt Carrie said that she had the "worst afternoon of any of 'em," because young Newland Saunders came to her house at two and did not leave until five; all the time counting over, one by one, the hours he'd spent with Julia since she was seventeen and turned out, unfortunately, to be a Beauty. Newland had not restrained himself, Aunt Carrie said, and long before he left she wished Julia had never been born—and as for Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Junior, the only thing to do with him was to send him to some strict Military School.

Florence's father telephoned to her mother from down-town at three, and said that Mr. George Plum and the ardent vocalist, Clairdyce, two of the suitors, had just left his office. They had not called in company, however, but coincidentally; and each had a copy of *The North End Daily Oriole*, already somewhat worn with folding and unfolding. Mr. Clairdyce's condition was one of desperate calm, Florence's father said, but Mr. Plum's agitation left him rather unpresentable for the street, tho he had finally gone forth with his hair just as he had rumpled it, and with his hat in his hand. They wished the truth, they said: Was it true or was it not true? Mr. Atwater had told them that he feared Julia was indeed engaged, tho he knew nothing of her fiancé's previous marriage or marriages, or of the number of his previous children. They had responded that they cared nothing about that. This man Crum's record was a matter of indifference to them. All they wanted to know was whether Julia was engaged or not—and she was!

"The odd thing to *me*," Mr. Atwater continued, to his wife, "is where on earth Herbert could have got his story about this Crum's being a widower, or divorced, and with all those children. Do you know if Julia's written any of the family about these things and they haven't told the rest of us?"

"No," said Mrs. Atwater. "I'm sure she hasn't. Every letter she's written to any of us has passed all through the family, and I know I've seen every one of 'em. She's never said anything about him at all, except that he was a lawyer. I'm sure *I* can't imagine where Herbert got his awful information; I never thought he was the kind of boy to just make up unpleasant things."

Florence, sitting quietly in a chair near by, with a copy of "Sesame and Lilies" in her lap, listened to her mother's side of this conversation with an expression of impersonal interest; and if she could have realized how completely her parents had forgotten (naturally enough) the details of their first rambling discussions of Julia's engagement, she might have felt as little alarm as she showed.

"Well," said Mr. Atwater, "I'm glad it isn't *our* branch of the family that's responsible. That's a comfort, anyhow, especially as people are reading copies of Herbert's manifesto all up and down the town, my clerk says. He tells me that over at the Cole Company, where young Murdock Hawes is cashier, they only got hold of one copy, but typewrote it and multigraphed it, and some of 'em have already learned it by heart to recite to poor young Hawes. He's the one who sent Julia the three five-pound boxes of chocolates all at the same time, you remember."

"Yes," Mrs. Atwater sighed. "Poor thing!"

"Florence is out among the family, I suppose?" he inquired.

"No; she's right here. She's just started to read Ruskin this afternoon. She says she's going to begin and read all of him straight through, 'a that's very nice, don't you think?"

He seemed to muse before replying.

"I think that's very nice, at her age especially," Mrs. Atwater urged. "Don't you?"

"Ye—es! Oh, yes! At least, I suppose so. Ah—you don't think—of course she hasn't had anything at all to do with this?"

"Well, I don't *see* how she could. You know Aunt Fanny told us how Herbert declared before them all, only last Sunday night, that Florence should never have one thing to do with his printing-press, and said they wouldn't even let her come near it."

"Yes, that's a fact. I'm glad Herbert made it so clear that she can't be implicated. I suppose the family are all pretty well down on Uncle Joseph?"

"Uncle Joseph is being greatly blamed," said Mrs. Atwater primly. "He really ought to have known better than to put such an instrument into the hands of a boy of that age. Of course it simply encouraged him to print all kinds of things. We none of us think Uncle Joseph ever dreamed that Herbert would publish anything like *this*, and of course Uncle Joseph says himself he never dreamed such a thing; he's said so time and time again, all afternoon. But of course he's greatly blamed."

"I suppose there've been quite a good many of 'em over there blaming him?" her husband inquired.

"YES—until he telephoned to a garage and hired a car and went for a drive. He said he had plenty of money with him and didn't know when he'd be back."

"Serves him right," said Mr. Atwater. "Does anybody know where Herbert is?"

"Not yet."

"Well—" and he returned to a former theme. "I *am* glad we aren't implicated. Florence is right there with you, is she?"

"Yes," she said. "She's right here, reading. You aren't worried about her, are you?" she added.

"Oh, no; I'm sure it's all right. I only thought——"

"Only thought what?"

"Well, it *did* strike me as curious," said Mr. Atwater; "especially after Aunt Fanny's telling us how Herbert declared Florence could never have a single thing to do with his paper again——"

"Well?"

"Well, here's her poem right at the top of it, and a very friendly item about her history mark of last June. It doesn't seem like Herbert to be so complimentary to Florence, all of a sudden. Just struck me as rather curious; that's all."

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Atwater, "it does seem a little odd—when you think of it."

"HAVE you *asked* Florence if she had anything to do with getting out this week's *Oriole*?"

"Why, no; it never occurred to me, especially after what Aunt Fanny told us," said Mrs. Atwater. "I'll ask her now."

But she was obliged to postpone the intended question. "Sesame and Lilies" lay sweetly in the chair that Florence had occupied, but Florence herself had gone somewhere else.

She had gone for a long, long ramble; and pedestrians who encountered her, and took note of her expression, were interested; and, as they went on their way, several of them interrupted the course of their meditations to say to themselves that she was the most thoughtful looking young girl they had ever seen. There was a touch of wistfulness about her, too; as of one whose benevolence must renounce all hope of comprehension and reward.

Among those who observed her unusual expression was a gentleman of great dimensions disposed in a closed automobile that labored through mudholes in an unpaved outskirt of the town. He rapped upon the glass in front of him, to get the driver's attention, and a moment later the car drew up beside Florence, as she stood in deep reverie at the intersection of two roads.

Uncle Joseph opened the door and took his cigar from his mouth. "Get in, Florence," he said. "I'll take you for a ride." She started violently; whereupon he restored the cigar to his mouth, puffed upon it, breathing heavily the while, as was his wont; and added, "I'm not going home. I'm out for a nice long ride. Get in."

"I was takin' a walk," she said dubiously. "I haf to take a whole lot of exercise, and I ought to walk and walk and walk. I guess I ought to keep on walkin'."

"Get in," he said. "I'm out riding. I don't know *when* I'll get home."

Florence got in, Uncle Joseph closed the door, and the car slowly bumped onward.

"You know where Herbert is?" Uncle Joseph inquired.

"No," said Florence, in a gentle voice.

"I do," he said. "Herbert and your friend Henry Rooter came to our house with one of the last copies of *The Oriole* they were distributing to subscribers; and after I read it I kind of foresaw that the feller responsible for their owning a printing-press was going to be in trouble. I had quite a talk with 'em and they hinted they hadn't had much to do with this number of the paper, except the mechanical end of it; but they wouldn't come out right full with what they meant. They seemed to have some good reason for protecting a third party, and said quite a good deal about their fathers and mothers being but mortal and so on; so Henry and Herbert thought they oughtn't to expose this third party—whoever she was. Well, I thought they better not stay too long, because I was compromised enough already, without being seen in their company; and I gave 'em something to help 'em out with the movies. You can stay at movies an awful long time, and if you've got money enough to go to several of 'em, why you're fixed for as long as you please. A body ought to be able to live a couple o' months at the movies for nine or ten dollars, I should think."

He was silent for a time, then asked, "I don't suppose your papa and mamma will be worrying about you, will they, Florence?"

## THE STORY OF THE STORY

ONLY two little scraps of paper, but in the hands of Cousin Florence they were not as innocent as they seemed. No man, not even a very young man, likes to have outsiders read his love messages, and that was how Florence became editor of *The Oriole* and the boys her humble slaves.

Then came the family gossip about Aunt Julia. Of course it was just like Florence to print it in *The Oriole*, it made such a good news item. But imagine how Noble Dill felt when he read about his sweetheart's engagement to a divorced man with a parcel of children! *The Oriole* began in June and ends this month. Be sure to read this final instalment of the serial to see how it all comes out. You can not afford to miss a word of this story; it is the best Booth Tarkington has ever written.

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"Oh, no!" she said quickly. "Not in the least! There was nothin' at all for me to do at our house this afternoon."

"That's good," he said, "because before we go back I was thinking some of driving around by way of Texas."

Florence looked at him trustfully and said nothing. It seemed to her that he suspected something; she was not sure, but his conversation was a little peculiar—tho not in the least sinister. Indeed, she was able to make out that he had more the air of an accomplice than of a detective. Nevertheless she was convinced that far, far the best course for her to pursue, during the next few days, would be one of stedfast reserve. And such a course was congenial to her mood, which was subdued, not to say apprehensive; tho she was sure that her recent conduct, if viewed sympathetically, would be found Christian. The trouble was that probably it would not be viewed sympathetically. No one would understand how carefully and tactfully she had prepared the items of *The Oriole* to lead suavely up to the news of Aunt Julia's engagement and break it to Noble Dill in a manner to save his reason. Therefore, on account of this lack of comprehension, really the only wise and good thing to do was to claim nothing for herself, and allow Herbert and Henry to remain undisturbed in full credit for publishing *The Oriole*. This involved disappointment, it is true; nevertheless she decided to bear it.

She had looked forward to surprising "the family" delightfully. As they fluttered in conjecture about her, she had expected to say, "Oh, the *poem* isn't so much, I guess—I wrote it quite a few days ago and I'm writing a couple new ones now—but I did take quite a lot o' time and trouble with the rest of the paper, because I had to write every single word of it, or else let Henry and Herbert try to, and 'course they'd just of ruined it. Oh, it isn't so much to talk about I guess; it just sort of *comes* to me to do things that way."

LIKE so many other young unearthed rehearsals, this one was never to be played for an audience. Adults are independable. Thirteen attempts to exercise a great philanthropy, and every grown person in sight, with the possible exception of Great-uncle Joseph, goes into wholly unanticipated fits of horror. Cause and effect have no relation: Fate operates without reasonable sequence—like a monkey.

And while Florence, thus pensively disturbed, sat beside fat Uncle Joseph during their long, long drive, relatives of hers were indeed going into fits; at least, so Florence would have described their gestures and incoherences of comment. And straight into such a fitful scene did the luckless Herbert walk when driven home, after the movies, by thoughts of food, at about six that evening. Henry Rooter had strongly advised him against returning.

"You better not," he said, wisely. "*Honest*, you better not, Herbert!"

"Well, we got apple dumplings for dinner," Herbert said, his tone showing the strain of mental uncertainty. "Eliza told me this morning we were goin' to have 'em. I kind of hate to go, but I guess I better, Henry."

"*You* won't see any apple dumplings," Henry predicted.

"Well, I believe I better try it, Henry."

"You better come home with me. My father and mother'll be perfectly willing to have you."

"I know that," said Herbert. "But I guess I better go home and try it, anyhow, Henry. I didn't have anything to do with what's in *The Oriole*. It's every last word ole Florence's doing. I haven't got any more right to be picked on for that than a child."

"Yes," Henry admitted. "But if you go and tell 'em so, I bet she'd get even with you some way that would probably get *me* in trouble, too, before we got through with the job. *I* wouldn't tell 'em if I was you, Herbert!"

"Well, I wasn't intending to," Herbert responded gloomily; and the thought of each, unknown to the other, was the same, consisting of a symbolic likeness of Wallie Torbin at his worst. "I *ought* to tell on Florence; by rights I ought," said Herbert; "but I've decided I won't. There's no tellin' what she wouldn't do. Not that she could do anything to *me*, pa'ticularly——"

"Nor me, either," his friend interposed hurriedly. "I don't worry about anything like that! Still, if I was you I wouldn't tell. She's only a girl, we got to remember."

"Yes," said Herbert. "That's the way *I* look at it, Henry; and the way *I* look at it is just simply this. long as she's a girl, why, simply let her go. You can't tell what she'd do, and so what's the use to go and tell on a girl?"

"That's the way *I* look at it," Henry agreed. "What's the use? If I was in your place, I'd act just the same way you do."

"Well," said Herbert, "I guess I better go on home, Henry. It's a good while after dark."

"You're makin' a big mistake!" Henry Rooter called after him. "*You* won't see any apple dumplings, I bet a hundred dollars! You better come on home with me."

And Herbert no more than half opened his front door before he perceived that his friend's advice had been excellent. So clearly Herbert perceived this, that he impulsively decided not to open the door any farther, but on the contrary to close it, and retire; and he would have done so, had not his mother reached forth and detained him. She was, in fact, just inside that door, in the hall with one of his great-aunts, one of his aunts, two aunts-by-marriage, and an elderly unmarried cousin, who were all just on the point of leaving. However, they changed their minds and decided to remain, now that Herbert was among them.

Herbert's father joined them, a few minutes later, but it had already become clear to the son that *The North End Daily Oriole* was in one sense a thing of the past, tho in another sense this former owner and proprietor was certain that he would never hear the last of it. However, on account of the life of blackmail and slavery now led by the members of the old régime, *The Oriole's* extinction was far less painful to Herbert than his father supposed; and the latter wasted a great deal of severity, insisting that the printing-press should be returned that very night to Uncle Joseph. Herbert's heartiest retrospective wish was that the ole printing-press had been returned to Uncle Joseph long ago.

"If you can find him to give it to!" Aunt Harriet suggested. "Nobody *knows* where he goes when he gets the way he did this afternoon when we were discussing it all with him. I only *hope* he'll be back to-night!"

"He can't stay away forever," Aunt Fanny remarked. "That garage is charging him five dollars an hour for the automobile he's in, and surely even Joseph will decide there's a limit to wildness *some* time!"

"I don't care when he comes back," Herbert's father declared grimly. "Whenever he does he's got to take that printing-press back—and Herbert will be let out of the house long enough to carry it over. His mother or I will go with him."

Herbert bore much more than this; he had seated himself on the third step of the stairway in the hall, and maintained as much dogged silence as he could. Once, however, they got a yelp of anguish out of him. It was when Cousin Virginia said:

"OH, HERBERT, Herbert! How could you make up that terrible falsehood about Mr. Crum? And, think of it; right on the same page with your cousin Florence's pure little poem!"

Herbert uttered some sounds, totally incoherent but loud, and expressive of a supreme revulsion. The shocked audience readily understood that he liked neither Cousin Virginia's chiding nor Cousin Florence's poem.

"Shame!" said his father.

Herbert controlled himself. It could be seen that his spirit was not broken, even when Aunt Fanny mourned, shaking her head at him, smiling ruefully:

"Oh, if boys could only be girls!"

Herbert just looked at her.

"The worst thing," said his father—"that is, if there's any part of it that's worse than another—the worst thing about it is this about Noble Dill."

"What about that poor thing?" Aunt Harriet asked. "We haven't heard."

"Why, I walked up from down-town with old man Dill," said Mr. Atwater, "and the Dill family are all very much worried. It seems that Noble started down-town after lunch, as usual, and pretty soon he came back to the house and he had a copy of this awful paper that little Florence had given him——"

"*Who* gave it to him?" Aunt Fanny asked. "*Who?*"

"Little Florence."

"Why, that's curious," Cousin Virginia murmured. "I must telephone and ask her mother about that."

The brooding Herbert looked up, and there was a gleam in his dogged eye; but he said nothing.

"Go on," Aunt Harriet urged. "What did Noble do?"

"Why, his mother said he just went up to his room and changed his shoes and tie——"

"I thought so," Aunt Fanny whispered, hurriedly, but solemnly. "Crazy."

"AND then," Mr. Atwater continued, "he left the house, and she supposed he'd gone down to the office; but she was uneasy, and telephoned his father. Noble hadn't come. He didn't come, all afternoon, and he didn't go back to the house; and they telephoned around to every place he *could* go, that they know of—and they couldn't find him or hear anything about him." Mr. Atwater coughed, and paused.

"But what," Aunt Harriet cried, "what do they think's become of him?"

"Old man Dill said they were all pretty anxious," said Mr. Atwater. "They're afraid Noble has—disappeared."

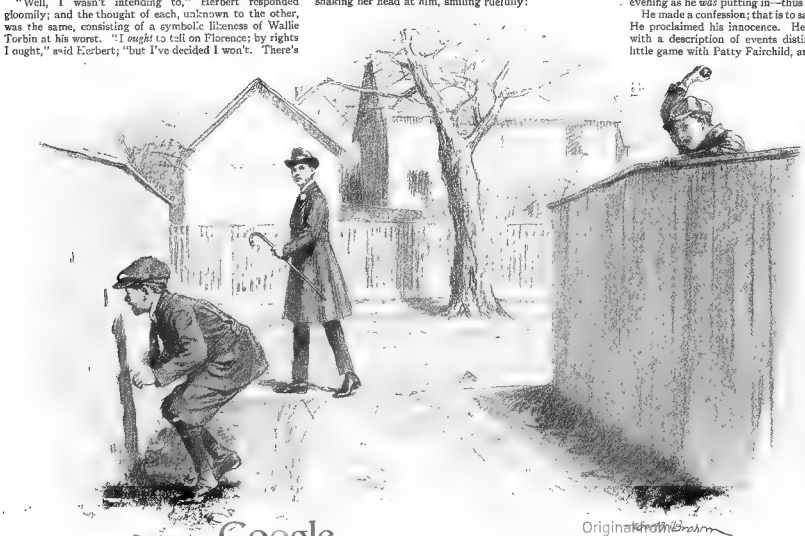
Aunt Fanny screamed.

Then, in perfect accord, they all turned to look at Herbert, who rose and would have retired up-stairs had he been able.

As that perturbing evening wore on, word gradually reached the most outlying members of the Atwater family connection that Noble Dill was missing. Ordinarily, this bit of news would have caused them no severe anxiety. Noble's person and intellect were so commonplace—"insignificant" was the term usually preferred in his own circle—that he was considered to be as nearly negligible as it is charitable to consider a fellow-being. True, there was one thing that set him apart; he was found worthy of a superlative when he fell in love with Julia Atwater. Of all the large and ardent group in like condition, he obtained conspicuousness as "*The* worst." Of course, this distinction caused him to become better known and more talked about than in his earlier youth.

However, the eccentricities of a person in such an extremity of love are seldom valued except as comedy; and even then with no warmth of heart for the comedian, but rather with an incredulous disdain; so it is safe to say that under other circumstances Noble might have been missing, indeed, and few of the Atwater's would have missed him. But as matters were, they worried a great deal about him, fearing that a rash act on his part might reflect notoriety on themselves through their beautiful relative—and through *The North End Daily Oriole*. And when nine o'clock came, and Mrs. Dill reported to Herbert's father, over the telephone, that nothing had yet been heard from her son, the pressure of those who were blaming *The Oriole* more than Julia became so wearing that Herbert decided he would rather spend the remaining days of his life running away from Wallie Torbin than put in any more of such a dog's evening as he was putting in—thus he defined it.

He made a confession; that is to say, it was a proclamation. He proclaimed his innocence. He began the history of it with a description of events distinctly subsequent to the little game with Patty Fairchild, and explained how he and



"Herbert's Expression Was Implacably Resentful, and so Was the Gesture with Which He Hurled an Object at the Comedian Preoccupied with the Opposite Fence"

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"'I Just This Minute Got off the Train,' She Said. 'Are You Going Away Somewhere?' 'No,' He Whispered. 'I'm Just Standing Here'"

Henry had felt that their parents would not always be with them, and as their parents wished them to be polite, they had resolved to be polite to Florence. Proceeding, he related in detail her journalistic exploit.

Of the matter in hand he told the perfect and absolute truth and was immediately refuted, confuted, and demonstrated to be a false witness by Aunt Fanny, Aunt Carrie, and Cousin Virginia, who had all heard him vehemently declare, no longer ago than the preceding Sunday evening, that he and his partner had taken secure measures to prevent Florence from ever again setting foot within the Newspaper Building. In addition, he was quite showered with definitions; and these, tho so variant, all sought to phrase but the one subject; his conduct in seeking to drag Florence through the mire, when she was absent and could not defend herself. Poor Florence would answer later in the evening, he was told, severely; and tho her cause was thus championed against the slander it is true that some of them felt stirrings of curiosity in regard to Florence. In fact, there was getting to be something like a cloud upon her reputation. There were several important things for her to explain; among them, her taking it upon herself to see that Noble received a copy of *The Oriole*, and also her sudden departure from home and rather odd protraction of absence therefrom. It was not thought she was in good company. Uncle Joseph had telephoned from a suburb that they were dining at a farmhouse and would thence descend to the general region of the movies.

"NOBODY knows what that man'll do, when he decides to!" Aunt Carrie said nervously. "Letting the poor child stay up so late! She ought to be in bed this minute, even if it is Saturday night. Or else she ought to be here to listen to her own bad little cousin trying to put his terrible responsibility on her shoulders."

One item of her description of himself the badgered Herbert could not bear in silence, altho he had just declared that since the truth was so ill-respected among his persecutors he would open his mouth no more until the next day. He passed over "bad," but furiously stated his height in feet, inches, and fractions of inches.

Aunt Fanny shook her head in mourning. "That may be, Herbert," she said gently. "But you must try to realize it can't bring poor young Mr. Dill back to his family."

Again Herbert just looked at her. He had no indifference more profound than that upon which her strained conception of the relation between cause and effect seemed to touch; and, from his point of view, to be missing should be the lightest of calamities. It is true that he was concerned with the restoration of Noble Dill to the rest of the Dills so far as such an event might affect his own incomparable misfortunes—but not otherwise. He regarded Noble and Noble's disappearance merely as unfair damage to himself. He continued to look at this sorrowing great-aunt of his, and his thoughts made his strange gaze appear to her so hardened that she shook her head and looked away.

"Poor young Mr. Dill!" she said. "If some one could only have been with him, and kept talking to him until he got used to the idea a little!"

Cousin Virginia nodded comprehendingly. "Yes, it might have tided him over," she said. "He wasn't handsome, nor impressive, of course, nor anything like that, but he always spoke so nicely to people on the street. I'm sure he never harmed even a kitten, poor soul!"

"I'm sure he never did," Herbert's mother agreed, gently. "Not even a kitten. I do wonder where he is now."

But Aunt Fanny uttered a little cry of protest. "I'm afraid we may hear," she said, "any moment!"

AND the most tragic news of Noble Dill these sympathetic women could have heard would have surprised them little; they had unanimously set their expectation in so romantically pessimistic a groove. But if the truth of his whereabouts could have been made known to them, as they sat thus together at what was developing virtually into his wake, with Herbert as a compulsory participant, they would have turned the session into a riot of amazement. Noble was in the very last place (they would have said, when calmer) where anybody in the world could have madly dreamed of looking for him! They would have been right about it. No one could have expected to find Noble to-night inside the old, four-square brick house of Mr. H. I. Atwater, Senior, chief of the Atwaters and father of the disturbing Julia. This was an old man of rigidly limited sympathies; and his opinion of Noble Dill had become almost notorious; here was no bosom of refuge for a lorn Noble needing solace, nor was his house for any moment hospitable with Julia out of it. Moreover, Mr. H. I. Atwater, Senior, was not at present in the house; he had closed and locked it yesterday, giving the servants a week's vacation and telling them not to return till he sent for them; and had then gone out of town to look over a hominy-mill he thought of buying. And yet, as the wake went on, there was a light in the house, and under that light sat Noble Dill.

Returning home, after Florence had placed the shattering news within his hand, Noble had changed his shoes and his tie. He was but a mechanism; he had no motive. The shoes he put on were no better than those he took off; the fresh tie was no lovelier than the one he had worn; nor had it even the lucidity to be a purple one, as evidence of grief. No; his action was, if so viewed, "crazy," as Aunt Fanny had called it. Agitation first took this form; that was all. Love and change of dress are closely allied, and in happier times when Noble came home from work and would see Julia in the evening, he usually changed his clothes. No doubt there is some faint tracery here, too indistinct to repay contemplation.

When he left the house he walked rapidly down-town, and toward the end of this one-mile journey he ran; but as he was then approaching the railway station, no one thought him eccentric. He was, however; for when he entered the station he went to a bench and sat looking upward for more than ten minutes; then rose and went to a ticket-window and asked for a time-table.

"What road?" the clerk inquired.

"All points South," said Noble.

He placed the time-table, still folded, in his pocket, rested an elbow on the brass apron of the window, and would have given himself up to reflections, tho urged to move away. Several people wishing to buy tickets had formed a line behind him and they perceived that Noble had nothing more to say to the clerk. The latter encouraged their protests, and even went so far as to exclaim, "For heaven's sake! Can't you let these folk buy their tickets?" And since Noble still did not move: "My gosh, haven't you got no *feet*?"

"Feet? Oh, yes," said Noble, gently. "I'm going away." And went back to his seat.

After a while he sought to study his time-table. Ordinarily, his mind was one of those able to decipher and comprehend railway time-tables; he had few gifts, but this was one of them. It failed him, now; and he wandered back to the ticket-window, and, after urgent coaching, eventually took his place at the end instead of at the head of the line that waited there. In his turn he came again to the window, and departed from it after a conversation with the clerk which left the latter in unconscious accord with Aunt Fanny Atwater's commiserating adjective, tho the clerk's own pity was expressed in argot. "The poor nut!" he explained to his next client. "Wants to buy a ticket on a train that don't pull out till ten thirty-five to-night; and me fillin' it all out, stampin' it and everything, what for! Turned out all his pockets and couldn't come nearer'n eight dollars short o' the price! Where you want to go?"

Noble went back to his bench and sat there for a long time, tho there was no time long or short for him. He was not yet consciously suffering greatly, nor was he thinking at all. True, he had a dim, persistent impulse to action—or else why should he be at the station?—but for the clearest expression of his condition it is necessary to borrow a culinary symbol; he was jelling. The state of shock was slowly dispersing while a perception of anguish as slowly increased. He was beginning to swallow nothing at intervals, and the intervals were growing shorter.

Dusk was misting down, outdoors, when with dragging steps he came out of the station. He looked hazily up and down the street, where the corner-lamps and shop-windows now were lighted, and, after dreary hesitation, he went in search of a pawn-shop, and found one. The old man who operated it must have been a philanthropist, for Noble was so fortunate as to secure a loan of nine dollars upon his watch. Surprized at this, he returned to the station, and went back to the same old bench.

IT WAS fully occupied, and he stood for some time looking with vague reproach at the large family of colored people who had taken it. He had a feeling that he lived there, and that these colored people were trespassers; but upon becoming aware that part of an orange was being rubbed over his left shoe by the youngest of the children, Noble groaned abruptly and found another bench.

A little after six o'clock a clanging and commotion in the train-shed outside, attending the arrival of a "through express," stirred him from his torpor. He walked heavily across the room to the same ticket-window he had blocked before, but there was no queue attached to it now. He rested his elbow on the apron and his chin upon his hand, and for some moments the clerk waited until he should state his wishes. This was a new clerk, who had just relieved the other.

"Well! Well!" he said at last.

"I'll take it now," Noble responded, gently.

"What'll you take now?"

"That ticket!"

"What ticket?"

"The same one I wanted before," Noble sighed.

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The clerk gave him a piercing look, glanced out of the window and saw that there were no other clients, then went to a desk at the farther end of his compartment, and took up some clerical work he had in hand.

Noble leaned upon the apron of the window, waiting; and if he thought anything, he thought the man was serving him.

The high, resonant room became clamorous with voices and with the mingling echoes of footsteps on the tiled floor, as passengers from the express hurried to the street, or more gaily straggled through, shouting with friends who came to greet them; and among these moving groups there walked a youthful fine lady noticably enlivening to the dullest eye. She was preceded by a brisk porter who carried two traveling-bags of a rich sort, as well as a sack of implements for the game of golf; and she was warm in dark fürs, against which the vasty clump of violets she wore showed dewy gleamings of blue.

At sight of Noble Dill, more than pensive at the ticket-window, she hesitated, then stopped and observed him. Here was a coincidence, in a mild way, for, as it happened, she was herself the most observed person in all that place. She was veiled in two veils, but she had been seen in the train without these, and some of her fellow-travelers, tho strangers to her, were walking near her in a hypocritical way, hoping still not to lose sight of her, even veiled. And altho the shroudings permitted the most meager information of her features, what they did reveal was harmfully piquant; moreover, there was a sweetness to the figure, a disturbing grace; and nothing disguises such an air of wearing that many violets as a daily perquisite and matter-of course.

So the coincidence came about that this observed lady stopped and observed Noble, who in return observed her not at all, being but semiconscious. Looked upon thoughtfully, it is a coincidence that we breathe; certainly it is a mighty coincidence that we speak to one another and understand; and such things are marvels staggeringly beyond the petty interfacings of action which pique our sense of the theatrical so that we call them coincidences. That Julia should arrive during Noble's long process of buying a ticket to go to her was stranger than that she stopped to look at him, tho still not comparable in strangeness to the fact that either of them, or any living creature, stood upon the whirling earth yet when Noble comprehended what was happening he was amazed.

SHE stepped nearer, and spoke to him.

"Noble!" she said.

He stared at her. His elbow sagged away from the window; the whole person of Noble Dill seemed near collapse. He shook, and had no voice.

"I just this minute got off the train," she said. "Are you going away somewhere?"

"No," he whispered; then obtained command of a huskiness somewhat greater in volume. "I'm just standing here."

"I told the porter to get me a taxicab," she said. "If you're going home for dinner I'll drop you at your house."

"I— I'm— I—" His articulation encountered unsurmountable difficulties, but Julia had been with him through many such trials aforetime. She said briskly: "I'm awfully hungry and I want to get home. Come on — if you like."

He walked waveringly at her side through the station, and followed her into the dim interior of the cab, which became fragrant of violets — an emanation at once ineffable and poisonous.

"I'm so glad I happened to run across you," she said, as they began to vibrate tremulously in unison with the fierce little engine that drew them. "I want to hear all the news. Nobody knows I'm home. I didn't write or telegraph to a soul; and I'll be a complete surprize to father and everybody— I don't know how pleasant a one! *You* didn't seem so frightfully glad to see me, Noble!"

"Am I?" he whispered. "I mean—I mean—I mean: Didn't I?"

"No!" she laughed. "You looked—you looked shocked! It couldn't have been because I looked ill or anything because I'm not; and if I were, you couldn't have told it, through two veils. Possibly I'd better take your expression as a compliment." She paused, then asked hesitatingly, "Shall I?"

This was the style the Atwaters held Julia responsible for; but they were mistaken: she was unable to control it. She at once went cheerily on: "Perhaps not, as you don't answer. I shouldn't be so bold! Do you suppose anybody'll be glad to see me?"

"I — I—" He seemed to hope that words would come, all in their own good time.

"Noble!" she cried. "Don't be so glum!" And she touched his arm with her muff, a fluffy contact causing within him a short convulsion, naturally invisible. "Noble, aren't you going to tell me what's all the news?"

"There's— some," he managed to inform her. "Some— some news."

"What is it?"

"It's— it's——"

"Never mind," she said soothingly. "Get your breath: I can wait. I hope nothing's wrong in your family, Noble."

"No—oh, no."

"It isn't just my turning up unexpectedly that's upset you so, of course," she dared to say. "Naturally, I know better than to think such a thing as that."

"Oh, Julia!" he said. "Oh, Julia!"

"What is it, Noble?"

"Noth—ing," he murmured, disjointing the word with a gulp.

"How odd you happened to be there at the station," she said; "just when my train came in! You're sure you weren't going away anywhere?"

"No; oh, no."

She was thoughtful, then laughed confidentially. "You're the only person in town that knows I'm home, Noble."

"I'm glad," he said, humbly.

She laughed again. "I came all of a sudden—on an impulse. It's a little idiotic. I'll tell you about it, Noble. You see, ten or twelve days ago I wrote the family a more or less indiscreet letter. That is, I told them something I wanted them to be discreet about, and, of course, when I got to thinking it over, *I* knew they wouldn't. You see, I wrote them something I wanted them to keep a secret, but the more I thought about it, the more I saw I'd better hurry back. Yesterday it got into my head that I'd better hop on the next train for home."

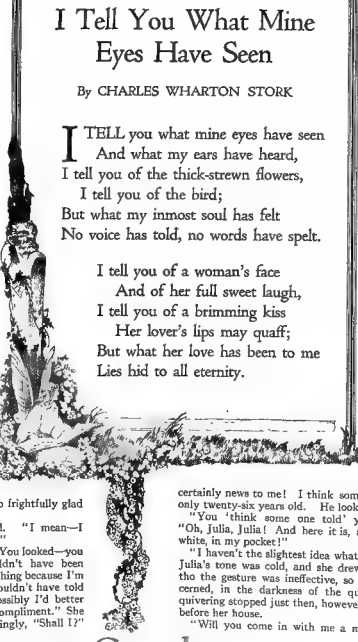
She paused, then added, "So *I* did! About ten or twelve days is as long as anybody has a right to expect the Atwater family connection to keep the deadliest kind of a secret, isn't it?" And as he did not respond, she explained, modestly, "Of course, it wasn't a very deadly secret; it was really about something of only the least importance."

This was so frightful an understatement that the jar of it restored Noble's voice to a startling loudness. "Only the least importance!" he shouted. "With a man named Crum!"

"What!" she cried.

"*Crum!*" Noble insisted. "That's exactly what it said his name was!"

"*What* said his name was?" asked Julia excitedly.


I Tell You What Mine Eyes Have Seen
By CHARLES WHARTON STORK
I TELL you what mine eyes have seen
And what my ears have heard,
I tell you of the thick-strewn flowers,
I tell you of the bird;
But what my inmost soul has felt
No voice has told, no words have spelt.
I tell you of a woman's face
And of her full sweet laugh,
I tell you of a brimming kiss
Her lover's lips may quaff;
But what her love has been to me
Lies hid to all eternity.

"*The North End Daily Oriole.*"

"What in heaven's name is that?"

"It's the children's paper, Herbert's and Florence's, your own niece and nephew, Julia! You don't mean you deny it, do you, Julia?"

She was in great confusion· "Do I deny what?"

"That his name is Crum!" Noble said passionately. "That his name is Crum and that he's a widower and he's been divorced and's got nobody knows how many children!"

Julia sought to collect herself. "I don't know what you're talking about," she said. "If you mean that I happened to meet a very charming man while I was away, and that his name happened to be Crum, I don't know why I should go to the trouble of denying it. But if Mr. Crum has had the experiences you say he has, it is certainly news to me! I think some one told me he was only twenty-six years old. He looked rather younger."

"You 'think some one told' you!" Noble groaned "Oh, Julia, Julia! And here it is, all down in black and white, in my pocket!"

"I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about." Julia's tone was cold, and she drew herself up haughtily, tho the gesture was ineffective, so far as Noble was concerned, in the darkness of the quivering interior. The quivering stopped just then, however, as the taxicab halted before her house.

"Will you come in with me a moment, please?" Julia said as she got out. "There are some things I want to ask you -and I'm sure Papa hasn't come home from downtown yet. There's no light in the front part of the house."

There was no light in any other part of the house, either, as they discovered after abandoning the bell for an excursion to the rear. "That's disheartening to a hungry person," Julia remarked; and then remembered that she had a key to the front door in her purse. She opened the door, and lighted a half luster while Noble brought in her bags from the steps where the taxicab driver had left them.

"There's nobody home at all," Julia said, thoughtfully.

"No. Nobody," her sad companion agreed, shaking his head. "Nobody at all, Julia. Nobody at all." Rousing himself, he went back for the golf tools, and with a lingering gentleness set them in a corner. Then, dumbly, he turned to go.

"WAIT, please," said Julia. "I want to ask you a few things—especially about what you've got 'all down in black and white' in your pocket. Will you shut the door, if you please, and go in the library and turn on the lights and wait there while I look over the house and see if I can find why it's all closed up like this?"

Noble went into the library and found the control of the lights. She came hurrying in after him.

"It's chilly. The furnace seems to be off," she said. "I'll— But instead of declaring her intentions, she enacted them; taking a match from the little white porcelain trough on the mantelpiece and striking it on the heel of her glittering shoe. Then she knelt before the grate and set the flame to excelsior beneath the kindling and coal. "You mustn't freeze," she said, with a thoughtful kindness that killed him; and as she went out of the room he died again, for she looked back over her shoulder.

She had pushed up her veils and it was his first sight of that disastrous face in long, demoralized weeks and weeks. And all his aching reveries upon its loveliness had shamed his pallid likenesses; for this was the worst thing about Julia's looks: even her most extravagant suitor, in absence, could not dream an image of her so charming as he found herself when he saw her again. Thus, seeing Julia again was always a discovery. And this glance over her shoulder when she left a room and a hungry glance at her insctrubte, yet implying that she thought anew of the occupant, and might think of him still, while gone from him—this was one of her ways which resulting experiences should have schooled her against; but never would.

"I'm Robinson Crusoe, Noble," she said, when she came back. "I suppose I might as well take off my furs, tho." She did so, first unfastening the great bouquet she wore and tossing it upon a table. Noble, also standing close to the table, but moved away from it hurriedly. This reversion she failed to notice; and she went on to explain, as she dropped her cloak and stole upon a chair, "Papa's gone away for at least a week, He's taken his ulster. It doesn't make any difference what the weather is, he never wears his ulster in this town, but when he's going away for a week, or longer, he always takes it with him, except in Summer. If he's only going to be gone two or three days he takes his short overcoat. And unless I'm here when he leaves town, he always gives the servants a holiday till he gets back, so they're all gone and I'm alone in the house. I can't get even the cook back until to-morrow and then I'll probably have to hunt from house to house among her relatives. Papa left yesterday, because the numbers on his desk calendar are pulled off up to to-day, and that's the first thing he does when he comes down for breakfast. So here I am, all Robinson Crusoed for to-night at least."

"I suppose," said Noble huskily, "I suppose you'll go to some of your aunts or brothers or cousins or something."

"No," she said. "My trunk may come up from the station almost any time, and if I close the house they'll take it back."

"You needn't bother about that, Julia. I'll look after it."

"How?"

"I could sit on the porch till it came," he said. "I'd tell 'em you wanted 'em to leave it." He paused, painfully. "I could wait out on the porch with it, to see that it was safe, until you came back to-morrow morning."

She looked full at him, and he plaintively endured the examination.

"NOBLE!" She had undoubtedly a moment's shame that any creature should come to such a pass for her sake. "What lovely nonsense!" she said; and sat upon a stool before the crackling fire. "Do sit down, Noble—unless your dinner will be waiting for you at home?"

"No," he murmured. "They never wait for me. Don't you want me to look after your trunk?"

"Not by sitting up all night with it on the porch;" she said. "I'm going to stay here myself. I'm not going out. I don't want to see any of the family to-night."

"I thought you said you were hungry."

"I am; but there's enough in the pantry. I looked."

"Well, if you don't want to see any of 'em," he suggested, "and they know your father's away and think the house is empty, they're liable to notice the lights and come in—and then you'd have to see 'em!"

"No; you can't see the lights of this room from the street, and I lit the lamp at the other end of the hall. The light near the front door," Julia added, "I put out."

"You did?"

"I can't see any of 'em to-night," she said resolutely "Besides, I want to find out what you meant in the taxicab before I do anything else."

"What I meant in the taxicab?" he echoed. "Oh, Julia, Julia!"

She frowned, first at the fire, then, turning her head, at Noble. "You seem to feel quite reproachful about something," she observed.

"No, I don't. I don't feel reproachful, Julia. I don't know what I feel, but I don't feel reproachful."

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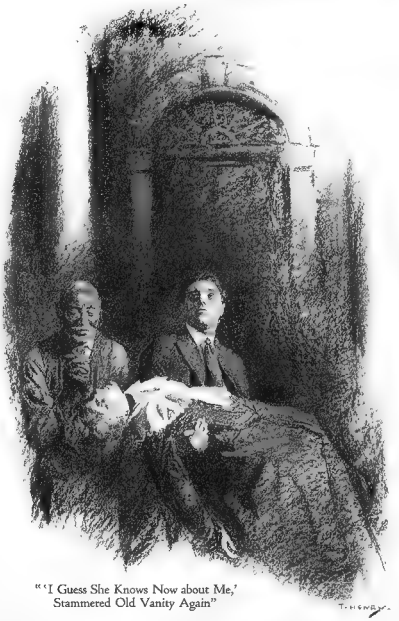
# OLD VANITY

## A Story of an Old Darkey's Secret and the Fighting Ambitions of Youth

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL," "RELEASE," "PENANCE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATION BY J. HENRY



"'I Guess She Knows Now about Me,' Stammered Old Vanity Again"

YOUNG Alfie Vanity had come out from Burchettsville to see old Vanity and the two sat together before old Vanity's cabin door above the river, old Vanity on the step and Alfie on a chair. Old Vanity had been nick-named sixty years before when, a house-boy at the Hollingsworths, he had been particular about the cut of his white suits, and the name had descended to his family as a surname Old Vanity himself had no other.

One could tell, studying young Alfie, exactly what his grandfather had looked like. Here was the same attention to details; Alfie's light-colored suit was well cut and well pressed, his brown tie was jauntily tied. His figure, almost Herculean in build, showed what old Vanity's shrunken form had been. Viewed by unprejudiced eyes, both men were rather noble specimens of humanity. Sixty years ago, old Vanity had brought two thousand dollars at the auction block, and even now at seventy-five, but "tough as a nut," he would have fetched a few hundred, had auction-blocks continued to exist.

Young Vanity tapped with a foolish little cane on the flagstone before his grandfather's door. Here, orphaned, he had been brought up; here he was still a small boy standing in awe of the old man.

"Everybody's doin' it, Pappy," said he coaxingly.

Old Vanity looked down the sloping bank to the river, now in its Spring flood, and frowned. For various obscure reasons the boy's visit and his request troubled him. He took his pipe from his mouth. "Ain't no hurry, boy."

Young Vanity began to best against his leg with the little cane. He saw that his grandfather was shaking the ashes from his pipe and suspected that he was about to put an end to the interview by departing.

"Yes, they is hurry, Pappy. Directly you get called by the government, then where they put you, you go. But if you go now, without bein' asked, you get a better place."

Old Vanity still stared down at the river.

"I'm a good cook, Pappy. They'll find that out. They'll be glad to get me, the officer in the tent said so. He said they be glad to get me to-night yet, Pappy."

Old Vanity made no answer.

"It would be somewhat of a safe place, Pappy. Now Marse Robert——"

Vanity's head jerked round. Young Alfie had laid his finger on a tender nerve.

"What about Marse Robert?" he demanded fiercely. "Do you mean you think Marse Robert won't go?"

"No," protested Alfie. "I didn't mean that, Pappy. I meant because he was educated—and white!" said Alfie to himself—"because he was educated he could choose his place any time."

Old Vanity rose slowly. He looked troubled and unhappy. "It ain't expedient yet, boy."

Young Vanity was never quite sure what old Vanity meant by his long words, tho he had grown up in the same cabin with them.

"You said always to go when your country called you, Pappy."

Old Vanity made no answer.

"You wouldn't lose nothin', because you would get part of my pay. I would send it willingly, Pappy. And if anything happened to me, you'd get thousands of dollars."

Old Vanity stepped down from the door-stone.

"I got to go up to the big house, Alfie," said he. "Missy's bad. She had her palpitation this afternoon."

A bright gleam came into Alfie's eyes. He did not intend to be mean or to threaten, he simply used a weapon at hand.

"You know what you done, Pappy, time of the other war!"

Old Vanity's cheeks grew ashen. He had foolishly trusted Alfie with a secret.

"None of that, Alfie!"

Young Vanity followed him out to the little gate.

"What would people say if they know'd that, Pappy, and you sayin' 'no' to my goin'?"

Old Vanity hastened the motion of his rheumatic knees. "None of that, Alfie!"

Young Vanity went back to his chair by the door His grandfather knew that he would be sitting there when he came home. Added now to the unnamable worry about Marse Robert was fear. He did not believe that Alfie would tell his secret, but the mere mention of a betrayal terrified him. If "Missy" should know, he believed that she would rise from her dying bed to chastise him. He believed that the mere glance of her fierce, angry eyes would shrivel him like the eye of an angry and almighty Judge He was not ashamed of what he had done, he was only fearfully afraid of what Missy would think and say. The scathing vigor of her tongue—how it burned when old wrongs came back to her!—the outrageous claims of a Federal government over independent States, the confiscation of property, the monstrous policy of Sherman, the arming of slaves against their masters. She, herself, with her own eyes, had seen black men marching past and had compelled herself to gaze so that she might remember forever—black men officered by white men! The lash—that was what they should have had for the good of their souls and the good of the world. It was no wonder that old Vanity feared, for his crime of fifty years ago, the hot rain of her displeasure.

Now hastening toward her, the sun looking at him like a large, red eye from above the ridge across the river, he traveled along a field of young tobacco, then through damp hollows where the road crossed little tributaries of the river. He had traveled the road thousands of times. Sold in '60 to a good master—Missy's father sold his chattels only to masters known to be careful of their property—he had returned after the war to his old place. He had left in '60 a large house, a fine plantation, a master and mistress and their young daughter and a hundred black men and women. He found upon his return a dismantled and dilapidated house, barren fields, his mistress's grave, and young Missy. His master was dead and his body lost on a distant battlefield.

There had been time for young Missy to marry and be widowed. The black men and women were gone, scattered, adrift in cities, most of them forlorn. The only object, living or inanimate, which seemed to have even a slight connection with the future or with hope was Missy's little girl, a year old, laughing and leaping in her arms.

VANITY he was still young Vanity then—went about his work. To him Missy did not for a long time speak so much as a word. The springe of her life seemed to be dry. It was not until months had passed that she began to tell her thoughts. She allowed him to work and this was all that Vanity asked. He was still confused, the familiar tasks were a refuge.

To his former somewhat ornamental duties, he added a hundred new tasks. There was no one but him, there was to be no one but him for many years. The little girl grew up, was married, was widowed, and died, leaving to her mother a little boy. Missy named him for his grandfather and attended to him faithfully but perfunctorily. The world was to her a cheat, the high spirit of her youth was transmuted into bitter indifference. Little Robert heard her talk—she was the only person whom he heard except old Vanity.

Old Vanity tilled that portion of the plantation which he could manage, he cooked and baked and kept in order the few rooms in which Missy lived. Missy did little; unserved, she would have been capable of letting life run out like the motion of a dying swing. Times grew better, but she made no effort to profit by higher prices for her crops. She did not believe that little Robert would live beyond young manhood—why should she care?

Old Vanity brought up young Robert, "carrying" him to school at Burchettsville, rising an hour earlier and going to bed an hour later, because the old mule had to be coaxed through all the long journey. Robert was a biddable little boy and learned well. Fortunately the school was good and Robert had inherited the keen Hollingsworth mind. In Summer he helped Vanity on the farm. Missy grew more indifferent, sat longer and longer without moving, spoke less of the bitter wrongs of the past, but thought more about them. When old Vanity and then young Robert brought home newspapers, she put them aside. She was an alien, the United States was not her country.

"Nor is it yours!" said she fiercely to young Robert.

Young Robert made no answer. He looked at his grandmother with the pitying affection which tenderhearted youth feels for women when it has known only invalidism or age in women.

Occasionally when Robert read the news to old Vanity, Missy made fierce comment. The assassination at Serajevo, read before twilight——

"It is a way to deal with despots!" cried Missy, fiercely reminiscent. Missy saw, alas! a crowded theater, heard a sharp pistol-shot, applauded a shrill "*Sic semper tyrannis!*"

The going of innocent women and children to death in the sea——

"This country is founded upon a wrong," cried Missy. "It has no right to resent anything!"

Hideous, unspeakable things——

"War is like that," said Missy calmly. It was as tho she said, "I have suffered, let others suffer."

Robert sat often upon the upper step, his chin in his hands, brooding. His grandmother, watching him, remembered the first day when she had seen his young mother sit like that. It had been the beginning of the end.

But Robert showed to others no sign of physical exhaustion. He had grown tall like the men of his race and he had still the beauty of adolescence. Women's eyes followed him when he went to town, young men of his own age, now walking uneasily about or staring from the corners of the square at a tent in its center, looked at him enviously, visualing him in uniform, predicating his success with women. No one knew him well enough to analyze his character, to wonder whether his was a decatient beauty, to surmise that here might be a beauty of body and nothing else.

Missy did not think of his future, he was destined, she believed, to die, she was certain that she would outlive him. Where he was to go, beauty and ugliness were alike.

Old Vanity, stumbling through the last hollow, began to run. His thoughts had long left young Alfie and were traveling forward. His love for Robert was that of slave for master, of father for son, of lover for mistress. To him Robert was like a god, he thought sometimes as he sat alone of the beautiful body which he had tended and which he had watched grow, of the splendid eyes, of the soft voice. Only—what if Missy were right and he were marked for death? Or—what if Robert's mind and soul should be warped! "Oh, no!" cried old Vanity.

THEN, at the foot of the porch steps, old Vanity stopped, panting. Robert sat on the upper step, chin on hand; behind him, with the late sunlight on her face, sat Missy, her head fallen upon her breast. Missy had submitted to no dying bed, she must have faced the end with open, keen, black eyes.

"Marse Robert!" cried old Vanity. "Look!"

Old Vanity sank down upon the step. He did not realize at once that now his secret need worry him no more; he knew only that the larger part of life was gone. Dimly in his old mind, he comprehended that the passing of an era was here signified.

Then, hysterically, old Vanity made confession.

"I guess she knows now about me!"

Young Robert springing up, laid his hand on his grandmother's shoulder.

"Grandmother!" After a moment he said, "Come and help me, Vanity!"

"I guess she knows now about me," stammered old Vanity again.

"Knows what about you?"

Old Vanity stood up in the late sunshine. His figure seemed to expand, his skin gave back a bronze reflection. He lifted a dark, wrinkled face.

"I fought in the army!"

"In the army—what army?" Young Robert thought that shock had addled old Vanity's brain.

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# BEARING A TORCH

## "We've Got to Go Deep Down under the Storm to Bring Back the Message"

BY LUCY PRATT

"That Little Lame Ghost with Its Bundle—Still Sending up Its Forlorn, Piping Cry, *'Maman! Maman!'*"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER H. EVERETT

IT WAS all over. Oh, yes, war was done—*done*, and he had come back. He had lost his sight, but that was not so uncommon with them. Not so uncommon to be blind—in these times. He had lost his right arm, too, but so many of the boys had lost a right arm, over there, that he knew, at least, that he was no lone martyr, that he was just one of many, and that wasn't troubling him now, anyway. It was something else that was troubling him. It was—the burden of the thing that he had brought back—to *tell*. The thing that he was trying—to tell his mother.

He looked down without seeing her. The bedclothes were clinging softly round her, and he reached out his hand. He felt so helpless. He had never realized how helpless it made a man feel to be blind. He seemed to have no *starting-point*. No foundation to begin on. And she was slipping away from him. She was going to die.

He had congratulated himself, when his ship dropped him at the warf that morning, that his mind had come out of the fracas as clear and good as it ever was. It was clearer on some points. That was what he had told himself. But as he reached for his mother now, realizing that he mustn't touch her with his hands, realizing that he could get no impression of her with his eyes—and that she was going to die—a sickish fear took possession of him. It rose up in his throat in a scared lump and dropped again—and he knew that he must steer well to keep level. He stood up to brace himself.

If it had been just his own plight which he must deal with, he thought he might have made a fair showing. But to come back to a plague-ridden country, with death stalking everywhere, and his own mother battling ineffectually against it all—*dying without even knowing that he had come back*—he sat down again quietly. He looked beaten and white. But his mouth drew back in a grim line of defense. She couldn't die. She *couldn't* die. Not till he had *told* her—*anyway! There was that thing he must—tell her.*

The nurse came in then and saw him sitting there. She felt at the wrist of her patient and gave a furtive look of pity at the wreck of a man before her.

"I'm afraid it's a matter of—only a little time," she told him with a gentle brevity. "Do you want your sister sent for?"

"No—" he muttered drearily. "What good would it do?" He turned the beaten white face toward the nurse. "Where's Father gone?" he demanded. "No—no! Don't have him come now! She isn't going—to die *now*, is she? Please let me be alone with her just a little while, then! There's something I must tell her! There's something—" the defensive line of his mouth wavered. "You forget she doesn't even know—I'm here," he finished wanly.

The nurse had taken care of him once when he was twelve and had the measles. She had never expected to see him just like this. "I'm afraid it's too late to tell her anything," she contested unsteadily, "but you can sit here quietly beside her——"

"No—it's *not* too late!" His impatient whisper reminded her so much of the time when he was twelve! "She's going to wake up and *find me sitting here beside her!*" He couldn't see the nurse's smile, nor her damp gray eyes. But he felt the challenge of her silence. "She's going to find me sitting here beside her—and—she's going to—*know* me!" he finished in something like a dry sob of prophecy.

The nurse crept away and his big shoulders dropped limply. Then his chest rose with a brave, slow breath. He was going to wait. He was going to wait for his mother. He had had his last fight. And now—he must speak to her.

Just below him the bedclothes rose and fell like a noiseless pulse, at times uncertain, at times measuring out a timid, careful beat. But he knew nothing of that. He had had his last fight—and he could only stare blindly ahead into a future which beckoned him with a terrifying finger—into a past which mocked him with clear reminders.

His last fight? He could see his first one just as well. His first—when he was eight. They were both eight—and they were both damaged about the face when it was done. He could see his mother, as she met him on the steps in the late afternoon. It had been a long Summer day—and his feet were heavy with the accumulated burden of it. He could see her quick look of understanding—and then her slow reproach. She quietly took one hand in hers.

"What's the matter, Son?" she asked him.

He had not explained it very fully. It was not so easy to explain that sort of thing to Mother. With Father it was different. Father understood anything like that. He didn't even class it as a "trouble." Instead, he took some pains to hearten Mother at the supper-table.

"Boys have got to fight," he encouraged. "It goes with their growing up and makes men of 'em. They thrash out the difficulty, whatever it is, and there's an end of it. D'you lick him, Bobbity?" he inquired in a confidential afterthought.

Bobbity didn't know whether he had licked him or not. He wasn't wholly sure that there had been an "end of it," either, since each of them had gone running back home, shouting back promises of a future meeting. But he did know that he felt far from hungry, and that he'd like to be up-stairs, safe—like Sister Joy. His mother's eyes were close upon him.

"Finish your supper," she said, with the quiet note that was often there when Father explained things.

Of course she knew that he couldn't finish his supper without serious consequences. That was one of the things that *she* understood. "I think you'd better be getting to bed, Robbie," she advised. "Go on, dear. I'll come in one minute."

His feet dragged through the hall, and he still heard her voice. She seemed to be talking to Father and thinking at the same time. "The things men try to teach their children!" she reflected. "They do better, very often, by their dogs. They don't *allow* their dogs to fight."

"'Tisn't safe," returned Father amiably.

"Of course it's *safer*—to bring up boys to that sort of thing!" she considered. "Safer for Human Society, no doubt."

There was just the touch about it that never failed to jar Father's amiability.

"Safer than to bring them up to be mollycoddles!" he assured her.

She laughed then, but there was little mirth about it.

"Really!" It sounded hopeless. And she left him for the boy in the hall.

His feet stumbled on the stairs, and his head pounded dizzily. The enemy had pounded it once too often that afternoon, and she reached out just in time to catch him.

"There—it's all right." It sounded so *sure*. Her voice never betrayed him in unfortunate moments of this kind. It was just between him and her—and she carried him up-stairs in her arms. He could see her face. It was the only thing that didn't rock and shiver. He wondered how it happened to be so strong. So strong and sorry. He wondered why she kept one arm still about him—when she sat down—holding him there so quietly and safely in her lap. It was because he felt so *light*—and little! His head dropped back against her—as she undid the bottons of his clothes.

WHAT was it? He shifted in his chair. Did something stir—down there on the bed? He held his ear down, and stopped breathing. But there was only the timid, noiseless beating of the clothes, of which he knew nothing, and he swung up again drearily. Oh, yes, she had taken him up in her arms—after his first fight. He had needed her very badly. Perhaps he didn't need her now—after his last one! Perhaps it hadn't knocked him out enough!—Oh, if he could only *speak* to her! And tell her about it! Tell her that he was through—that he had laid down his gun—his *last* gun. She would be so relieved to hear that. She had never been very happy about guns. Not from the beginning, when he had wanted his first one. He remembered that, too—the day when he had wanted his first one. That was the day they went to town—he and Mother and Sister Joy. He could see Joy fluttering beside her mother now, her only anchor a ridiculous muff which enclosed her hands. Oh, he could see it all very well. On the train he sat opposite them, riding backward, and not minding it—being a man. He had his own window, that was enough, and the brown trees were white-topped with an icy frost which suggested snow. There was a pond, too. He almost dislocated his neck over that pond, with its few straggling skaters. It was even better than the belated football scrap, with its four bleak little players. Nothing could eclipse the burning warehouses, however. It was in the evening papers. You couldn't beat that.

THINGS went from the comparative to the superlative, on the whole. When he laid back his weight on the big swinging door of his favorite store, so that Mother and Joy might get in, too, he was still the man. And when the elevator left them facing counters arrayed with toys for *every*body—well, perhaps those air-rifles hadn't been especially arranged to catch his eye!—He already had one in his hands. He was already cocking it in a feverish agitation of delight. *Where was Mother?*

Her face often had a far-away look about it, when he wanted her at once. As if she were looking at something away *off*—somewhere *else!* It had that look now. But he saw its quick return its quick distress.

"Oh, no! Not a *gun*, Robbie!" she assured him. "You're altogether *too little* for a gun! What would you *do* with it? It—it isn't safe!"

The delight that had surged up in his face was mixed with pure disgust.

"Too little! I'd shoot! What do you s'pose? Father said I could have it, anyway!"

"What in the world would you shoot?" she suggested lightly.

"Squirrels!" His suggestion was light, too, and more tolerant. "P'raps birds. And a target! Father said I could have it," he reminded her.

She turned about to Sister, just behind her. Sister was a wonderful refuge, at this point, as she gazed rapturously down upon her doll, already chosen, already held within her arms.

The smiling clerk hovered near, as she stood between her two children.

"I guess you can't change 'em," he commented pleasantly. "He's all boy, that one!"

There was a curious light on Mother's face. It was a tired, bright light, and very characteristically it seemed to be turned on something—somewhere else.

"It's always the same," explained the clerk proudly. "The boy always makes for the guns. And the girl always picks out her doll. I've been here seven years and I never knew it fail."

"That's quite interesting," vouchsafed Mother, seeming to come nearer. "The boy naturally chooses something to kill with—and the girl something to take care of? Very interesting commentary all round."

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The clerk appeared but lamely interested in commentaries. He had an uneasy notion that he was being led beyond his depth.

"Charged and sent?" he encouraged, turning sheets with carbon linings in his little book of sales.

From the comparative to the superlative went the day and its delights—and Father completed it that evening, in his best mood.

"Of course he'd want a gun! What did you expect?" he asked smilingly of Mother. He smiled even more broadly than the clerk had, and he seemed, on the whole, more proud. "You can't change a *boy*!" he expostulated, with all the good-nature that was in him.

"Nor a girl, either?" encouraged Mother. "I suppose a boy *always* chooses a gun, and a girl a doll?"

"Every time!" declared Father, a fine expansion upon him.

Mother smiled. "Sit nearer the light, Robbie, dear," she suggested. "You're straining your eyes."

STRAINING his eyes! He felt limply at his sagging lids. He heard the stir of the nurse. She was there again—her finger on the thread of pulse.

"Is she—any better?" he breathed brokenly.

"I'm afraid—there's little change," she told him.

"Don't you think—it might perhaps make a difference—*if she knew I'd got back?*" he begged, an eager return of hope upon him. "I've heard people are sometimes saved by things like that!"

"I'm sorry not to think so," returned the nurse with careful steadiness, "but there would be so little chance of her *knowing* you." She caught the desolation of his face. "Of course we shan't give up—until we have to, either," she soothed.

"No!" His whisper was like a cut of despair. "No! We won't give up! She—I *we've got* to see each other again! You don't understand, I guess—" it trailed off forlornly, and he blew his nose with a helpless idea of doing something—anything. "You don't understand!" he challenged. "You know we wouldn't be like this—we poor crippled devils if—if—" had she gone?

Never mind. He dropped back again. He didn't know whether she had gone or not—and he didn't care. He closed his eyes. It made no difference whether they were open or closed, for that matter. The future, with its terrors, was always there—beckoning him with its finger. The past, with its clear reminders, was always there—mocking him—haunting him. The past with his mother. He couldn't get rid of it. The past with his mother—and father—and Joy—he couldn't even get rid of Joy! Joy, with her dolls—and her girl-games—and her stormy objections to so many things which he enjoyed! Joy was a girl, that was the difference. Of course Joy didn't like fish-hooks, with worms on them—or traps, with woodchucks in them—or poles, with dead rats hanging to them—by the tail—or cats, with dogs hot upon them! *Not at all!* And wo betide you if you set the dog on—and then laughed! The look she gave you—as she dashed out to save the cat! Didn't even think 'twas funny! Only thought about *saving the old cat!*

JOY was a *girl*. That was the difference. She was a *girl*—poor thing! Boys and girls weren't anything alike, and never would be. Different. Just as different—after they grew up. He rushed off to college then—and Joy married. When he crashed down the football field, the thrill of the combat like wine in his veins, Joy tamely stayed at home and *took care of her child!* If he thought of comparison then, if he ever took time to bother with it, it was only to give everlasting thanks, with a breath of impatience, that he was a man.

When the Great War broke out, he felt almost reverently thankful! So bored. And when he and his country were in it, too, he leapt up at the call like a fire-horse at the alarm. When he was ready for France—he came back for a day at home. His mother looked white when she said good-by to him.

"It's the only thing for you to do, Son," she maintained cheerfully, "and we hope it will be a better world before you come back again." There was a curious light on her face that he had seen there before. A bright, tired sort of light that seemed to be turned on something away off in the distance.

He saw the look when he was far out at sea. He saw his father's face, too, proud and beaming. Father was in uniform, too, home-guarding—and looking younger every day.

It was a man's world, sure enough! A man's world, wasn't it, Dad? Poor Mother! But they couldn't do without her! And he used to feel hungry for her—even after he had grown used to his camp life over there. That was when he often swore that his call to the front would never come. That he would be cheated, in the end, and go back home without having tasted battle.

It was a rainy morning when it did come. But there were people all along the way, as they trundled through those little French villages—men, women, and children, there to wave their hands and cheer them on. He looked down on them—feeling as if he were going to save them all, and give them life. He could see the children's faces long after he had left them behind him. He could see them try to smile when he leaned over and tried to be funny with them. But children of skin and bones only—can't look like much when they smile. He might have known that in the first place.

It was dark when they went down into their trench, and the rain was only a mist. The ooze of the mud, as it sucked about his boots, made him feel like a regular, and his suppressed jocularity reflected the general excitement of them all. Perry Loring's jokes revealed a genius almost histrionic.

He was hardly ready, however, for the attack which came early in the morning, and it had a curious effect on him to see some of his best friends killed before his eyes so soon—and some of the most indomitable and unafraid converted into things that writhed and beseeched him—under the hurt of wounds.

But they saved the trench, anyway—they had been fresh enough for that—and they buried their men, and sent off the poor suffering animals that had been good fellows a few hours back, and then the reserves came on to give them a rest up.

But he was back again, in the front line, back again—and priming for their own attack. He had felt his chest thud, as he waited for the word, but the advance across No Man's Land, his breath coming quick and hard as he bore on with the others, his bayonet "at carry," with the rest of them—that advance was the making of him. He felt like the whole American Army when he went over the edge of his first German trench.

And they were surprised—weren't they? He laughed out mirthlessly in his sleep that night, at their surprise. It was early afternoon, you see, instead of early morning, and of course they weren't expecting them! You didn't get away with an attack so easily at a freak time like that—and they were taken unawares, weren't they? They were doing everything under the sun that they ought not to have been doing.

They were playing cards, they were smoking and writing letters—they weren't *ready*, so to speak. And they jumped up so quick you *had* to laugh! He heard the sound as he made his first lunge. His first lunge was all right! And he did a clean, sure job. His blade didn't look so clean, of course, as it came back dripping with warm blood. But his aim had been of the first order. He made a queer, guttural sound, as he lunged again. There were queer, guttural sounds all around him. And his man had been *thinking*—that was *his* trouble! Too much occupied with his letter. But his pen had fallen to the earth floor, and his half-filled sheet had flown away from him as he staggered up, feeling at his belt. His assailant was aiming well that day, that day of his first attack, and as he drew back his bayonet, dripping a second time with warm blood, his man crumpled up on the ground, below, and looked up with reproachful eyes. Well, why hadn't he been ready for him, then! He wasn't onto his job! He wasn't a full-grown man, anyhow! No business to be there at all—and why didn't he die—blame him! *Why didn't he die!* They were dying everywhere, dying in great puddles of warm blood—and cursing the enemy, while the ones that were lucky enough to escape cried—"Kamerad!"

BUT the little crumpled chap, with the reproachful eyes, didn't do either one. He just looked. *Why didn't he die!* He couldn't seem to manage it—but his eyes wavered. He was feeling for something—trying to reach out with his hand. He wanted his letter. And his assailant, of the dripping bayonet, groped among the bodies until he found a spattered, bloody sheet.

"'Twas a letter to his mother!" he explained to Perry Loring, afterward. "And he asked me if I'd send it to her. Lucky I'd had a couple of years German, wasn't it? Pshaw!—'Twas a rotten mess, the whole thing! He changed his mind when he saw the blood on it! And he whispered at me that he couldn't do her that way! D'you get it, Perry? He couldn't 'do her that way, anyhow! But he wouldn't let me go, either—what you know about that? Kept on whispering at me! Would I write to her that night *that night*—'*bitte*'—and tell her carefully? 'Twas going to be a little too much for her—however 'twas put—but '*bitte, bitte*,' wouldn't I get ahead of the Government—and tell her *carefully*—that dying was a lot easier than he'd supposed it could be! Poor little codger! It's—it's hellish to make 'em fight when they're—kids like that! It's hellish—to kill 'em—when they're like that! It's hellish—to kill 'em — Perry — when they're——"

"Yes, yes, old man," soothed Perry. "Bum job, that part of it."

"Last word he said was '*Mutter*.' Only he said it twice. '*Mutter—Mutter!*' That way. And then he gave me that look again, as if he wouldn't have thought I'd have done her quite such a tough one."

"Come on, now, brace up, Bub!" encouraged Perry. "You aren't going to lose your nerve your first day out—are you?"

Oh, no, not that, not that! He wasn't going to lose his nerve! You bet he wasn't! Not when they only held the front trench. They'd got the Support and Reserve to take next, you know! And a few little villages behind the Reserve—before they got their gait to Berlin. Oh, he wasn't all in yet! Not by a long way!

By the time they had the Support and the Reserve, there was a different look about him, a hard nag to his jaw. Pretty stiff business, this war game. Perhaps—not just what he had expected, in some ways. A good deal to it, you know. But they had them on the run, anyway, and 'twas going to be no job at all, taking the first of the villages.

No job at all—if it hadn't been for what they found along the road! It was what they found *along the road*—that held them up. The frightened things that had struggled out from their hiding places, among their own ruined

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"No, It's *Not* Too Late! She's Going to Find Me Sitting Here Beside Her—and—She's Going to—Know Me!"

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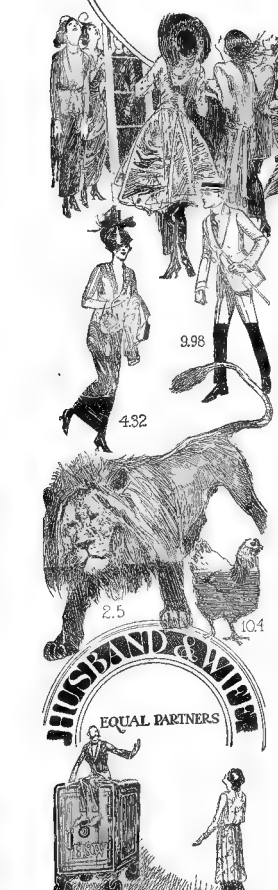
# A Fair Field in the State

## For Mothers of Women

### By Helen Ring Robinson




DRAWINGS BY ORSON LOWELL

THE chief value of allowing women a homestead right in the State is that it will give them eventual courage to stop measuring themselves with a man's thumb.

That has been the trouble with us women through the ages. That is the chief reason for the timidities and inhibitions and lethargies and false values that have massed most of us dumbly at the very foot of the ladder of achievement.

Not only have we consented that men should use their thumb-rule as the unit of value in measuring our achievements, but we have persistently borrowed a man's thumb-rule even when valuing ourselves.

Women as well as men, in other words, have always taken what men have thought or achieved as the human measure of value.

Men have 9.98 parts of carbonate of lime in their bones, as M. Finot reminds us, while women have only 4.32 parts, therefore those 9.98 masculine parts of carbonate of lime represent the absolute standard of human endeavor in bones. I use that word "human" advisedly since, if a woman refuses to be browbeaten by carbonate of lime and continues her scientific studies, she may discover the confusing fact that lions have only 2.5 parts of carbonate of lime in their bones while chickens have 10.4 parts.

But why "confusing," Friendly Reader? I have been talking about thumb-rules, and neither lions nor chickens have thumbs.

Our bones, and all that we are, being thus measured and classed as hopelessly inferior to men's achievements, leaders among women, including college presidents and labor unionists, have, very naturally, spent most of their energies in trying to prove it isn't so, and that women are equal to men—at the male valuation.

That has been natural enough. Suppose it were decreed, on the basis of carbonate of lime or for some other reason, that women were hopelessly inferior to roosters. Of course women would learn forthwith to crow, even if it killed them. And everywhere we would practise strutting, and gobbling worms.

BUT the world is fluid to-day. Even the average woman is threatened with intelligence. And tho my friend, Mrs. Megrim, who has been married four times, assures me that the more men change the more they remain the same thing, I am finding among many men—God bless them—as well as among women, an understanding that if women are to secure a Fair Field in the State, they must be allowed to take counsel of their own nature and measure their contributions by their own thumbs.

Women may reform our political methods—if they can. They may fill the United States Senate with statesmen and stateswomen in place of the funny folk that now flock there. They may begin their political activities by declaring they don't care the hole in a doughnut for business interests when they conflict with human interest. But they probably will do none of these things.

For women are natural conservatives. The last election in Great Britain proved that—tho no proof was needed. The Pankhurst following, for example, that had been ultra-Tory, ultra-"conservative" as shown by their use of militant suffrage methods before the war, did not begin somersaulting when they received the vote. They went on "Torying" and returned reactionary imperialists to Parliament.

Here I take just one minute to examine the raw material of this natural conservatism among the mass of women. No microscope or X-ray apparatus is needed. The raw material is the instinct of race preservation, tied in and out and around about with the instinct of self-preservation.

But in order that their conserving values may be strengthened, women are coming to see that they must strengthen their own position—radically.

*So it happens that the radicalism called Feminism is merely a modern form taken by the instinct of self-preservation.*

It will be a good day, of course, when we can stop institutionalizing women. And I hope some great-granddaughter of mine will yet burble over my generalizations about "Woman" (preserved in the family archives) with all the glee I should now bestow on a woman novelist discussing the problems and needs of man—mysterious man.

But it may be a long, long time to that dim great-granddaughter. In the meantime it is plain enough that women have some distinctive problems laid at their door—not because they are women, but because they are specialists.

This is the day of the specialist.

Since a time far off at the back of the years woman has been specialized to femaleness. Not by her own choice, it would appear. She has been specialized to femaleness by man. She has been specialized to femaleness as a mother. She has, in exceptional cases, been specialized to an orchidaceous femaleness as The Lady. She has been specialized to femaleness as a prostitute—a feat no savage tribe ever accomplished. It took civilized man to achieve that ultimate nauseousness of sex-exploitation.

So women became females by profession. Their world had no use for them in any other capacity, the specialization toward femaleness as mothers including specialization toward keeping the pot simmering over the home fires.

But through all the burdened centuries of specialization, for all the syncopated sentimentalities over home and motherhood—motherhood has never been safe, nor the home stable.

Probably twenty per cent. of American homes to-day are mere mile-stones on the road to perdition. (I'm using a woman's thumb for measuring here.) And motherhood in the home has no rights except to bare subsistence—with little means even of enforcing that right.

Everywhere women are pondering these things in their hearts.

In our own country, matters of civic cleanliness and beauty interest them ever more deeply. More strongly than men, they realize the importance of public education. But, out of their million years of specialization, there is plainly developing among women the knowledge that their first great contribution to that experiment station we call the State must consist in strengthening their own position. That their first task is to make motherhood safe, and the home stable.

ONCE I dreamed an awful dream. I dreamed God gave H. G. Wells a contract to rebuild our American society, making it conform more closely to the society described in our repertoire of favorite American jokes. Mr. Wells undertook the task quite willingly, after saying some kind things to God about His discriminating choice for the task. But I needed a month's rest-cure to recover from the dream.

Naturally the very first joke Wells chose as the pattern for his remodeling was the one which represents the American wife perpetually picking her husband's pockets, led on by the lean hope of dimes.

Perhaps that is our most popular and accustomed joke—a joke, too, that has had its frequent day in court.

Now it is probable that for every wife who thus searches her husband's pockets there is a workingman who tosses his pay-envelop to his wife, quite satisfied when she hands him back enough for his week's car-fare and tobacco. But the joke persists. Its shrill laugh jazzes our most sentimental tumpty-tumpty-tummings about the "Holiness of Motherhood" and "Home, Sweet Home." There is nothing holy about picking pockets—even tho pocket-picking may be the most respectable act in that family life.

Every woman knows in her heart that the complete economic dependence of one adult human being on another is demoralizing to both. It is to save her soul alive from this demoralization and not because of any super-yearnings to do two women's work that many home-making mothers are seeking work outside their homes—often, under present conditions, a gross injustice to the family life.

And if here some bachelor, moved with admiration for the old-fashioned home he hasn't, sighs that women aren't what they used to be, I can only respond "No, and they never were!" It was using the man's thumb that made the misunderstanding.

We proclaim marriage a partnership. Sometimes we rise to the heights of the "heathen" Modestinus and acclaim it, "The holding in common of every divine and human right."

When John Doe and Richard Roe form a partnership, the just division of the partnership funds is never left to the "generosity" of John Doe. Roe is not supposed to be satisfied if Doe "supports" him, gives him a dollar for car-fare, and tells him to "order a new Fall suit on me—but for Heaven's sake don't get the color you did last time. It makes you look like a lemon pie."

Just translate a common form of marriage "partnership" into masculine terms and it may be a bunny-hug or it may be a one-step—but the absurdity of calling it a "partnership" is apparent.

WOMEN may well let some other reforms wait while they reform the character of this sort of marriage, making it a true economic partnership. A definite proportioning of the family income should be a part of the marriage contract—tho it need not be a public proportioning. If, after marriage, questions of the wife securing her just share of the family income needs arbitration or outside settlement, there should be Domestic Affairs Boards, composed of both men and women, to deal with these and other matters of family import.

At present a "proper proportioning" of the husband's income is undertaken by the courts only when the wife is granted "separate maintenance" –or alimony in case of divorce, the wife's financial rights in the partnership being duly legalized only when the partnership is broken.

If ministers and other moralists who rightly lament the American divorce evil will join with women leaders in bringing about, through the force of public opinion and legislation, some such reform of the marriage "partnership," there will be fewer divorces to bewail—and the alimony will be kept in the family.

"But some wives are not true 'partners' and have no right to financial independence," a benign bishop assured me the other day. Of course! And one of the duties of the Domestic Relations Board will be to show such wives how to shift their gears!

How about the unmarried mother?

To answer this question is to understand the solidarity of the growing guild of Mothers of Women.

I have faith in that solidarity when put to the test. I believe that the woman-power of the country is coming to understand there can be no such thing as sex-equality until the laws of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

This is the fourth and concluding article of a series on "What We Women Want." The first article appeared in the May issue. Mrs. Robinson is now working on another series of interesting articles which will begin in an early number of Pictorial Review.

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# COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH

***Head of The Salvation Army in the United States***

A striking color-portrait of this remarkable woman, painted especially for Pictorial Review. The original painting has been presented by this magazine to Commander Booth in recognition of the splendid work performed by The Salvation Army on the battle-fields of France.

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# Treasure Island: a Tribute to Robert Louis Stevenson

Painting by John R. Neill

Daydreams drifting, rising high
Red with adventure's heat and gale
Youth's kindred dreams to yours reply
That put to sea within your tale
Of pirates, treasures and maroons
In whose wild life he longs to be
In ships returning with doubloons
Out of a dreamlife o'er the sea

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# SCOTTY OF THE CIRCUS

## By Courtney Ryley Cooper

AUTHOR OF "HOMEWARD BOUND," "THE SHIP COMES IN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. J. ROSENMEYER

"They Sure Made a Good Menagerie Feature. The Crowds Took to It Fine"

IF IT hadn't been for bad luck and a couple of soft-hearted old circus fools, Scotty never would have come on the show. We were in Roseburg, Oregon, on a wet lot—and that meant all in the world that was tough. Two o'clock in the morning, everything up to the hubs in the black, sticky gumbo, thirty and forty horses hook-roped to the wagons and straining every atom of muscle to drag them out to safety on the asphalt streets; canvas all wet and muggy, bosses cussing, workmen soaked to the skin—and while all this was going on, we found Scotty.

Sprint Masters and I were sloshing around by the side of the menagerie tent, fighting our way through the darkness and the slimy rain, trying to figure whether the weight of the water-soaked canvas would snap the center-poles when we let the tent down, when all of a sudden I saw Sprint stop and paw around in the mud with one foot.

"Got your spotlight, Lafe?" he asked.

"Yeh. Why?"

"Dunno. Feels like a fur muff or something. Lemme have that light."

I handed it to him and he snapped it on. Then both of us bent over and grunted. There, half buried in the mud, where a horse had trampled it, was a shaggy little black Scotch terrier, its eyes shining up at us in silent pleading, but there was never a whine, never a yelp, altho we could see it was in agony. Sprint snapped out the light.

"Well?" he asked, sudden like. "Are you going to do it, or me?"

"Do what?"

"Shoot the pup. It's got a leg broke, at least. We can't leave it like that; one of the two of us has got to put it out of its misery."

I kind of cleared my throat.

"I guess we'd better flip for it."

Sprint pulled out a quarter and held it in his palm.

"Heads or tails?"

"Heads," I said.

He turned on the light, then shut it off, real quick.

"Lafe," he asked—and I knew what was coming, even before he said it—"don't you s'pose we could sneak this pup on the show without the Old Man knowing it?"

"Not much chance, Sprint. Besides, you know how he is about animals."

"Sure. But this poor little bum's hurt."

"Like as if that'd make any difference!" and I was mad when I said it. "Is there an animal around the show that ever gets a decent deal except when we manage to sneak it to 'em? How about that leopard the Old Man let Cap. Reardon beat to death? How about them elephant-hooks that he brought in for us to use—every one of 'em with a razor-point on 'em? We'd have had a fine bunch of bulls if we hadn't blunted them points, now, wouldn't we?"

Sprint stared at the ground.

"GOSH!" he said kind of slow, "I wish Buddie was here!"

"Now what's the use of wishing that?" I snapped. We always got down in the mouth when the name was mentioned. "Anyway, he couldn't do us any good if he was here."

"He could at least stand between us and the Old Man—if there was a kick on the pup."

"Yeh, and get a few more gray hairs doing it. Nope, Sprint, just for Buddie's sake, I'm glad he ain't here. It'd be just one more trouble on his shoulders—and he's had enough."

"That's true, all right." Sprint was playing the ring of the spotlight around on the ground. "Anyway, wishing ain't going to do us much good now. We've got to sneak this poor little duffer on the show and take our chances."

"It'll be curtains for us if the Old Man's in one of his tantrums," I warned.

Sprint nodded.

"I know," he answered. "But we ought to try anyway." He moved the ring of light to where the dog lay and gently pulled the mud away from the little animal's body. "It's jimmed up pretty bad, but I think I can patch it up. Gosh, Lafe, it's such a game little cuss, not even a whimper. And look at them eyes!"

I looked and that was the end of it. Sprint and I dug the mud out from around it and then I took off my coat and laid the poor little thing on it and we carried it to the stake-and-chain wagon. Sprint nodded to me in the light of the gasoline flare.

"You look after the work—I'll take care of Scotty, here."

So that's the way it got its name and that's how it came on the show. It was a tough pull at first, both legs broken and the Old Man roaring like a stuck pig because we were turning the show into a dog hospital. Believe me, there were more times than one during those first few weeks that we'd have given our eye-teeth to have Buddie there to stand up for us. Not that it would have done much good, except to take the Old Man's cussing on his own head instead of letting it flop down on ours. But Buddie was gone—and he'd been gone four years. What was more, there didn't seem much chance of him ever coming back again until the Old Man had cashed in his checks and played his last stand.

Just the same, that didn't keep us from wishing for him. Budworth was his name, but nobody ever called him anything but Buddie. He owned half the show, to a penny, but nobody ever noticed that either. He was more like a pal than a boss, just one of us, working his hardest to make the show what it ought to be, dreaming and figuring and——

At least, he *had* done it. But that was before the Old Man had broken his spirit by his everlasting meanness and literally run him away from the show. We'd watched it from the beginning, ten years back, when the Old Man had first begun to show his miserly streak, watched it while the Old Man snarled and fought against every improvement Buddie tried to make; blocked everything he started; caused trouble here, there, and the other place; countermanded Buddie's orders, encouraged brutality just because he knew Buddie hated it, hired back the bums that Buddie fired, and made his life a purgatory.

We all used to say he was crazy, even Buddie'd let it slip once in a while—but he wasn't. He was just mean—downright, cussed mean—hating the world and the world hating him, and grasping and stingy enough to run the prettiest show on earth into the ground on the chance of making his partner sell out to him for a pittance.

So that was why we didn't call Buddie a quitter when he simply threw up his hands and left the show. He was all the gamer for doing it. Buddie wouldn't sell, Buddie wouldn't give up his interest, and it was more than a human being could stand to stay and watch the thing he loved butchered. So he went away and our hearts went with him.

"'Gosh, Lafe, It's Such a Game Little Cuss, Not Even a Whimper. And Look at Them Eyes!'"

MAYBE he'd thought that the Old Man would change if he left, maybe he'd figured that common sense would show that it was all wrong and that he was hurting himself as much as the show by his stinginess and meanness. But the guess had been wrong. The trouble wasn't in the Old Man's brain, it was in his heart—and a bad heart stays bad.

So Buddie couldn't have done Sprint and me much good even if he had been there, during those first few weeks with Scotty. But he sure would have been a lot of comfort. He could have helped us lie when the Old Man would come around and order us to throw the poor little pup off the show and stop our loafing around the stake-and-chain wagon. He could have fixed things at the cook-house so we wouldn't have had so much trouble sneaking the poor little duffer something to eat and—well, there never was a minute, just on general principles, when we weren't wishing for Buddie.

Someway, tho, we managed to wriggle past the difficulties, and before the Summer was half over Scotty was trotting around the menagerie tent as much at home as if it'd been on the show all its life. When the season ended, Scotty went into Denver with us and we kept it out of the Old Man's way so he wouldn't chase it out of Winter quarters, and when the bluebird sang in El Paso in the Springtime, there was Scotty, loping around the menagerie tent, giving the animals the eagle eye and seeing that everything was on the job.

Funny little duffer, Scotty was, all body and no legs, eyes like black beads, and a nose that was too long for the rest of the head. One of them busted legs hadn't straightened out just right and it gave Scotty a sort of a sidewheel motion that was comical to look at—but Sprint and me used to forget all that when Scotty'd come up and paw at us until we'd kneel down and pat its head and let it nuzzle its long nose in our hands. Someway, we felt it was thanking us—for that night on the lot at Roseburg.

Everything was lovely, except when the Old Man would come around at feeding-time and see Scotty chewing at a bone or two. 'Course, we only used a ton of meat a day for the cat animals, and one bone out of that bunch wouldn't have sunk the ship, but just the same, whenever the Old Man saw it, Sprint and I were in for a yelp. But we stood it and stalled him off and promised to throw Scotty off the show at the next stand, just like we'd been promising since the previous season, and got by with it.

The show traveled on out to the Coast, up to Vancouver, and back toward the Central States. Then, one morning, I tore out for Sprint on the double. Things were popping.

I found him off to one side of the tent, his hands jammed into his pockets, his head sunk between his shoulders and a look on his face that would have soured milk. I grabbed him and swung him around.

"Snap out of it," I almost yelled at him. "We've got to do something, quick!"

Sprint nodded.

"You've said it!" he mourned.

"How'd you find it out?"

"Seen it."

Then I knew we were talking about different things.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

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Sprint pulled out his plug of tobacco and gnawed at it painfully.

"Scotty's done us wrong," came slowly.

"Wrong?"

"Wrong. Just when the Old Man's kicking the worst about having dogs around the menagerie, Scotty goes and does us wrong."

"How?"

"Pups!" gulped Sprint. "Four of 'em!"

*I* guess I must not have shown the right spirit, because Sprint slapped both hands on my shoulders.

"Pups!" he squawked. "Pups—and either you or me'll have to drown 'em!"

"Sprint," I told him, and I wasn't laughing either, "Scotty's saved our lives. Remember that argument I had with the Old Man about keeping them animals warm going over the mountains on those bad runs last week? Remember how I begged him for a few measly dollars for tarpaulins, and didn't get 'em? Well, it all had its effect this morning. The Queenie lion died not ten minutes ago—and left a half-hour-old cub behind her!"

"No!"

"I've got the cub over in a box of straw and it's yelping fit to kill. We've got to find a mother for it, Sprint—either that, or it'll die, too. And it looks like Scotty's got to fill the bill."

"Scotty?" Sprint was scratching his head. "I dunno, Lafe. She ain't much bigger'n a lion cub herself. And—and maybe she wouldn't take to it. But we've got to do something, that's certain. And either you or me's got to drown them pups."

"I wish Buddie was here," I says.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Sprint. "Heads or tails?"

SO WE flipped again, and Sprint lost as usual. He took me over to the stake-and-chain wagon where Scotty'd established her nursery, and looked the other way while I told Scotty to say good-by to her youngsters. Then I grabbed her up in my arms quick and hurried away with her. When I saw Sprint again, his lips were white and his face was drawn and hard.

"I done it—somehow," he volunteered. "Drowned 'em; feel like a murderer." He looked at his hands as tho there might be blood on 'em. I grabbed him by the arm.

"Maybe this'll cheer you up a bit," I said, leading him to the box of straw. "Look!" For there was Scotty and her new family. Somehow, she'd seemed to realize what was expected of her and she'd taken in that wobbly little cub, as tho it had been her own youngster. There was a look in her eyes that I didn't like to meet—a look like she was telling us that she knew we'd taken good care of her puppies, and that they'd be safe and sound while she handled this big job that we'd thrust upon her. And, in a way, I was glad.

By the time this job was over, Scotty'd forget, and things wouldn't be like they might have been if we'd just had to rob her of them pups. Because now she had something to occupy her attention—that cub. Poor little thing, its eyes weren't even open yet, and it was for all the world like some overgrown kitten without a mother. But Scotty watched after it; she'd sized up the situation, it seemed, the minute I put her in the box, and there they were, together now, the childless mother and the motherless child, making the best of a queer bargain. The sight of it took some of the pallor out of Sprint's cheeks, and brought back a part of his grin.

"Say," he asked, "wouldn't that make a hit with Buddie, if he would see it? Huh? Bet we couldn't push him away from here with a ten-foot pole. They act like they'd known each other all their lives, don't they? But gosh," he added, "I don't see how it's going to last: That cub's almost as big as Scotty right now."

"It won't last," came a growling interruption, and I turned to see the Old Man scowling at the pair in the box. "That dog isn't big enough to mother a lion."

"It's the only chance we've got, sir," I told him. "And a lion's worth a thousand dollars these days."

That was argument enough. The money end of things hit the Old Man and he went stumbling away, talking to himself under his breath. Besides, if Scotty was willing to gamble, I didn't see that he had any right to kick.

AND he didn't have, either, because Scotty made good. Six weeks later, when we weaned Duke—that was the name we'd given Scotty's whelp—he was pretty near twice as big as Scotty. And the howl they put up! Scotty seemed to know that she'd butted into something unusual, and so did the whelp, and between the barking and yowling that went on in that menagerie tent, you could hardly hear yourself think. We managed to keep 'em apart until we could teach Duke the fine points of living off a bottle, with a little hashed meat once in a while. Then we had to put 'em together again.

They flew at each other like a couple of love-birds, and, of course, Duke had to fall all over Scotty in his awkward, scrambling way, and knock her all akilter to the other side of the cage.

But it didn't last long. Scotty up and batted that cub alongside the head and then nipped it in the leg for good measure, and after that, it knew how to behave. We'd given 'em a half a cage together, and there they stayed.

Sprint and me'd seen a lot of funny things around the circus, but we'd never seen anything like the way Scotty and Duke hit it off together. There never was any argument as to which one was the boss; one growl and a snap out of Scotty and Duke'd roll over and play dead. And it wasn't because Duke wasn't hefty—that lion sure could grow! By the time the season was over and we were ready to go into Winter quarters, that fool lion could have made five or six of the little dog that bossed it around the cage, but there never was a come-back. They sure made a good menagerie feature; Sprint and I used to go into the cage and lecture on the lion and the lamb lying down together and all that sort of thing. The crowds took to it fine.

As for Scotty and Duke, nothing seemed to make much difference as long as they were together. Sprint and I could go in the cage and maul that lion around as much as we pleased, and the rascal seemed to like it; seemed to figure that as long as Scotty stood for us, we must be all right.

When we went into Winter quarters, we thought we'd see if we could separate them. But it didn't work. So we put 'em back together again, while Duke got bigger and Scotty seemed to get smaller, and the whole thing got more and more out of proportion, all the way 'round. But they seemed happy, and that was about all that mattered.

The same sort of thing kept up all through the Winter, through the next Summer on the road, and through the Winter again, and we were mighty glad to see it, because, from our way of figuring, they were about the only happy things around the show.

The Old Man had been getting worse every week, every day, harder and colder and cheaper. Time was when Sprint and me could remember the Great Hippodrome as a thing of beauty, but that had been before Buddie had given up the fight. Every cent that was spent now almost had to be dragged out of the treasury wagon, over the Old Man's dead body; the paint was off the wagons and he refused to let us brighten the show up in the Winter. The trappings and paraphernalia were getting old and rotten—but you couldn't get a check out of him for improvements with a prod-iron.

And he was meaner. There had been a time around the Great Hippodrome when it was worth your life to mistreat a horse. It had been Buddie's rule and the Old Man had clung to it, simply from a cold, business standpoint, even after he had run Buddie away and had begun to allow the abuse of other animals in the menagerie tent. A show moves by its horses, and it's judged largely by its horses. But the Old Man seemed to have forgotten. The rules were off now; the hostlers could do what they pleased with the baggage stock; beat 'em, underfeed 'em, overwork 'em, anything that bobbed into their low-down, measly brains, and it never got a kick out of the Old Man. Sometimes, we used to wonder about him, always walking around with his hands behind his back, muttering something to himself that we couldn't understand, then stopping real short to bawl somebody out, or raise a yelp about the fact that we'd dared spend a dollar or two for paint so the quarter-pole in the main tent would look half-way decent. Then Bill Curtis, the boss canvasman, opened *our* eyes a lot. The Old Man had made another attempt to get the show away from Buddie for next to nothing, on the ground that it was a losing property—and Buddie had stuck for his full price, and told the Old Man that he wasn't sure about wanting to sell at all.

That was the reason that there was less joy than usual around the Great Hippodrome when the bluebird sang again and the show started out on its Spring season at El Paso. The Old Man was mad, mad at Buddie and taking his spite out on us. But even if he'd never cheeped, there'd have been enough around the show to give us the indigos. The wagons were rickety and old-looking, the calliope didn't play two notes in tune, the cages had lost their gold and silver leaf and were just a collection of old boxes on wheels. The animals were scrawny too; the Old Man had cut us down on the meat bill until it was a job to make the food go 'round.

I'D NEVER seen a show in such shape. Sprint felt the same way about it when I talked to him, just after the opening matinée. We were mad, and hurt because the Old Man had let things drift into such a muddle, and because all we could see in the future was just a succession of the same things, going from bad to worse. You've got to keep a show up if you want to keep it going. You've got to be putting new paint on the poles, new silver and tinsel on the costumes, and new life in everything, every

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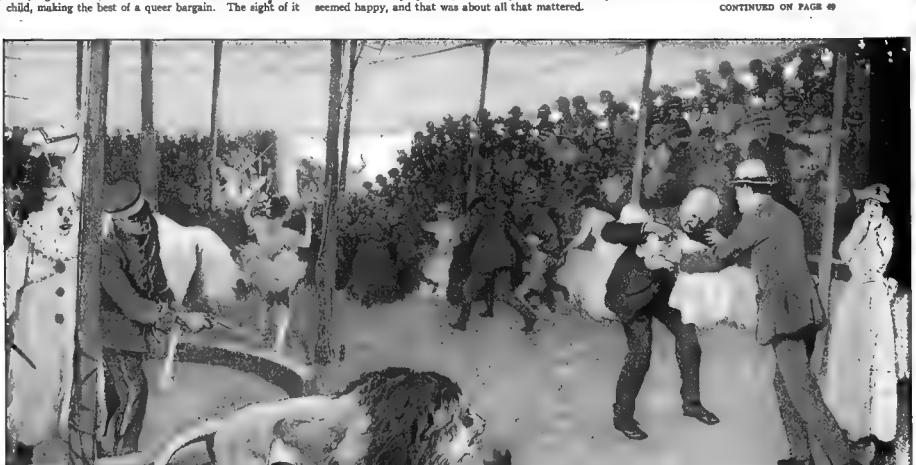


"Scotty, the Terrier, Hardly Bigger than a Rabbit, Rushing Forward to Fight a Lion! A Bound and She Had Caught Spitfire by the Tender Flesh of the Mouth"

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"She Had Found a Sheaf of Notes in Emily's Wrung"

# THE ONE WHO WAS LEFT

## A Story of a Great Love and the Terrible Canker of Jealousy

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATION BY F. A. ANDERSON

A DOCTOR and especially a country doctor—probably has more opportunities than any other man to see the workings of those supreme laws which are sometimes called supernatural. In the first place a country doctor is constantly in touch with some of the greatest mysteries of life, such as the miracles of birth and death, to name only two. And in the second place he hears many strange stories in his consulting-room.

This story is about little Emily Briggs, and not to go too far back, I will start at the time when she was thirty years old. She was a teacher in the Hoxie High School, having charge of the English and Science classes. From the first study, perhaps, she had attained her command of the English language. And from the second she laid the foundation of one of the most interesting human dramas that I have ever seen.

I never heard Emily Briggs talk without envying her, and more than once I have caught myself thinking, "If I could talk like that, I'd be President of these United States." Her study of science led her into deep waters. Emily made a special study of biology and was one of the first to advocate the theory that the mentally incompetent should be forbidden to marry. In this connection she wrote an article called "The Black Pool," showing how Nan Hanley, a feeble-minded woman of Hoxie, married Willis Spooner away back in 1784 and how in 1900 she had over seventy direct descendants in State institutions for the mentally afflicted. It appeared in many of the Sunday supplements about fifteen years ago. So far as I know it was the first step taken in that movement which once attained such a vogue under the title of eugenics.

Emily Briggs was a bright, vivacious woman, with her hair arranged in a big bob on the top of her head; and, even if she were a school-teacher, she had her dreams and reflections and flashes of intuition, even as you and I have ours. She was just as human as she could be, and to emphasize this point I will next tell you about her beau, Wilbur Ames, because I think there are few things so human as having a beau.

If I were asked to describe Wilbur Ames in one word, I should unhesitatingly use the word "slow." Wilbur was slow in speech, slow in movement, slow in thought, and tho he was a young man, six years younger than Emily, compared to her he had the ripe deliberation of an octogenarian. The year before my story opens he had received his diploma as a lawyer, and had opened an office over the Hoxie National Bank. They say he waited in there six years for his first client and never showed the least sign of impatience.

For those who like to know what a man looks like, Wilbur was stout, with a pale, massive face, and a crop of black hair which he wore arched over his forehead somewhat after the manner of Henry Clay. He also had a way of filling his cheeks with wind in a very important manner and then letting it out with a resounding "Po-oo-oo-oh!" which somehow seemed to indicate conscious superiority. And yet with all this, I want to remind you that Wilbur Ames was young. At the time when my story starts he was twenty-four, and tho no one knew it but herself, Emily (as I have said before) was thirty.

It was a strange courtship and would have delighted Darwin, that enthusiast on natural selection. I have sometimes seen Wilbur and Emily walking in the dark, for a doctor's car is out at all hours, and on all roads. But never once did I see them behaving as sweethearts are popularly supposed to conduct themselves. Whenever I chanced to come upon them by surprize there would be a good yard of open space between them, and across this opening Emily would be chatting away like a bright blue jay and Wilbur would be listening with his head on one side in that heavy, sulky manner of his—yes, for all the world like a wise old owl in a hickory tree.

It was popularly supposed in Hoxie that they would be married as soon as Wilbur's practise warranted it, but meanwhile his only income was the rent of a farm which his father had left him in Canterbury, and this was only about enough to pay his board at Mrs. Potter's and the rent of his office over the Hoxie National Bank. So you see, at the outset it was natural enough that they shouldn't get married, especially when I tell you that Emily's mother was an invalid, and bed-ridden.

Well, the years rolled on and still there was no sign of Wilbur's being able to support a wife. Emily began to look a little older, tho, perhaps, few but a doctor would have noticed it, and a wistful, hungry look began to show itself in the depth of her eyes.

Looking back at it now through the light of that knowledge which no school of medicine teaches, I can see she was hungry for affection. It was as tho Nature were warning her that the years were slipping by, and urging her on to that crowning day of a woman's life when the wedding march is played for her and she takes her predestined part in the never-ending procession of the ages. One morning, calling to see her mother, it didn't take me long to perceive that Emily needed my attention more than the patient up-stairs.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Did she keep you awake all night?"

"No; it wasn't that," said Emily, pale of face and brighter of eye than I had ever seen her. "I haven't been sleeping very well lately; that's all."

"Keep it up another week, and I shall have two patients here instead of one." I gave her a green pill and told her to take it. "You've been running up and down those stairs too much," I told her. "Unless you pick up again soon, you'll have to get somebody in to help you——"

"WHY, Doctor!" she said in her old impulsive way. "That's just what I've been thinking these last few nights. I've a sort of a niece in Vermont—one of my sister-in-law's children by another husband. She's just through school and wants to get away from the farm. She's a nice little thing. Don't you think it would be a good idea if I sent for her? She'd be company—you know what I mean—living here all alone with mother—well, it isn't particularly cheerful at times." A little color appeared in Emily's cheeks. "What do you think, Doctor?"

"Sounds like a good idea," I said. And that's how Sibyl Clark comes into this story.

Now to those who like to guess how a thing is going to end before it is fairly started, I am going to speak a word of caution, to wit, "Be careful!" And having issued that cryptic warning, I will now tell you more about Sibyl.

She was eighteen, and the moment I saw her, she surprized me even, I think, as she must have surprized Emily. You will remember that Emily hadn't seen her for five years, when she was "a nice, little thing." But girls change wonderfully between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, and whereas I went to Emily's house expecting to see a young girl, I found instead a young woman with her hair done up and a truly formidable manner of using her eyes.

She had, however, a loud country laugh, for which I forgave her for the way she turned her eyes, tho once when she let out her peal of mirth without apparent reason, it puzzled me until I suddenly realized that the phrase at which she had laughed might be construed to have a double meaning. But then again she had an affectionate way of sitting on the arm of her aunt's chair and twining her elbow over Emily's shoulder, which more than atoned for her young conceit. And when I saw how cheerful and willing she was, I felt distinctly satisfied. Thinking her over that night as I like to think things over while waiting to go to sleep, I alternately smiled and frowned till I couldn't tell which I was doing. "Oh, well," I thought at last, "nobody's perfect."

But the last picture in my mind before going to sleep was a recollection of Sibyl sitting on the arm of Emily's chair, watching me steadily from under her eyelashes and as steadily swinging her foot. "Oh, well," I thought again next morning, "nobody's perfect." And if, presently you feel like blaming Sibyl for what she did, I wish you would try to judge her as mercifully as I did, for she certainly paid the penalty.

Time passed on, and still Wilbur showed no sign of ever being able to support a wife. For ten years, in our old-fashioned phrasing, he had been "keeping company" with Emily, and looked as tho he were good for another ten. He was a little more massive—a little more sulky, perhaps—but, if anything, time had improved his appearance and had given him an air of dignity which I could never quite fathom. But those same years had told on Emily. I noticed that she talked less, listened more, and seemed to dream a great deal. One day when I called to see Mrs. Briggs, Emily told me that for the future she would try to take care of her mother herself. Before I fairly understood what she was doing she had paid me, and that was my last call on Emily's mother.

Now, in most affairs, I suppose I am as obtuse as any man, and sometimes I have to take a hard jolt before I can catch a hint. But I do know that in the few months following my last call on Mrs. Briggs, Emily did everything she could to bring Wilbur Ames to the point. She regained her old-time chattiness, put on her prettiest dresses, called Wilbur up every day on the telephone (we were all three on the same party line), went walking with him in the evening, and sent him notes by Sibyl—— Still, if I had been in Emily's place, I think I should have chosen another messenger.

One evening, going past Emily's house, I saw her playing croquet with Wilbur. Sibyl was also in the game. At the moment when I happened to look, Emily was leaning over to make a shot, and Wilbur and Sibyl were smiling at each other over her head. I had never seen Wilbur smile that way before, and Sibyl reminded me of a remark Charles Reade once made—"The jade seemed to be all eyelashes." Even then I didn't believe it. Along toward that Autumn, tho, I saw something which gave me food for thought all Winter.

AT THE back of Emily's house, up the hill, a new residence had been built, and one evening I was called there to attend a case of acute indigestion. The patient's room overlooked the back of the house below, and while some one was fetching me a bowl of hot water I chanced to look down at Emily's windows. The lamps had just been lighted in the sitting-room below, and in Mrs. Briggs's room above. Emily was with her mother up-stairs; Wilbur and Sibyl were in the room below. While I waited for the hot water, I saw Emily take a large doll from a chair and give it to her mother. The next second she hurriedly pulled down the blind. Simultaneously, down-stairs, Sibyl and Wilbur were pulling down the curtain and for one indistinct moment I saw their shadows merge upon the shade.

I could understand the scene down-stairs well enough, and by that time it didn't astonish me, but Emily's mother and the doll puzzled me all evening. I must have gone to sleep thinking about it, because I woke up in the night with the solution in my mind. "Mrs. Briggs has gone childish," I thought, "and that's why she doesn't send Sibyl home. Sibyl knows, of course, but she's promised not to tell!"

The more I thought about it, the more it interested me. If Emily had been younger the matter would have been different, but I think she knew that Wilbur was her last chance.

I think she also sensed the fact that he was pulling away from her and drawing nearer to Sibyl. That, for instance, was one of the reasons why she was keeping her mother's childishness a secret. Poor Emily and "The Black Pool!"

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Drawing by Harold Rabal

# SPRUCE UP, EVERYBODY!

## It's a Good Thing for You, and Makes Work for the Soldier Boys

*By MONTANYE PERRY*

THEY are coming home! Home to their own United States!

Every day the long, gray ships slip into port bringing hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of them. Many who went out flat-chested, stooping, pale, are coming back robust, broad-shouldered, ruddy. Others who left in splendid strength are returning crippled, disfigured, weakened. Our eyes blur and we catch our breath sharply as they pass. But every man of them is a winner, and they *look like winners!*

They bring us the gift of victory. We, as a nation, are winners. We must look the part.

What do they demand? Only a chance to work. If they ever knew how to be idle they have forgotten it. If they ever were satisfied with careless, slovenly ways of living, dressing, working, they have forgotten that, too. Their apparent restlessness is only a desire to be doing something worth while.

In the abstract, all of us feel that there should be a job waiting for each one of these men. "They must find a better environment and a better chance than they ever had before," we say, "the country owes it to them!"

Let's bring it down to the concrete; to our own, personal responsibility. The nation is only an aggregation of communities and a community is but a collection of homes. Only as every home sounds its note of victory can the nation raise an adequate anthem of triumph.

This is the thought behind the Spruce-Up Campaign inaugurated by that branch of the War Department which concerns itself with the question of employment for returning soldiers. If every home will determine to furnish its share of employment for these men, the first difficult months will be tided over and the whole problem will be well on its way to solution.

START your cog in the great machinery of business by making now, in your own home, the repairs and improvements you denied yourself while the war was on.

During the war the mental attitude of every patriotic American was toward economy, conservation, doing without everything which might divert time or labor from the one great cause. We wore our old clothes because wool was needed for uniforms. We did not paint our houses because battleships must be painted. We did not travel for pleasure nor buy goods which must be brought from a distance lest we impair transportation facilities. We tinkered our own pump-handles, our office furniture, or our farm tools, with wire or hairpins or pieces of string. We darned and re-darned our table-cloths, our blankets, and our stockings. The sum total of our energies was centered on one purpose, which was all as it should have been.

But the war is over and we are winners! Our men need work and they need, too, the stimulation which comes from the outward and visible signs of victory. Those who think sanely know that this country has now to face a long and difficult period of reconstruction, when morale will count no less than in time of war.

"Spruce Up" in every possible way. Give the house, the barn, or the garage the coat of paint so sorely needed. The place will look better and some painter will have a job—to say nothing of the effect on the manufacturers of paints, oils, brushes, ladders, overalls, thread, needles, sewing-machines—! Put in that new bathroom you have wanted so long. Paper the bedrooms. Lay a hardwood floor in the living-room. Repair the cellar stairs. Build the bay window and make it gay with flower-boxes. Grade the lawn.

Start that long-talked-of hedge around the garden. Have a swing made for the children under the big apple tree—that tree will need pruning, by the way! Build a sleeping-porch for the boy who has learned to sleep in the open air.

Spruce Up the furnishings, too. Let new rugs lie on the floor and new curtains flutter at the windows when the soldier boy comes in.

Replenish the family wardrobes. Consider the furnace, the lighting system, the automobile, the labor-saving devices for the kitchen. All these things mean employment.

MATERIALS and labor are high? Yes, and it appears that they will be high for some time to come. But our grandparents had a wise phrase about the "Penny wise and pound foolish." Property runs down rapidly if left unpainted or without repairs. In the ordinary repairs needed on house or farm the deterioration of a year would far overreach the amount which might be saved by waiting for a drop in the price of materials or labor. Every woman knows what it means to let household supplies or wardrobe run down until everything must be replenished at one time. This policy was costly, but necessary, in war time. Now, for the sake of our returning soldiers and our victorious nation we must make business boom. Nothing could be so calamitous as a period of industrial depression with its menace of bewildered, disappointed, resentful unemployed.

As usual, the burden of all this comes back to the woman in the home. It is she who determines, in nine cases out of ten, how the bulk of the family income shall be spent. It is the driblets of business from the individual home which must form the great stream of business activity and easy employment. No extravagance is necessary—simply the doing of the things which were neglected, perforce, for a time, but are needed now to keep home and business up to normal standards. If the twenty million home-makers of this country decide that their homes shall have a place in the Spruce-Up Campaign, its success is assured.

YOU have responded wonderfully in not spending anything during all these years when it was the patriotic thing to save the money and buy Liberty Bonds, and save the labor so that it could be used in direct war work. Now it is the patriotic and wise thing to go ahead and do some of the things that have been left undone all these years. If every woman would feel her responsibility here just as definitely as she did about buying Liberty Bonds during the war, we would easily solve this problem of getting the soldiers back to work.

Here is your chance to help—both yourself and your boys. *Spruce Up! Look like winners!*

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"By special request I'm repeating
These recipes simple and fine
I'm sure all the friends of good eating
Will thank me whenever they dine."

### Made Hearty with Noodles or Rice

Prepare *Campbell's Tomato Soup* either plain or as a Cream of Tomato. The noodles or rice should, of course, be cooked previously. You add them to the soup just before serving. This makes in itself a hearty and substantial dish.

### A Pleasing Tomato Cream Sauce

Mix 1 can *Campbell's Tomato Soup* with ½ cupful liquid aspic jelly. Then strain and mix with ½ cupful whipped cream, 2 teaspoonfuls Tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoonful chopped capers, 1 slice finely chopped onion, 1 chopped canned red pepper, and set on ice for one hour. Served with cold chicken, turkey, asparagus, artichokes, etc., this is an agreeable novelty.

### On Boiled Rice Campbell's Style

Brown one onion thinly sliced and 2 tablespoonfuls butter and teaspoonful sugar. When brown remove onion and add 2 teaspoonfuls flour to butter, rub smooth and brown; then add 1 can of *Campbell's Tomato Soup* and 1 can hot water; heat slowly until thick, season to taste with salt and paprika. Serve mounds of well boiled rice surrounded by the sauce. This may be served with the meat course for dinner or luncheon.

### Inviting Variations with Cheese Croutons, etc.

Prepare *Campbell's Tomato Soup* either plain or as a Cream of Tomato, and just before serving grate a small quantity of American cheese over the surface of each plateful. This adds a new and palatable touch. Or toast brown, or fry crisp in butter, bread cut into small cubes. When ready to serve drop a few of them into each plateful of soup. Or a little finely chopped parsley or celery sprinkled over each plateful of soup gives a specially pleasing effect.

### A Tempting Sauce for Fish

Empty 1 can of *Campbell's Tomato Soup* into a saucepan, add 1 tablespoonful mushroom catchup, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, ¼ pound grated mild cheese, 1 teaspoonful made mustard, ½ teaspoonful anchovy extract and pepper to taste. Stir all together until smooth and boiling. A pleasing sauce with any kind of fish.

### Campbell's "Red Rabbit"

A popular variation of the old-style "Welsh Rabbit" and decidedly more appetizing. Pour the contents of 1 can *Campbell's Tomato Soup* into chafing dish or double boiler. When hot add 1 pound cheese cut in dice. Cook until cheese is thoroughly melted and mixed with soup. Add red pepper to taste and 1 egg slightly beaten. Stir well a few minutes and serve hot on crackers or toast. Just the thing for an after theatre supper

### A Delicious Cream of Tomato

Heat the contents of the can and an equal quantity of milk separately. Bring them to boiling point, but *do not let them boil.* When ready to serve take them from over the fire, and *pour the hot tomato into the hot milk.* This prevents curdling, which affects the smooth and pleasing appearance of the soup although it does not affect its fine flavor and wholesomeness. There could be nothing more satisfying.

### Attractively Topped with Whipped Cream

Prepare the soup either plain or as a Cream of Tomato—according to how rich you want it. Serve in bouillon cups, and just before sending to the table top each cup with a teaspoonful of stiffly whipped cream. This may be slighly seasoned to taste with celery salt and paprika. A specially attractive feature for a formal luncheon.

### An Appetizing Tomato Spaghetti

Boil ½ package small-tube spaghetti in boiling salted water twenty minutes. Then drain, cover with cold water and drain again. Cut ½ lb. bacon in dice, fry, skim out bacon, put in one good-sized chopped onion, 1 chopped canned red pepper and fry golden brown. Add bacon, 1 can *Campbell's Tomato Soup*, and the spaghetti, and season with salt and pepper to taste. Mix and turn into buttered fireproof dish and bake in moderate oven twenty minutes. A favorite dish wherever tried.

### Scrambled Eggs a la Campbell's

To the yolks of four to six well-beaten eggs, add one cup *Campbell's Tomato Soup*, salt and pepper. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites, pour into hot skillet, then turn lightly with fork and serve instantly. A remarkably happy combination for any meal in the day.

### A Fine Relish for Cold Meats, etc.

Empty 1 can *Campbell's Tomato Soup* into a saucepan and boil for 5 minutes. Take from fire, stir in one cupful mayonnaise dressing and allow to get cold. Mix in ½ cupful whipped cream and season to taste with salt and paprika. With cold meat, salads, etc., this sauce adds an appetizing zest.

# Try them all

*Every one of these tempting recipes is a treasure for your cook-book and your table.*

They are all easy to prepare, wholesome, delightfully appetizing.

They add a pleasing variety to your daily menu. And you save time, labor and expense by using

# Campbell's Tomato Soup

It comes to you completely cooked, seasoned, blended, ready for immediate use.

It is an ideal first course, either for a formal meal or the family repast.

It is especially a joy and a benefit to the children or any whose appetites are lagging.

It strengthens digestion, regulates the body-building processes, aids directly in promoting vigorous health.

Order it by the dozen or case and keep it handy.

**21 kinds**
**12c a can**

# Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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# "Bubble Grains This Morning"

Millions know how children welcome Puffed Grains in the morning. How they revel in Puffed Wheat in milk at night.

There are other cereal dainties. But what compares with these bubble grains, thin flavory, toasted, puffed to eight times normal size?

Why not let them greet the children every summer morning?

## Tidbits of Whole Wheat

Consider Puffed Wheat, for instance. It is whole wheat, steam-exploded.

In every kernel there occur more than 100 million explosions. Every food cell is thus blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete.

The exploded grains are thin and fragile, flaky, flavory—nut-like in their taste. They seem like food confections.

Yet they form the greatest whole-wheat food which has ever been created.

## For Every Hungry Hour

A bowl of milk with Puffed Grains in it gains a multiplied delight. All fruits taste vastly better if you mix these Puffed Grains in them.

Then keep a dish of Puffed Grains, doused with melted butter for hungry children between meals. They are better than cookies or sweetmeats.

**Puffed Wheat** **Puffed Rice**

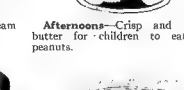
**and Corn Puffs**

*Each 15 Cents—Except in Far West*

**At Breakfast**—Serve with cream and sugar, or mixed with fruit.

**Afternoons**—Crisp and lightly butter for children to eat like peanuts.

**At Luncheon**—Or at supper float in bowls of milk.



**At Dinner**—Serve as toasted, filmsy wafers in your soups.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Sole Makers 3164

# The One Who Was Left

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Such was the situation, then, just before the first climax was reached. In the center was Wilbur Ames, a heavy, inscrutable figure whose expression was growing more sulky with every passing year—Wilbur with his massive head and that great shock of black hair arched over his forehead. On one side of this central figure you have only to imagine Emily holding tightly to him, chatting, laughing, her hair in a big bob on the top of her head, her eyes too bright and her cheeks too pale, like a gambler who knows she is risking her last golden penny.

On the other side of Wilbur was Sibyl, young, fresh, bronze-headed and altogether too eloquent with her eyes—Sibyl who knew how to make the silence speak and who simply couldn't help being jealous of her aunt Emily because she had a beau. And then, after considering these three, if you can picture to yourself Emily's mother up-stairs playing with her doll, you will have a clear idea of how things stood with our characters when Hoxie had its famous murder. Ames was covered himself with a glory which will last him as long as he lives.

We had at that time in Hoxie a French dry-goods store known as the Bon Marché. A considerable number of our mill-workers are French-Canadians, and the Bon Marché did a good business. The proprietor, Joe Bodine, was one of those men who are generally described as good sports—a stout, genial, loud-talking, violently smiling man with a great gold monogram on his cigaret-case and a sprinkling of perfume on his handkerchief. He was a widower. One morning he was found dead in his office from a fracture of the skull, and the same morning his head cashier was missing, to say nothing of the money which should have been in the cash register. A few days later the missing saleswoman gave herself up in New Bedford, hysterically admitting her guilt and pleading for immediate punishment as she were asking a favor. She was brought back to Hoxie and when she refused to engage a lawyer, Judge Milton assigned Wilbur Ames to look after her interests. Joe Bodine had been well liked around Hoxie, and, as the *Journal* said, "he had a host of friends." You will see, therefore, that Wilbur's task was a thankless one, especially in view of the girl's repeated confessions. Whether or not some of these considerations had been in Judge Milton's mind when he assigned the case to Wilbur, I can not tell you. I do know, tho, that he had never been assigned to a case before. The girl was promptly arraigned and her trial was set down for the April term of court.

In the fortnight before the trial, Emily and Wilbur were more inseparable, especially in the first week of April which is a holiday in the Hoxie schools. When Wilbur wasn't at Emily's house, she was at his office, and wherever I saw them together they reminded me of nothing so much as an eager school-teacher talking to an overgrown, shy schoolboy, drumming his lessons into him, priming him for a stiff examination. They visited Bodine's store together twice, to my knowledge, and once at least I know they went together to the Brooklyn jail. Whether Emily was allowed to see the prisoner is another thing which I can not tell you, but, rules or no rules, I am willing to wager that the two talked to each other.

THE trial was held at Putnam and the first day's proceedings developed such circumstances that, on the morning of the second day, three New York reporters and one from Boston were on the scene. Briefly stated, the accused wished herself to be found guilty, and Wilbur had started a line of defense which promised to save her even against her will. Piece by piece he brought out the facts that the accused had been engaged to Bodine, that he had used her money to start himself in business, that when the business had prospered his interest in her had diminished, and that she believed he was paying his attentions to a young woman in Sterling.

On the night of the homicide she had waited till the other clerks had left and then she had gone into Bodine's office, back of the store, and had asked for an explanation. "He lost his temper and I lost mine," she testified. "He shout and I shout—*Mfizz!* both with the *rizzy enragé*. He tell me to go to—a wicked place, and I will not go. He push me and I push back, and while he push me his eye so hard and cold, I think of the trick he is playing me. Then from his desk I snatch a big, bronze Billiken, which I had give him on Christmas for the good luck, and after that I can not tell you. I only know I wish to die as well as him, for I have kill' my own happiness and shall never wish to live in the world again."

I was one of the witnesses for the State, and as the court-room was crowded, I sat just behind Wilbur. Later, when the crush grew, I gradually edged my chair forward till I sat at the counsel table. From Wilbur's notes, I could see that Emily had prepared his case, practically all the memoranda for examining witnesses being in her writing. And when at the close of the trial he arose to sum up his case, I could see that every word of his speech had been written for him in Emily's unmistakable hand. As I have intimated, Wilbur had a somewhat impressive appearance. He was stout tho perhaps massive is still the better word—and his pale, heavy face under its black arch of hair seemed to hint at many a session spent with the midnight oil.

WILBUR hadn't delivered a hundred words of his closing address to the jury when a faint young prickle was coursing around under my scalp, and for the first time in my life I felt the power of oratory. It wasn't a long speech he made —Emily was too clever for that—and it wasn't a short speech, either; but every figure he used fired the imagination, and every fact he told hammered upon the mind. If I were asked which was the best part of his summing up, I doubt if I could tell you; but if I were asked which part moved me the most, I should say that nothing impressed me quite so much as when he began to dissect the workings of a jealous woman's mind.

At first the illusion was so great that I could almost rub my eyes and wonder whether this was Wilbur Ames whom I had known so long, or Emily, but the sight of Emily's notes in front of him and for a minute the spell was broken. Emily was sitting in the balcony, a dull red spot on each of her cheeks, and once, when Wilbur said "Gentlemen, there are times in every woman's life when jealousy, like love, can not measure its strength. Gentlemen, there are times in every woman's life when jealousy, like love, breaks its bonds and becomes a ruling passion"—when Wilbur said that, I saw Emily unconsciously nod her head and the dull spots in her cheeks turned carmine. I was still watching her when Wilbur brought his plea to a close; and that night when I woke up, as I sometimes do, with a thought in my mind amazing upon expression, I found myself thinking with a sort of bitterness certainly, "Sibyl had better look out for herself—Sibyl had better look out for herself."

Next morning the jury brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty"—two words which immediately placed Wilbur up among the leading figures of Eastern Connecticut. It strikes me as strange, even now, how perfectly the rôle suited him. His slowness was no longer sluggishness—it was the sign of a powerful deliberation. His pale, heavy face was that of the scholar. He was no longer fat: he was majestic. Even the great shock of black hair which arched over his forehead seemed to mark him as a great man. "Anyhow," I thought, "he'll be able to marry Emily now. He won't have that excuse any longer."

But so far as I could see, his prosperity made no difference in Wilbur's courtship. Even when he moved his office to the Central Building in Norwich, the better to handle his criminal business, I listened in vain for any announcement of his coming marriage. Then one evening, late in June, I saw him talking to Emily on the lawn in front of her house, and there was something in his manner so formal and non-committal that I almost ran the Little Rattler into a tree.

Emily came to my office the next morning and as soon as I saw her I mentally prescribed another green pill. When a girl is young she recovers quickly from a sleepless night, but when she gets further along in life, there's a different story to tell. To state the truth in a few blunt words Emily looked old. The bloom of youth had gone from her cheeks and her hair was beginning that fatal recession from the temples which no art is clever enough to conceal. Presently when she laid her hand upon my desk, I noticed there was no ring upon her finger. She told me she was going to take her mother to a sanitarium and that she, herself, wouldn't return to Hoxie until the Fall term of school opened.

"You know your Mother isn't quite right in her mind," said Emily, looking at me with eyes that were overbright. "I think, tho, that if she has proper care this Summer, she'll soon be right again. I was telling Wilbur about it last night. Sibyl will look after the house while we're away."

"Emily!" I said, noticing for the first time that she was already dressed for traveling.

"Doctor!" she retorted in the same voice. She even laughed a little. "You know what the Bible says, don't you?" she said, her hand upon the door-knob.

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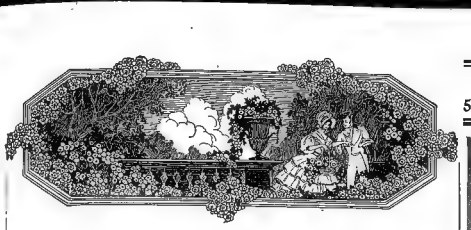

# The One Who Was Left

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

"'One shall be taken, and the other left.' You ought to have it printed on your pillboxes." Again she laughed a little. "Well, good-by," she said. "I'll drop you a line when I get there."

HALF an hour later I saw Emily and her mother going down the hill toward the station in one of Fred Tillinghast's rigs. How long I sat in the office puzzling over Emily's departure I don't know, but I was late at all my calls that morning. At last I found the solution in Emily's remark—"I was telling Wilbur about it last night, Sibyl will look after the house while we're away."

"She let him out," I thought, "to save her own respect; and to save his, too. But I'll bet she thought of his the first. And now, leaving them alone that way, if he wants to marry Sibyl—!" Whereupon I jumped up and kicked the iron dog which holds my office door open—kicked it good and proper as I have a habit of doing when I want to let off steam.

That was on the Saturday before the Fourth. On the Fourth I was looking through my window when I saw a large, new runabout come swinging slowly down the hill. At the wheel sat Wilbur Ames, looking handsomer than I had ever seen him; and by his side was Sibyl, undeniably pretty in her bold, young way, her cheeks flushed with excitement at what was probably her first car ride. "It won't be long," I grimly told myself. "They're off for the day," and it was all I could do to keep myself from committing violence on the iron dog again. Instead I went over to Emily's house. I had received a letter from her that morning in which she asked me if I would send her a green sweater which was hanging on the hall-rack.

As I had half expected Sibyl had left the back door unlocked for the convenience of the iceman, just as Emily used to leave it in the days before Sibyl came. I went in and one glance around the kitchen was enough to show me what sort of housekeeper was in charge. After only four days the stove looked as tho it had never been blacked, the cupboard doors were open, the sink was full of dishes. When I went into the hall for the sweater, the house had that mousey smell which betokens a lack of airing. Every good housekeeper will know the smell I mean. "Not even the rudiments," I thought to myself. "Wait till he finds out what he's got—and it won't be long—Wilbur."

Even at that, it was sooner than I expected. On the fifteenth of July I received another letter from Emily, enclosing a card announcing the marriage of Sibyl Estella Clark to Wilbur Woodbury Ames, and across the back of this, Emily had written in her fine, precise hand, "One shall be taken, and the other left."—*Mathew* xxiv, 41.

That night, in Burbee's barber-shop, I heard that Wilbur had sold his farm in Canterbury and had rented the Luther Lee house in Norwich. In his time, Luther Lee had been a famous vaudeville character, and his house was the showiest residence in Norwich. And if I was reading Sibyl's character correctly, that was just the sort of house in which she would take delight.

Emily came back to Hoxie on Labor Day, and, to use her own phrase, it needed only a glance to see that she had definitely taken her place among those who are left. Her mother was a little better and promised soon to be well.

We are still a clannish lot in Eastern Connecticut, and it didn't take long for us to hear in Hoxie that Wilbur's wife in Norwich was both captious and extravagant. Not only that, but he failed utterly to keep up the reputation which he had made in the Bodine murder trial. He lost two easy cases in the Superior Court. In the second one I heard he made a downright botch of it, becoming tongue-tied at a critical time, and could only goggle at the jury, with his mouth wide open.

"One more case like that," I thought, "and Wilbur Ames is through."

ABOUT a week later—this was in March —I was going past the Hoxie High School when I saw Wilbur waiting out front. I was just in time to see Emily come out and step in Wilbur's car. He turned toward Central Village, which was directly opposite to where either of them lived; and I went on with my calls, thinking very hard. The answer turned up unexpectedly next day when Emily came to the office and asked if I would lend her some medical books—"anything you've got, Mr. Medicine Man," she said, "in the way of fractures and broken bones."

Now that Winter a straw-ride party while sleighing to Griswold had been struck by a trolley at Bishop's Crossing, and altho no one was killed, most of the party had been pretty badly battered. Wilbur Ames, I knew, had been retained to bring suit against the railway. The case was coming up in the April term of court, and partly because the condition of Bishop's Crossing had long been a scandal in our part of the State, the suit was attracting a lot of attention. So when Wilbur Ames saw Emily one day, and she came to me the next for information regarding fractures and broken bones, it didn't take me long to jump to a sure conclusion. "Emily," I said, leaning forward in my chair, "are you going to help him on that case?"

"Doctor," she said, leaning forward and speaking in the same tone, "do you know that Sibyl is going to have a baby next month?" She might have added "Do you know what's going to happen to that couple if Wilbur fails again this time?" But she didn't. Instead we looked at each other for nearly a minute and then I arose and got her the books. There are some human actions so pure that it seems banal to comment upon them, but I believe Emily knew how I felt. "Don't say anything," she said just before she left. "Sibyl's taken it into her head to be jealous of me——" With a mute gesture of deprecation she dropped a curtsy as tho at a doubtful compliment. "You know—they sometimes get notions—at such times."

As in the Bodine trial, I was one of the medical witnesses in the Bishop's Crossing case and I began to look forward to the next court term with an interest which gradually grew into excitement. I don't intend to give any lengthy account of the trial, but if the attorneys for the railway expected another falling down on Wilbur's part, they were most unpleasantly disappointed. He conducted his case in the same masterly manner which had won him his first legal fight; and when he finished his closing address—every line of which was written in Emily's writing—he had not only won his verdict, but in his eloquent arraignment of the railway management he had also laid the foundation of that political success which has already made him a State-wide figure. The jury had barely announced their verdict against the railway when a messenger boy pushed his way into the court-room and gave Wilbur a telegram. It was from the trained nurse whom he had left with Sibyl. "Come at once," had wired. "Baby boy. Patient very sick. Urgent."

It seems that while he had been away, Sibyl had rummaged around in Wilbur's desk, and there in one of the pigeon-holes she had found a sheaf of notes in Emily's writing—all bearing upon the Bishop's Crossing case. With these as a starting point, Sibyl had worked herself into a state of jealousy which had ended in a downright fit of hysterical rage. Not knowing this at the time, however, I had a shock next morning which upsets me a little even yet when I think about it. I read the account of the trial in the *Norwich Bulletin* and then, as a doctor is apt to do, I turned to the column which is of much interest to him. Under *Births*, I read the notice:

To Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Woodbury Ames, a son, at Norwich, April 16th.

And a little further down, under *Deaths*:

Sibyl Clark Ames, beloved wife of Wilbur Woodbury Ames, at Norwich, April 16th.

Poor Sibyl! Do you remember now that I asked you not to judge her too harshly? She had a hard part to play, and who knows whether you or I would have played it any better, if we had been cast in her rôle and given her nature?

THAT was nearly three years ago, but I started thinking the whole case over this morning when Emily came to my office with little Wilbur—a fine boy, tho Emily's mother nearly spoils him. Ostensibly Emily called so that I could look at a slight scratch on little Wilbur's arm, said to have been done by a cat, but in reality I think she wanted me to admire his first trousers. She is the only mother he has ever known, but he seems more than satisfied. After I had duly admired the trousers, and he had gone to explore the house for another cat, Emily and I began to talk about Wilbur. Wilbur has certainly come into his own this last year. The clay that Emily molded has taken definite shape and good luck seems to have attended him ever since the day, twelve months ago, when he married Emily.

"Don't you think little Wilbur looks just like him?" she asked.

"All but his eyes," I said. "They're more like Sibyl's."

"Poor Sibyl!" said Emily. Tears filled her eyes and for a time we were both silent. "Isn't it funny how things turn out!" she said. "'One shall be taken'—you remember?—'and the other left'"

1869-1919
50TH ANNIVERSARY—FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

HEINZ
OVEN BAKED
BEANS

As a luncheon dish, they are as appetizing as they are nutritive. More than this, they are ready to serve. Good hot or cold.

Heinz Baked Beans are baked in ovens by dry heat until all the beans are mealy, sweet and wholesome. It is the painstaking way, but it is the way to attain *quality*.

Everything that Heinz makes is good to eat. That is the unvarying testimony. And everything that Heinz makes is good to eat because, first, last and all the time the aim of the entire business is *quality*.

*Some of the*
57
Vinegar
Spaghetti
Cream Soups
Olive Oil

*four kinds*

*All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada*

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# I Must Have More Money

## How Can I Get It?

Thousands of women everywhere are saying that every day. Rents are higher, food and clothing cost more. They economize every minute; they go without things they need, and still they cannot quite make ends meet.

Maybe the income has increased a little. Still, it is not enough to pay for necessities, to say nothing of a few luxuries that every family is entitled to. What are you going to do about it?

### *Here is the Answer*

Do what 17,600 other women have done. Become a successful World's Star Representative and sell

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# THE ORIOLE

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

She smiled faintly. "Don't you? Well, there's something perhaps you do feel, and that's hungry. Will you stay to dinner with me—if I go and get it?"

"What?"

"You can have dinner with me—if you want to?—and stay till ten o'clock—if you want to? Wait!" she said, and jumped up and ran out of the room.

She came back and called softly to him from the doorway, half an hour later; and he followed her to the dining-room. "It isn't much of a dinner, Noble," she said, a little tremulously; being for once (though strictly as a cook) genuinely apologetic—but the scrambled eggs, cold lamb, salad, and coffee were quite as "much of a dinner" as Noble wanted. To him everything on the table was hallowed, yet shredded through and through with an excruciating melancholy.

"Let's eat first and talk afterward," Julia proposed; but what she meant by "talk" evidently did not include interchange of information regarding weather and the health of acquaintances, for she spoke freely upon these subjects, while Noble murmured in response and swallowed a little of the sacred food, but more often swallowed nothing. Bitterest of all was his thought of what this unaccampied seclusion with Julia could have meant to him, were those poisonous violets not at her waist—for she had put them on again, and were there no Crum in the South. Barring these fatal obstructions, the present moment would have been to him a bit of what he often thought of as "dream life;" but all its sweetness was a pain.

"Now we'll talk!" said Julia, when she had brought him back to the fire again, and they were seated before it. "Don't you want to smoke? What about his head, dismally, having no heart for what she proposed. "Well, then," she said briskly, but a little nervously. "let's get to the bottom of things. Just what did you mean you had 'in black and white' in your pocket?"

Slowly Noble drew forth the historic copy of *The North End Daily Oriole;* and with face averted, placed it in her extended hand.

"What in the world!" she exclaimed, unfolding it; and then as its title and statement of ownership came into view, "Oh, yes! I see. Aunt Carrie wrote me that Uncle Joseph had given Herbert a printing-press. I suppose Herbert's the editor?"

"And that Rooter boy," Noble said sadly. "I think maybe your little niece Florence has something to do with it, too."

"Something to do with it? She usually has all to do with anything she gets hold of! But what's it got to do with me?"

"You'll see!" he prophesied, accurately.

She began to read, laughing at some of the items as she went along; then she suddenly became rigid, holding the small journal before her in a transfixed hand.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh, *oh!*"

"That—what's what—I meant," Noble explained.

Julia's eyes grew dangerous. "The little fiends!" she cried. "Oh, really, this is a long-suffering family, but it's time these outrages were stopped!"

She jumped up. "Isn't it frightful?" she demanded of Noble

"Yes, it is," he said, with a dismal fervor. "Nobody knows that better than I do, Julia!"

"I mean *this!*" she cried, extending *The Oriole* toward him with a fine sweep of gesture. "I mean this dreadful story about poor Mr. Crum!"

"But it's true, tho," he said. "That's what hurts *me*, Julia!"

"Noble Dill!"

"Julia!"

"Do you dare to say you believed it?"

He sprang up. "It isn't true?"

"Not one word of it! I told you Mr. Crum is only twenty-six. He's not been out of college more than three or four years, and it's the most terrible slander to say he's ever been married at all!"

Noble dropped back into his chair of misery. "I thought you meant it wasn't true."

"I've just told you there isn't one *word* of it—"

"But you're—engaged—to him," Noble gulped. "You're engaged to him, Julia?"

She appeared not to hear him. "I suppose it can be lived down," she said. "To think of Uncle Joseph putting such a thing in the hands of those awful children!"

"But Julia, you are eng—"

"Noble!" she said sharply.

"Well, you are eng—"

Julia drew herself up. "Different people mean different things by that word," she said with severity, like an annoyed instructress. "There are any number of shades of meaning to words; and if I used the word you mention, in writing home to the family, I may have used a certain shade and they may have thought I intended another."

"But, Julia—"

"Mr. Crum is a charming young man," she continued, with the same primness. "I liked him very much. I liked him very much indeed. I liked him very, very much. I liked him *very*——"

"I understand," he interrupted. "Don't say it any more, Julia."

"No; you don't understand. At *first*, I liked him very much—in fact I still do, of course—I'm sure he's one of the best and most attractive young men in the world I think he's a man any girl ought to be happy with, if he were only to be considered by himself. I don't deny that I liked him very much indeed, and I don't deny that for several days after he—after he proposed to me—I don't deny I thought something serious might possibly come of it. But at that time, Noble, I hadn't—hadn't really thought of what it meant to give up living here at home, with all the family and everything—and friends—friends like you, Noble. I hadn't thought what it would mean to me to give all this up. And besides, there was something very important. At the time I wrote that letter mentioning poor Mr. Crum to the family, Noble, I hadn't—I hadn't—" She paused, in some distress. "I hadn't——"

"You hadn't what?" he cried.

"I hadn't met his mother!"

Noble stepped to his fire. "Julia! You aren't—you aren't engaged?"

"I am not," she answered decisively "If I ever was, in the slightest, I certainly am not now."

POOR Noble was transfigured. He struggled; making half-formed gestures, speaking half-made words.

"Julia—Julia!" He choked. "Julia, promise me something. Will you promise me something? Julia—promise to promise me something."

"I will," she said quickly. "What do you want me to do?"

"Give me your word," he said, still radiantly struggling. "Give me your word —your word and sacred promise, Julia—you'll never be engaged to anybody at all!"

## THE LOST COOK

By LAURA SIMMONS

SEATED one day in the kitchen,
I was weary and full of tears,
With the dishes heaped (you'd have wagered
They hadn't been done in years);
I know not where I was scrubbing,
Or what I had planned for tea;
But I swore I would hire me a servant
To toil and to bake for me.

I sought the Intelligence madame—
(*Intelligent!* gods!—what a thought!)
And I captured a fearsome female,
And I bore her home on the spot.
Her gait it was most unsteady
She was mourning a damaged eye —
But she seemed to my fevered spirit
Like an angel from the sky.

She faded away into silence
(With some of my spoons) that night;
And she hid those discordant dishes,
And she cooked not a single bite!
It beats all perplexing problems—
A maid who will broil you a steak —
Or turn out a yeast-powder biscuit
Such as mother used to make.

I have offered them Sundays and Thursdays—
And I try so hard to please;
But they hike right back to the city,
With infinite nerve and ease;
I have sought—but I seek her vainly —
That vision of dear delight
Who will enter into my kitchen—
And remain there overnight.

It may be some kind scrub-lady
Will come to assist by the day;
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall find a cook that will stay!

AT SIX minutes after four o'clock of the second afternoon following Julia's return, Noble Dill closed his own gate behind him as he set forth upon the four-minute walk that would bring him to Julia's. He wore a bit of indoor geranium in the buttonhole of his new light overcoat.

Passing the foot of an alley which debouched upon the street, he was aware of a commotion, of missiles hurled and voices clashed.

Casting a glance that way, Noble could see but one person; a boy of thirteen or fourteen who looked through a crack in a board fence, stedtastly keeping an eye to this aperture, and as continuously calling through it, holding his head to one side for this purpose but at the same time dancing—and dancing tauntingly, it was conveyed—with the other parts of his body His voice was now sweet, now piercing, and again far too distant with the overkindness of burlesque, and it, as it seemed, he was unburdening his spleen, was a powerful one, and gorged He appeared to be in a torment of torn outrage, and his success was proved by the pounding of bricks, parts of bricks, and rocks of size, upon the other side of the fence.

"Oh, dolling!" he wailed, his tone poignantly amorous. "Oh, dolling Henery! Oo's the most beautiful eyes in my livin' hay nasty world, Henery! Oh, *has* I got beautiful eyes, dolling Fattywatty? Yes, I *has!* I *has* got pretty eyes!" His voice rose to an unbearably piercing climax. "Oh, what prettiest eyes I got! Me and Herbie Atwater! *Oh*, my boyful eyes! Oh, my *boyful*——!"

But even as he reached this apex, the head, shoulders and arms of Herbert Atwater rose momentarily above the fence across the alley, behind the tormentor Herbert's expression was implacably resentful, and so was the gesture with which he hurled an object at the concealed preoccupied with the opposite fence. This object upon reaching its goal, as it did with more a splash than a thud, was revealed as a tomato, presumably in a useless state. The taunting voice ceased in astonishment, and after looking vainly for an assailant, began necessarily to remove his collar, as Noble went on his way.

How blindly we walk our ways! As Noble flourished down the street there appeared a wan face at a prison window; and the large eyes looked out upon him wistfully. But Noble went on, as unwitting that he had to do with this prison as he was that he had to do with Master Torbin's tomato.

The face at the window was not like Charlotte Corday's, nor was the window barred, tho the prisoner knew solace in wondering if she did not suggest that famous picture. For all purposes, except during school hours, the room was certainly a cell; and the term of imprisonment was set at three days. Uncle Joseph had been unable to remain at the movies forever. People have to go home eventually, especially when accompanied by thirteen-year-old great-nieces.

Florence had finally to face the questions awaiting her; and it would have been better for her had she used less imagination in answering them.

Yet she was not wholly depressed, as her eyes followed the disappearing figure of Noble Dill. His wholesome sprightliness was visible at any distance; and who would not take a little pride in having been even the mistaken instrument of saving so gay a young man from the loss of his reason? No; Florence was not cast down Day-after-to-come as she would taste Freedom again, and her profoundest regret was that after all her Aunt Julia was not to be married. Florence had made definite plans for the wedding, especially for the principal figure at the ceremony. This figure, as Florence saw things, would have been that of the "Flower Girl," and, whatever else she meant by this, she certainly meant the thirteen-year-old niece of the no-longer-prospective bride

Noble passed from her sight, but nevertheless continued his radiant progress down Julia's street. Life stretched before him, serene, ineffably fragrant, unending. He saw it as a flower-strewn sequence of calls on Julia, walks with Julia, talks with Julia by the library fire. Old Mr Atwater was to be away four days longer, and Julia, that great-hearted bride-not-to-be had given him her promise and sacred word.

Blushing, indeed divinely, she had promised him, upon her sacred word, never, so long as she lived, to be engaged to anybody at all.

THE END

*Be sure to read Corra Harris's great new serial, "Happily Married," which begins in the September number and will be completed in two more big instalments If you don't like to read a story month by month, save your magazines and read it all at once.*

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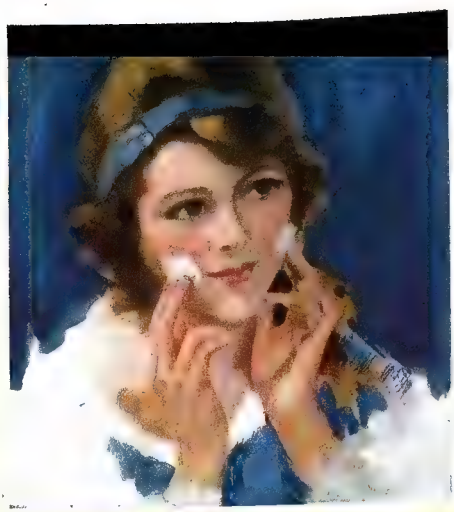
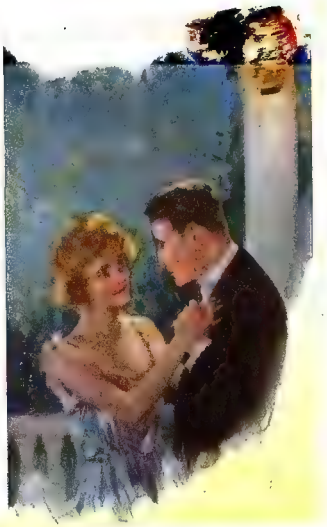




# *Colorful loveliness—satiny smoothness!*

## You, too, can have a clear, soft skin

A SKIN fine, soft, beautiful! Do you know that the smoothness and suppleness of your skin, its velvety texture, is dependent upon the oil that is constantly being produced by its glands?

If the glands produce too much oil, your skin becomes oily and shiny. It loses that soft, clear look. Its shiny appearance is a constant embarrassment. If you knew how to keep your skin clear and soft!

If *you* are bothered by this particular skin trouble, the proper care will enable you to correct it. Use the following treatment as frequently as is necessary.

*To correct an oily skin and shiny nose*

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin firmer and drier the very first time you try it. Use it as often as your skin requires—nightly if necessary—and before long you will see a marked improvement in your skin's texture.

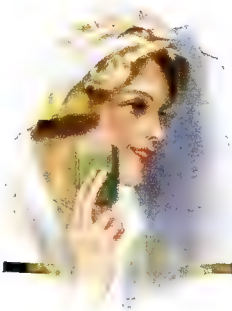
Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

*Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream sent to you for 15 cents.*

For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch". Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 308 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 308 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*



**To keep your skin fine in texture**

*You must take care continually of the new skin that is forming every day. A special treatment for a coarsened skin is among the famous treatments given in the Woodbury booklet wrapped around each cake of soap.*

**Around each cake, the booklet of famous skin treatments**

In the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, you will find scientific advice on the skin and scalp, as well as complete treatments for the commoner skin troubles.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Conspicuous Nose Pores
Blackheads
Skin Blemishes
Oily Skin, and Shiny Nose
Tender Skin
Sluggish Skin
Pale, Sallow Skin
Coarsened Skin, etc.

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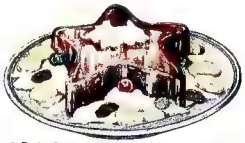
*Meat Loaf—Meat in Aspic*

*Made with one package of Lime-Fruit Jiffy-Jell with meat scraps mixed in before cooling. Made with our Aluminum Pint Mold, Style—D*

# Summer Jiffy-Jell Dainties

## We Give You the Molds to Make Them



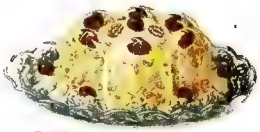
*A Fruity Dessert. To serve six. Made with our new star-shaped Pint Mold, Style—H*

Here are special summer uses which you have for Jiffy-Jell. The molds you need, and all you need, are supplied to users free. They are made in styles which we control, of pure aluminum. Some are pint molds to serve six portions, some are individuals. See the offers made below.

### Mint Garnish Jell

Mint Jiffy-Jell flavor—sealed in glass—is a condensed mint-leaf essence. It takes but a few drops to give this green jell an abundance of fresh-mint flavor.

Mint Jiffy-Jell is far better than mint sauce to serve with cold meats or roast lamb.



*Fruit Salad or Dessert. Made with our Pint Aluminum Mold, Style—E*

### Lime Salad Jell

Lime Jiffy-Jell contains a bottle of lime-fruit essence, highly condensed. It makes a tart, green salad jell. Some serve it with the salad as a garnish jell. Some mix the salad in when the jell has partly cooled, and serve as a salad loaf.

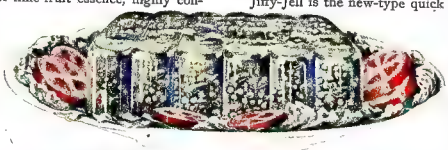
Cooked or uncooked vegetables will do. Left-overs can in this way be made delicious salad. Any fresh vegetables suitable for salads are most inviting in this form.

### Fruit Juice Essences Sealed in Glass

Jiffy-Jell is the new-type quick gelatine dainty. It has already won millions of users because of its real-fruit flavors.

The fruit flavors are made by condensing fruit juices. They come in liquid form and sealed in glass—a bottle in each package. So they keep their rich fruit taste.

The vial in each package contains a wealth of flavor. We use half a pineapple, for instance, to flavor one Jiffy-Jell dessert. So these are real-fruit dainties.



*Vegetable Salad made with our Style—D Aluminum Pint Mold. The six indentations mark out the six servings. Made with one package of Lime-Fruit Jiffy-Jell. Mix vegetables in, cooked or uncooked, before cooling*

### Meats in Aspic

*Lime-Fruit Flavor Makes a Tart, Green Salad Jell*

A delightful way to serve cold meats in summer is in Lime Jiffy-Jell. Meat scraps can be utilized in this way. Mix them in the Jeffy-Jell before it fully cools and you have an appetizing meat loaf which needs no further garnish. This is called meat in aspic.

**Jiffy-Jell Vegetable Salad**

Dissolve one package Lime Jiffy-Jell as usual. Arrange in a mold any desired mixture of cooked or uncooked vegetables. Chopped celery or peppers are nice for additional seasoning. When jell starts to thicken, but is still liquid, pour it over the mixed vegetables. Set away to congeal. Garnish with lettuce, tomatoes or cucumbers and serve with or without mayonnaise.

*Mint Flavor For Mint Jell*

### Fruit Salads and Desserts

Use Jiffy-Jell in any fruit flavor and mix the fruits in before cooling. The fruit flavors which come with Jiffy-Jell are fruit-juice essences condensed. They are made from fresh fruit, and the flavors are abundant.

When you use fresh fruit in addition you have a wealth of fruitiness in salads or desserts.

# Jiffy-Jell

*For Desserts and Salads*

Jiffy-Jell comes ready-sweetened, in proper color and acidulated. You simply add boiling water, then the flavor from the vial. One package serves six people in mold form, or twelve if you whip the jell—all for 12½ cents.

This is the quick, delightful way to serve all gelatine dainties. It will bring you a new conception of gelatine possibilities.

Get some of our finest flavors. We suggest Loganberry, Pineapple, Lime and Mint.

Then send us the trade-marks for the molds we offer, and serve in these attractive forms.

Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

**Tomato Aspic**

Bring one pint of canned tomatoes to boiling point, and simmer a few minutes. Strain, and pour liquid over one package Lime Jiffy-Jell. Add Lime flavor from separate vial, also add one tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce, and a pinch of salt. Chop fine ¼ of a small onion, several pieces of celery, and a small cucumber, if in season. Add to Jiffy-Jell and set on ice or in cool place to congeal. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise.

**10 Flavors in Glass Vials** *A Bottle in Each Package*

Mint—For Mint Jell
Loganberry
Lime—For Salad Jell
Strawberry
Raspberry
Cherry
Orange
Lemon—For Desserts
Pineapple
Also Coffee Flavor

*Two Packages for 25 Cents*

*Mint Garnish Jell*

*Made in one of our Individual Dessert Molds*

## Free Aluminum Molds

*Cut out the (11) trade-marks from the fronts of Jiffy-Jell packages, and send them to us before Sept. 1 for the molds you want.*

For any Pint Mold which we picture send five of these (11) trade-marks. The molds are of pure aluminum and valued at 50c each. Note the three styles—D, E, and H. You can get all three if you wish.

For the Individual Dessert Molds send one (11) trade-mark for each. These come in assorted styles. Six of them will serve a full package of Jiffy-Jell.

Instead of the trade-marks, if you prefer, you may send a grocer's sales slip showing amount of Jiffy-Jell purchased.

Send no money. We pay postage on the molds.

Use the coupon.

This offer expires Sept. 1.

## MAIL THIS

*Jiffy-Jell, Waukesha, Wisconsin.* 418 Pict. Rev.

I enclose..... (11) trade-marks from the fronts of Jiffy-Jell packages, for which send me the following molds:

.....Salad Mold, Style—D (5 trade-marks)
.....Fruit Mold, Style—E (5 trade-marks)
.....Dessert Mold, Style—H (5 trade-marks)
.....Individual Dessert Molds, assorted (1 trade-mark for each)

Name .....

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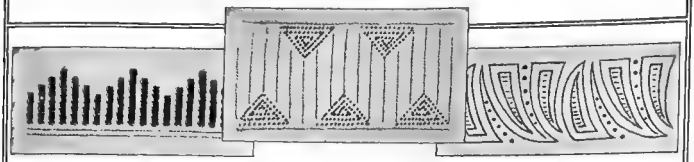
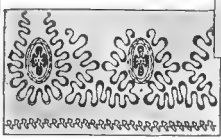
# Here Are the Latest Novelties in Motifs and Borders for Beading, Braiding, and Embroidery



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12510, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Above is illustrated a border formed of vertical lines to be worked in flat satin stitch or it may be simply outlined with heavy rope cotton or silk. The pattern provides 1 yards of 3 inch border. The border may be separated and used in the form of motifs on collars, belts, etc. These motifs are also attractive in tunic corners.

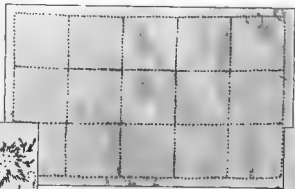
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12506, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Unusual in style is this very charming border which would be worked out in chalk or colored beads or French knots. It may even be worked out in flat soutache braid if preferred. The border is 5¾ inches in depth, and the transfer pattern supplies 3 yards.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12322, blue or yellow, 25 cents. An odd border is shown above, the pattern providing 3½ yards. The border is 4 inches wide, and besides this 4 motifs measuring 5 by 17½ inches are provided It may be worked in silk, mercerized cotton, or wool, and the latter is particularly effective on serge frocks, using bright shades of rose, green, and yellow.



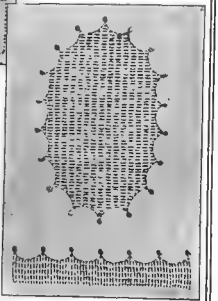
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12509, blue or yellow, 20 cents. There are so many times when a wide border doesn't seem to fit in just where it is wanted and a narrow border like the one illustrated above is just the thing It is simple and easily worked and is 2 inches wide The transfer pattern supplies 6 yards.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12330, blue or yellow, 20 cents. All the newest frocks are braided or embroidered, and this is a particularly attractive design which combines both braiding and embroidery. Two borders are provided in the pattern, 1-inch and 9 inches wide respectively, and 3½ yards of each border are given. Six and one-half yards of braid will be required to make 1 yard of the 1-inch border.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12312, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Charming separate motifs and a border formed of similar motifs in a smaller size are provided in this transfer pattern. They may be worked in embroidery silk or mercerized floss and 6 each of the 3 large motifs are provided. The border is 2½ inches deep and 3 yards are given. Gold and silver threads would be very effective to carry out this design, especially on dark fabrics.

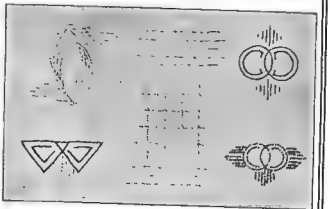
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12505, blue or yellow, 25 cents. There is a perfect craze for these beaded squares, especially on frocks of Georgette crêpe, voile, and chiffon. The beading is generally carried out in tiny white chalk beads. Each square measures 3¼ inches, and the transfer pattern supplies 3 yards 5⅝ inches deep. The design is equally well adapted to embroidery or braiding. On the Summer afternoon frock of blue satin or taffeta small jet beads would make attractive squares on skirt and tunic.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12507, blue or yellow, 20 cents. This will be found a very useful border for trimming a coat, dress, blouse, collar, or cuffs. The transfer pattern provides 6 yards of the border which is 1¼ inch wide. Six yards of braiding are required for 1 yard of border. While braid or cord seems best adapted to this design, it can be worked out in wool, heavy rope silk, or mercerized cotton Even beads could be used on silk, satin, serge or Georgette. It is really at its best however in soutache on a serge frock.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12512, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Presented here is a large motif and a matching border which would be just the thing on one of the new tricolet or faille waistcoats The motif is filled in with running stitches. One large motif and 3 yards of 2¾-inch border are provided.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12352, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Strikingly attractive motifs and 3½ yards of 2¾-inch border for embroidery are provided in this pattern. The motifs are of various sizes and four transfers of each are given One motif is 6 inches, another one 4 inches square, and the pointed motif is 2¾ by 7 inches.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12508 blue or yellow, 20 cents. For girdles, collars, bags, the front of a blouse or dress nothing could be prettier than the motifs illustrated above. The pattern provides 4 different styles and 4 of the 2 large motifs and 8 of the 2 small motifs are given. This makes 24 motifs in the whole pattern, to be worked in silk, wool, or beads. In wool of vivid tones they trim sports blouses very effectively.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12511, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Here are a number of very attractive motifs for beading or embroidery and 8 transfers of each motif are provided in the pattern They are large and small and will be found exceedingly useful on blouses, vests, bags, and hats, developed in beads, floss, metal threads, and yarn. Indeed there really seems no end to the uses to which these motifs may be put.

*She Bought and Paid for Her Own Home*

THREE years ago a lady in Pennsylvania was left a widow with three little ones. She was not in a very flourishing financial condition either.

We showed her how to earn her living representing Pictorial Review.

To-day she owns her own home and makes $100 a month.

Wouldn't you like to do that?

There is hardly any limit to the money you can make representing Pictorial Review in your community. Many men and women make anywhere from $50, $75, $100, to $300 a month at it, right in the towns where they live.

Even those who are occupied during the day make $10, $20, $30 extra and more each month in their spare time. An hour or two a week will bring you good returns. It is all up to you. If you only work now and then, you can't expect to make a large income. Naturally the more time you give to it, the more money you'll make.

A gentleman in Nebraska makes $500 a month. Think of that! A lady in Minnesota in her spare time makes $5 a day. You can do the same thing if you make up your mind to it. If you really want to know how to go about making a good income, just write on a postal, "How Can I Make $100 a Month?" and mail it to

*Department 9*

The Pictorial Review Company

200-226 West 39th Street

New York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# DOLLY DINGLE'S COUSIN GLADYS GIVES A FANCY-DRESS PARTY

By GRACE G. DRAYTON

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# A Woman of Big Business

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

she beats the rest of us at our own game, and we've got so that we're glad and proud to have her here, and there isn't a man in the building from the furnaceman to Mr. Bush who wouldn't say so."

Modestly but very earnestly Miss Ried affirms the truth of this last statement.

"They do like me," she assured me, and she was anxious that I should believe it, as she regards it as an essential in her successful administration of the company's affairs. And I did not doubt it. For Miss Henrita F. Ried, woman of Big Business, named and brought up to be as like a boy as possible, possesses in high degree that fragrant, elusive, purely feminine charm that we are accustomed to associate with women who have led guarded and protected lives. Hers is primarily a gracious personality and one that remains so through life, whether it expresses itself in terms of drawing-room teas or of international contracts. Her presence carries with it a suggestion of self-effacement that makes it impossible for any one to be afraid to talk to her freely and frankly, and this is because her interest in people is so sincere that it eclipses her interest in herself. This very rare quality was impressed upon me in a rather curious manner.

IT SO happened that I first met Miss Ried through a business acquaintance in whom I was interested. I knew as little of the Bush Terminal Company at the time as you probably knew at the beginning of this article, and Miss Ried's title meant little to me. Through four subsequent meetings I learned nothing whatever about Miss Ried; her entire energies were given to promoting the cause of her friend. And it was not until a year later that I awoke to the realization, not only of Miss Ried's position in the business world but of her power to obliterate herself. It is this power that has enabled her to weld the Bush organization into a highly efficient, harmonious Big Business industry.

"To work successfully," she says, "I have to think in terms of the company, in terms of the Bush Terminal. In any great organization which is to be successful, not only the working parts of the organization and the machinery, but the workers themselves must fit together like a mosaic, each distinct, each essential, but each related intimately to the whole pattern. There are people who can not work in a great organization. No matter what their personal ability they must not be hired by me. Not long ago a very brilliant man was brought to me by one of our valued heads who suggested him for a position of responsibility. There was no doubt of the applicant's ability, and there was also no doubt of his complete and satisfactory knowledge of that fact. His attitude convinced me that he would never be able to work with us. But our valued head wanted a place for his friend and I wanted him to be happy so I suggested,

"'We shall not need any one in this particular capacity just yet, suppose you take this gentleman into your office and train him somewhat in the ways of the company.'

"Well, well," said the man thoughtfully. "I don't think I would care to. He wouldn't just fit." That was exactly it. He didn't fit and he could not be made to fit into a mosaic.

This particular task of fitting men and women into the mosaic has made Miss Ried famous. In the Bush buildings the officers of the various departments speak both laughingly and soberly of Miss Ried's "hand-picked" men and women. Outside of the company wherever Miss Ried is known this phrase is repeated. "Hand-picked" men and women, every one of whom has passed before Miss Ried's appraising eyes with relation to one thing, their fitness for their part in making the Bush Terminal a "flexible, intelligent, human organization," make up the ten thousand employees of the Bush Terminal and its subsidiary companies.

It is distinctly a friendly organization. If you were to walk into the lofty Gothic structure that towers impressively above the buildings on Forty-second Street, I think you would be impressed, and just a bit awed, as I was, by the exquisite beauty of the entrance. But the clerk at the desk at the end of the high corridor bound by an ecclesiastical setting of pointed arches of marvelously carved wood smiled across at me, an honest, unawed smile, and there were no ceremonies, and no one hindered or questioned me all the way up to the twenty-sixth floor and Miss Ried's private office.

Later, as we walked through the building I found people just like the clerk at the desk, people who smiled, who talked rapidly and with enthusiasm, people with plenty of energy, people unafraid. No one was working madly, and no one was idle. Nearly every one stopped to speak to Miss Ried and to ask her how she was, because she had been ill. One young woman who had charge of a display of baby clothes, baby bassinets, baby swings, and baby playthings, said with an earnestness so great that it amounted to vehemence,

"Oh, Miss Ried I hope you are really well, for if there is one person who can not be spared in this building it is you."

And this was Big Business? Yes. Because the thirty floors of the Bush Terminal are given over to sales service, and sales service demands more than the knowledge of merchandise, and perhaps even before the knowledge of merchandise—these human elements of enthusiasm, energy, courage, industry, sympathy, and happiness.

Wholly and unreservedly Miss Ried believes in women, and this despite many bitter experiences. For like others who have faith in the ultimate ability of women to run the business race neck to neck with men, she has found that because of their training in centuries past, women are loath to part with petty detail and to learn economy of effort so that greater energy is left for constructive thought. One crisis in her own business career must be told because it marks the parting of the ways at which so many women hesitate and progress no farther.

"I had not been very long with the company then employing me," she said, "when my superior officer asked me offhand, 'Miss Ried, how many contracts do we hold in the city of K——?'

"'I don't know,' I replied. 'I can find out for you in five minutes.' But I was not allowed to find out. When a similar question was asked the following day I realized it was for a purpose, and when I was not allowed to find out, I knew there would be a third time. And there was. And I did not know. My superior officer looked at me sharply.

"'Can't you remember?' he asked. 'Can't you remember anything?'

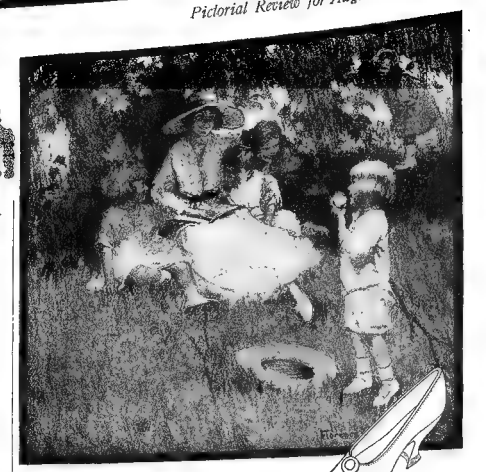
"I knew that a crisis had come. 'I can not,' I said, and I will not remember anything that can be put into a file and got out at short notice. I only remember what I want to use in thinking. There is a good filing clerk in my office who works for twelve dollars a week and a competent secretary to oversee her. I do not intend to carry in my head what they can put away for me. I want my head for thinking. But if you are not satisfied I will leave rather than give up my method of work—and of keeping my head clear for thought."

"And because my superior officer was a Big Business man, big enough to embrace an idea foreign to him, it was less than an hour before the matter was a fait accompli between us. But I would have resigned sooner than have burdened my mind. This is vital. In my present organization I require the heads of departments to carry pads with them on which to note details so that their brains will not be cluttered with unessential details

"Women especially must learn this lesson, not only to delegate detail but the thought of detail. The majority of women are ambitious mainly to do a one-hundred-per-cent. job themselves. It is often a greater advantage to a business to have fifty people doing fifty-per-cent. jobs than to have one person doing a one-hundred-per-cent. one. Whether the work is done less efficiently is less important than the fact that the volume of work is greater. Every organization wants as much efficency as possible, but a few one-hundred-per-cent. workers can not make as much money as there must be many workers at as high a rate of efficiency as they can be made to work."

THE woman of Big Business must have in addition to knowledge of people and power of organization—vision. Big Business stretches out into the unknown toward some human need unseen by us, and lo, it is within our reach. It was the power of vision that carried Miss Ried into her international advertising business; she has used it no less in the Bush Terminal Company. And the power of vision was hers when she was a little girl. She wrote fairy-stories so well that they were syndicated in a chain of newspapers. When she was eleven years old she wrote an article called "My European Trip," in which she let her imagination carry her to the lands she had never visited but had read of and had dreamed of. A weekly newspaper printed the article and paid her ten dollars for it. It was vision that took her into the business world. She did not have to earn her living. She wanted the joy of work, of building up enterprise, and she saw, where most of us are all too blind, opportunity.

But I hardly believe that even with vision she saw the noble structure that rears its proud head on Forty-second Street, nor herself in her place there. That is almost a fairy-tale, and yet she may have seen—even that far. What do humdrum folk like you and me know what people see who live fairy-tales?

*Dandy shoes for dainty feet*

Keds are the proper sort of shoes for summer. You have heard about them, of course. Boys and girls are wearing them everywhere.

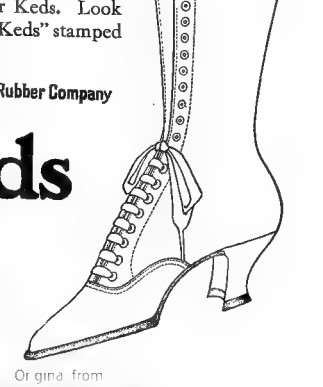
When you wear Keds, it's next to going barefoot. The rubber soles are springy and almost noiseless. The canvas tops are so light and wonderfully comfortable.

There are Keds for school, Keds for sports, Keds for special occasions. Just the kind of good-looking shoes you want! And they cost really very little and wear splendidly.

You can obtain Keds at any good shoe-store. Get Mother and Dad to go with you and select a pair for themselves as well. Ask for Keds. Look for the name "Keds" stamped on the sole.

United States Rubber Company

**Keds**

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# The Soups

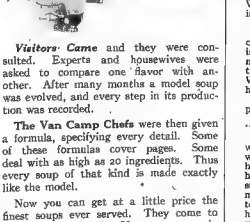
## That Surprise Connoisseurs

***A Van Camp Soup,*** wherever served, will amaze the connoisseur.

Consider how the flavor is attained. The basic recipe is usually a famous French creation. Some of them won prizes in French culinary contests.

They were brought to us by a noted chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris. Here he made from those prize recipes the basic Van Camp Soups.

***Then Scientific Cooks***—men with college training—worked with him to perfect the flavor. They made a study of every ingredient, and fixed a standard for each. They compared sometimes a hundred blends—even 200 on some soups. Thus step by step they attained the summit of soup savor. All of these exquisite soups were made vastly more delightful.



***Visitors Came*** and they were consulted. Experts and housewives were asked to compare one flavor with another. After many months a model soup was evolved, and every step in its production was recorded.

**The Van Camp Chefs** were then given a formula, specifying every detail. Some of these formulas cover pages. Some deal with as high as 20 ingredients. Thus every soup of that kind is made exactly like the model.

Now you can get at a little price the finest soups ever served. They come to you ready-prepared. You can serve in your own home, in three minutes, a better soup than Paris. Order a few cans to prove this. Compare them with the soups you know.

**VAN CAMP'S**
**18 Soups—Kinds**

*Other Van Camp Products Include*

Pork and Beans — Evaporated Milk — Spaghetti — Peanut Butter — Chili Con Carne — Catsup — Chili Sauce, etc.

*Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis*

***Van Camp's Pork and Beans***

Baked for three hours without bursting or crisping, with a wondrous sauce.

***Van Camp's Spaghetti***

A famous Italian recipe perfected like the Van Camp Soups by our college cooks.

***Van Camp's Peanut Butter***

Made of blended peanuts, toasted, with every germ, every skin removed.



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# The Packet of Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

he had something in his pocket that would make 'em come across. Think it all over—it all points to some great hold that Bane had on Mr. Lind. Whatever it was, Bane was apparently bringing it up here with him to show me."

He ceased speaking, as tho to give opportunity for an answer, but none came.

After a moment Lynn doggedly resumed his recital.

"Bane came here and started around the house. Meanwhile Lind had brought his Indian up here to the house—knowing Bane was on the way. Bane was killed on the way around the house, and whatever he had in his pocket was taken away from him. Lind was with me in the living-room when it was done, but his Indian was somewhere else. I paced up and down there, my mind all raw and anxious, waiting for Bane. The living-room was only dimly lighted, almost dark down at the east end. I paced down there—it struck me the lights in the conservatory were out. I saw a white figure against the shrubbery, moving to the conservatory. In the doorway the figure reached up and turned on the lights. It was Jane. I saw her very plainly. She stood a moment in the doorway, then went inside. When I first saw her she was not three rods from the spot where the body was found.

"Martha Prawl said Jim was in the hall all the while." He stopped, as tho waiting for an explanation, then he forced himself to speak on. "There are the facts; I am compelled not to draw conclusions now—but there are the facts."

Then Lind spoke, easily, smiling slightly.

"Well, let's look them over now—they're true facts. Let's look them over with Mr. Public Prosecutor. Mr. Public Prosecutor has three people on his suspect book—Jane, Jim, and myself. Bane was certainly killed not as early as a quarter to eleven, and not later than a quarter past eleven. That's so, isn't it?"

"Yes," Lynn replied.

"Very well. You know I was with you in the living-room from thirteen minutes to eleven until about twenty minutes past. The Public Prosecutor can't question your testimony. He has nothing to say to me. Has he?"

"No," Lynn admitted.

"The maid here—Prawl—is certainly a competent witness. Any jury would believe her. She says positively Jim was in the hall under her eyes the whole time. Would the Public Prosecutor undertake to indict Jim under those circumstances?"

"No," Lynn repeated.

"That leaves Jane. She knew Bane was coming to the house. She was outdoors, in the shrubbery by the conservatory, a few minutes before eleven o'clock. That's all the evidence you've got. Look at her. Would a Public Prosecutor in his senses put her before a jury on that?"

"Certainly not," Lynn replied more positively.

"GOOD" said Lind. "You have no evidence that would hold anybody. As to why Bane was coming to this house, as to what documents, if any, he brought with him, as to any motive for killing him, you have only a vague surmise that wouldn't stand for a minute in any court. Looks to me as tho the Public Prosecutor hasn't a leg to stand on," Lind insisted. "So far as he is concerned this ends an unsolved mystery. Let it stand that way for him." He struck his hand across his hair and regarded the young man gaily a moment.

"But it doesn't stand that way for you, my son. You've built up your own idea of the case. You've got something in your own unofficial mind that alibis don't touch. You've got a doubt of Jane. You've got a doubt of me. As for me, I could afford to take my chances if I had to. But we'll take no chances for Jane. She's got to come clean in your most secret thought, Lynn. You've got to know absolutely that she had no more to do with the killing of Bane than the man in the moon had. You've got to know that she had no motive for wishing him killed. Your mother was right. The thing has reached a point where it must be cleared up. So I'm going to tell you—and Jane—something. It runs so far back that I must get it straightened out in my head a bit."

After another moment, p cing, his hands behind him, scarcely looking at his auditors, he began to speak with abruptness.

"As a young man I wandered around a good deal—pretty well over the United States, Mexico, British Columbia—Japan once. I had studied engineering some, but I could turn my hand to a good many things—and did.

"I turned up some money in Omaha on a small contract to do some street grading and then went down to Kansas City where I got another contract of the same sort. An old chap worked for me there as sort of a subforeman. He'd been all over the Southwest prospecting and what-not for years. I liked him. He told me about copper in Arizona; the stuff was there, he said, a world of it, and rich; but so far there was no good way to get it out.

"It ran in my head, as anything like that was sure to do in those days—to try for the big prize. I was thinking about it one day, walking down the street and going into a store to buy a pair of shoes. I was walking through the store and a woman turned away from a counter where she had been buying something. So we confronted each other in the aisle.

"I suppose it lasted ten seconds. But it was more than thirty-one years I had lived up to that time. There was never before such beauty and grace. I stood staring after she passed; then turned to the girl behind the counter and asked who that lady was. The girl gave me her name—with a laugh. I recognized it. Her husband was well enough known in a business way. They were what might be called a family of social standing, and so on.

HE PACED again. "I wasn't a youngster, you understand—thirty-one—and older than that in a good many ways—experience of the world in a good many ways—capable of handling men, but just one long glance and from that moment I belonged to her. I was her dog, her glove—anything.

"Difficulties, you will say. But it hardly presented itself to me in that way. I set to work. Almost at once luck favored me wonderfully. I found there was a charity bazaar and she was one of the managers—had a booth. No doubt I embarrassed her—even angered her. I had no skill, no finesse, in things of that sort. All I could do was go to her booth, like a dumb dog, and buy things and look at her and talk to her. I know I embarrassed her. But I think even now it would have been odd if the power of the thing that possessed me hadn't somehow forced a way to her. The bazaar lasted a week. Before it closed she let me know I might make myself useful, if I would, in a charity organization that she was interested in.

"She was considerably younger than I, and unhappy in her marriage. She'd been brought up in a straight, conventional kind of way—everything the best of form, everything most respectable. She'd never met a wild man like me. No doubt at first she pitied me for the intensity of the desire that tortured me. Time came when it carried her off her feet.

"Yet we both felt alike on one point—no skulking—no sneaking, clandestine affair. Neither of us wanted that. Finally I overbore her. She had prepared to go East on a visit. Instead I persuaded her to run away with me. She thought it necessary to leave a letter for her husband and I had no objection to that. I had the copper in mind. We said we'd go to the desert—to a broad, new country where people's pasts were little taken into account and we'd make a new life."

Standing somewhat back of Mrs. Lee's chair and to her right, he contemplated the two auditors who faced him.

"As it fell out, we were followed unexpectedly by her husband before we had reached our destination. In his position some men would have denounced her. Some would have gone gunning for me, or for both of us. It would have been a ruse of a generous and upright passion in either case. His revenge went beyond denouncing or killing. I've no doubt he had a certain indifference for her. There was a towering pride also. Of all things, he—the accomplished libertine—couldn't endure having pointed to us the man whose beautiful young wife had run off with another man.

"He just kept still, gave no hint that his wife had not gone East until he traced us out and followed us.

"I will never think she loved less than I did, but she suddenly awakened to the fact that what I had wanted her to do was quite impossible, and he caught her back East with him. She wrote me and made me promise that I would never see her again, and I didn't for years.

"I went back to the desert. In good time I found the copper. She wrote me three times after that and twice I wrote to her. Excepting that, the affair ended with the clean stroke of an ax. She took up her life and I took up mine. We never met. I kept my face forward—for I think that's the only way."

He paced away and for a minute the room was still.

"All the same," he resumed quietly, "I committed a real crime. I kept her letters. I shouldn't have done that. I should have burned them. I kept them over carefully, as it turned out—for I couldn't bear to have them out of my reach, as in a safe-deposit vault. When I came up here to Denver six years ago, meaning to live here, I had a safe built in the wall of my bedroom and a secret drawer in it. I put the letters there. Perhaps somebody gossiped about that safe. Anyway, eighteen months ago, one evening when the house was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

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# The girl with a clear skin wins

A healthy radiant skin wins admiration and attention, but many an otherwise attractive girl finds herself a "failure" because of a poor complexion. If *your* skin is not fresh, smooth and glowing, or has suffered from an unwise use of cosmetics, see if the daily use of Resinol Soap will not improve it.

Resinol Soap is not only unusually cleansing and softening, but its regular use helps nature give to the skin and hair that beauty of perfect health which it is impossible to imitate. Tendency to blotches is lessened, redness and roughness disappear, and in a short time the complexion usually becomes clearer, fresher and more velvety.

The qualities in Resinol Soap which are so effective in clearing poor complexions, are equally dependable for protecting delicate skins from the havoc of summer sun, wind, dust and heat.

To use Resinol Soap for the toilet is usually to make sure that one's complexion will come through the hot weather unharmed, while the use of it for the bath—especially a baby's bath—helps greatly to prevent heat rashes and chafings.

Resinol Soap is sold by practically all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a trial size cake write Dept A-67, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

# Resinol Soap

Go gle

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ROYAL SOCIETY EMBROIDERY PACKAGE OUTFITS

NEW FALL DESIGNS ON SALE EVERYWHERE JULY FIRST

Every woman will welcome the announcement that on July 1st there will be a very noticeable price reduction on all Royal Society Embroidery Package Outfits, and that the SAME HIGH STANDARD OF QUALITY will be maintained.

The articles of apparel for women and children in Royal Society Packages are real thrift garments which enable the most exacting shoppers to obtain distinctive quality at extremely modest expenditures. Individual styles that always express the newest tendencies; charming designs and sensibly serviceable materials, place the Royal Society line of Package Outfits first and foremost for QUALITY and VALUE.

Choice Nainsooks, supple Voiles, linen finish Lawns, fine Repps, Piques and exquisite weaves for the decorative home pieces.

Produced with most painstaking care in every detail. The made up articles are securely stitched to withstand the strain of wear and stress of washing; well cut lines that hold the style; careful finish and artistic designing that reflect individuality so different from the usual after you have added the tasteful touches of embroidery. Articles of similar quality purchased at the shops already hand embroidered would cost extravagant prices.

Every package shows an actual photograph of the article it contains and is price marked. It is a great convenience and saving of your time to have the article itself (either made or ready for making), the correct floss, directions, stitch charts and everything necessary in the package.

Insist upon the Royal Society Trademark—the manufacturer's reputation is behind it and guarantees the HIGHEST QUALITY, BEST VALUES, PERFECT AND PERMANENT SATISFACTION

*Send for Circular and 62 New Designs*

ROYAL SOCIETY

CROCHET—CORDICHET

Soft Twist Hard Twist

Smooth, even twists of finest, selected long staple cotton that prevents roughing and admits of rapid working. Two-Ply Crochet, soft twist made in sizes 3, 5, 8, white and colors. Cordichet, hard twist, white and ecru. Sizes 1 to 100. Colors made in sizes 3, 10, 30, 50, 70.

CROCHET BOOK NO. 14.

THE NEW CROCHET BOOK, No. 14—SEND FOR COPY—PRICE 10 CTS.

JUST OUT—A Forty Page Book of the newest style Sweaters, Beach Capes Hats, Bags, Yokes, Edges, Novelties. Original designs with complete directions. ROYAL SOCIETY ART NEEDLEWORK PRODUCTS—Dealers Everywhere

UNION SQ. WEST H·E·VERRAN CO. NEW YORK

# The Packet of Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

en.pty, cracksmen got at that safe, probably expecting to find a treasure. They got little enough of any commercial value, but they got the letters. They had sense enough to know that a woman's letters kept in that fashion must mean something, so they took them to their patron, Abner Bane In time his cunning discovered what they meant.

"I had a feeling that they might turn up some time—a guilty feeling, no doubt, for I knew it was a crime to keep them. Bane had made no attempt to use them For one thing he was afraid of me. Then he must have been considering how he could make the biggest stroke with them Lynn decided the matter for him by starting him toward the penitentiary. When his card was brought in to me this afternoon he had written a date and an initial below his name. As soon as I saw that I knew he had the letters. He meant to blackmail me—demanding that I turn drop the case against him, or that the witness, Helter, be turned over to him so he could be got out of the State."

He pondered during another silence

"You know how I have lived here, my children, how I have lived for years—a rich, sung old gentleman, with my automobile and brother and sons always waiting I'd grown soft and conventional and conservative. I wanted to find some smooth, easy way out of the trouble. Lynn was under strong obligations to me. I thought if I insisted upon it, he would turn Helter over to me and I could turn him over to Bane and strike a bargain with Bane for my letters.

"The woman who wrote those letters is still living—wife, mother—holding an envied place in the world. I have done some work here—stirred myself among men to some purpose—helped water and people to the desert and planted it. I have said to myself sometimes that the gods saw that I was a good worker among men, and they sent me down a rose from valhalla to pay me for it. Little time as it lasted, she put joy and glory into my life. If I could not protect her from that vile dog Bane I would be a vile dog myself.

"Then you came in, Lynn, to tell me Bane was coming here. We may guess at what was in his mind. He was afraid of me. Like many men afraid, he'd no doubt lashed himself into a raging sort of bravado. We know he'd been drinking. I told him I'd kill him if he published the letters. Say he argued that I was relying upon his fear to keep him from using them. His coming here to show you the letters, you see, would be a lash across my face—a chip on the shoulder to tell me he wasn't afraid of me and to spur me on to do what he wanted. We can imagine that was what was in his mind.

"My idea was to intercept Bane and to make another effort to get the letters. I thought that an enormous price might tempt him to consider selling them after all, and I was resolved that he shouldn't show them to Lynn. So I posted Jim in the hall where he could see the lights of Bane's car as it came up, and I told him to signal me by turning out the lights in the hall when Bane went by the steps leading up from the terrace. I was with Lynn in the living-room watching the door to the hall. When I saw the lights go out, I told Lynn that I would step into the library to see if I could see Bane's car, and once there I suddenly realized that I was not armed and could not defend myself if Bane attacked me. In a drunken rage he was capable of murder. The candlesticks were on the table by the conservatory door, and on the way out I picked one up and carried it with me. Then I went through the conservatory to the path. Bane was just coming around the house, lurching from side to side and muttering to himself. He was almost upon me before he saw me and then he went wild with rage and whipped out a revolver. Bane was desperate. It was his life or mine, so I raised the candlestick and struck and he went down with a thud. I knew before I looked at him lying there at my feet with his skull crushed in, that he was dead, but God knows I never meant to kill him!"

Lind paused and wiped the drops of perspiration from his forehead. The strain of re-acting the thing had been terrible, and when he went on speaking his voice was husky.

"It was only a matter of three or four minutes, and my brain worked actively. I realized that there must be no scandal, and so I stooped down and felt for the letters. They are here in my pocket now."

From the inner breast of his coat he produced a thin sheaf of letters—five in all, in envelope, not all of the same size, as tho they had been written from different places—tied together with a brown string With the letters still in his hand he went on "You must have full faith in Jane, Lynn I will prove to you that these letters have nothing whatever to do with her. They were written before she was born

"I have told you that I went back into the desert and in good time found the copper there. In good time I found something else there, too. This goes back to twenty-three years ago—when we were building the road across a bad piece of country. We had got three or four miles beyond a little station called Los Indios.

"Los Indios, you understand, was a dozen shacks and a water tank and a yellow frame railroad station, with three small living-rooms for the station-agent and his wife and child in the rear of the building. The agent was a young chap from the East who had gone out there in hope of building up a pair of weak lungs—a quiet, shy, studious man for whom and his nice young wife—only a girl—I had a fancy. I used to drop into the station and chat with them and play with the baby

"I remember it as well as tho it happened yesterday. I was standing by a gang of men talking to the foreman. A half-breed boy from Los Indios came tearing out there on a broncho to say Pete Shenk and his gang had just killed the station agent and robbed the safe—as it happened, Eli Webster of the railroad police force and his scout, Jim, whom you know, were there Well, they and I and several others jumped on a hand car and pumped back to Los Indios.

"Everybody out there knew Pete Shenk then—worst blood in Mexico and the United States in his veins—one of those beasts who kill for pleasure when there is no other motive When we ran into the station, the agent lay dead on the floor, shot three times. We went back to the living-quarters. Of course, nobody knows exactly what happened. Apparently the wife had caught the baby up to run with it and Shenk had stepped in and coolly shot her through the heart. One of the few white women in town was holding the baby when we came in. The girl mother lay on the floor dead

"Well, eventually I went back to Los Indios. There was nobody there to take care of the baby. I knew from the men she had no near living relatives. So I took her, putting her first in the hands of a relative whom I felt I could claim in that respect—Aunt Sara. The agent's name was Franklin Glenn and they had named the baby Jane. I have kept her ever since, with whatever wisdom and affection the Lord allotted to me. She's my adopted daughter, and shall be while I'm this side of the big divide.

"TO ME, my son, Bane was just another Pete Shenk—coming to put a bullet in a woman's heart. But you are to know, absolutely, that Jane had nothing to do with it. My actions and some vague hints she had caught must made her nervous. She did run out on the terrace and around the house But I didn't know that until afterward. Then these new were written before she was born. Your faith in me has been shaken to-night—and your faith in Jane Your faith in her, as you must be made good I think there is some one in the world whom you do believe absolutely; whose word leaves no doubt in your mind. I mean your mother. Isn't that so?"

"Of course," Lynn replied with a touch of impatience.

"Very well," said Lind brusklv, and stepped over beside Mrs. Lee's chair in such a way that he stood between her and her son. "Mrs. Lee, I wish you to look these letters over, and tell your son whether they have any relation to Jane"

Slowly, as when one does a thing with much reluctance, she took the letters from their envelope, one after another, and ran them over. Altho she read hastily it took many minutes during which the room was perfectly still, except as her hands moved, no one stirred Finally she spoke.

"What he tells you is perfectly true, Lynn. They have nothing whatever to do with Jane. They were written before she was born."

Again there was a pause. Then Lynn squared his chin and met Jane's eyes pleadingly. "I haven't any excuse," he began haltingly. "I can hardly expect you to forgive me, but I Jane, I love you. Say you understand"

It wasn't quite adequate speech, but it seemed al right to Jane. She looked over into Lind's eyes; then into Mrs. Lee's. Then she stood up, walked over to Lynn and put her hand on his shoulder, saying, "Come into the living-room with me, Lynn I want to talk to you. There isn't any question of forgiveness about it. I want to talk to you. Come into the living room."

He was on his feet in an instant, and they left the room together

Lind and Mrs. Lee watched them go, and when they disappeared Mrs. Lee caught Lind's hand, looking up at him and saying quickly, "Jane suspects."

Lind asked gravely, "What does it matter? She is loyal."

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# Midsummer Magic

*By* Dorothy Blair

ILLUSTRATION BY FREDERICK A. ANDERSON

MARY ARMAND sat up in bed. Sleep was impossible. Through the open windows came the first grey light of dawn. For hours Mary had been awake. For hours she had tried to solve her problem—to make the happy dream come true. But it was hopeless.

Slipping out of bed, she dressed. As she glanced in her mirror she saw the trace of a tear, the last one of many that had given expression to her feelings during the long night. She brushed it away and with a and little toss of her head decided her course. She would decline Mildred Harrington's invitation.

Mildred was probably the only real friend Mary had. Making friends had been difficult for her. But some common point of interest had drawn the two girls together, although their positions in life lay far apart. Three years after her father's death, Mary had found it necessary to get work to supplement the constantly shrinking income on which she and her mother had to live. She had an office position downtown and most of the money she earned went to her mother and was used for the bare necessities of life.

Money did not bother the Harringtons. Every summer they closed their beautiful home in the city and went to their cottage at the shore. A great many of Mildred's friends summered at the same resort and from late May until early September there was one continuous round of pleasure.

So when Mary had been invited to spend her vacation with them, it had seemed like a gift from some fairy godmother. Besides being a chance to get away from the city during one of the hottest of the summer months, it was a rare opportunity to enjoy for a time the gay, carefree life that appealed to her so strongly because it was so different from her own.

Then last night she had gone to the Harrington home, where the girls had gathered to talk over their plans. Mildred's brother, Bob, was just leaving the house, but stopped to speak to her.

"Mildred tells me you are going to join our colony this year," he said.

"Yes," Mary replied, "for a week or two."

"Well," he said smiling, as he went on, "I hope you will have a good time—and you will—every one does down there!"

When he had said good night, Mary wondered whether Bob's presence would be added to the other pleasures this wonderful vacation held in store for her. Somehow she had always preferred him to the other men she knew just as Mildred had been her favorite among the girls.

Mary found the girls in a gay discussion of their plans. They had something scheduled seemingly for every day of the summer months. What happy days they were to be! There would be bathing every day and moonlight sailing or dancing parties at night. Then, too, Mildred had planned many dances and week-end parties. Two of these were arranged to take place during Mary's visit.

All these things had seemed like pleasant dreams to Mary. She could picture long stretches of sand and the ocean with a big yellow moon creeping up out of the silver streaked waters. She could see herself at these wonderful dances and the week-end parties. For a little while at least Mary Armand was to really live! She would be happy, gloriously happy——

"OH, I got the most stunning evening dress today!" It was Kitty Wells talking. Clothes! Mere mention of them had ended Mary's dreaming. Once introduced, the subject had developed into a lengthy discussion—afternoon frocks—sport suits—shoes—hats—bathing togs! Mary listened. Several times she tried to say something—anything—but each time words failed her. She was afraid they would ask about HER new clothes. What a thought! The mere possibility of it brought the flush of embarrassment to her cheeks, and finally giving a quickly formed excuse, she said good night.

Outside she had walked slowly home. Pretty clothes! She had none. How many times it had caused her unhappiness! How many times it had made it impossible for her to be like the girls she wanted most for friends. Now because she had "nothing to wear" she was to lose the vacation that had seemed so real—so near—so wonderful! The only solution of the difficulty was money and Mary had saved only enough for her traveling and incidental expenses. She had several dresses, but nothing like the wonderful wardrobes of the other girls. And Mary was proud.

At home her mother had been anxiously waiting to hear the latest news of the much-talked-of vacation.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to go to the Harrington's this summer," Mary announced as she dropped into a chair.

"Why not, dear, I thought you had completed all your plans?"

"So did I," answered Mary. "But tonight every one was talking about their pretty evening dresses and afternoon frocks. I'm afraid I would feel a little out of place." She voiced her disappointment as gently as she could—and she went no further, for Mrs. Armand was crying.

"Mother, please don't!" pleaded Mary. "Maybe tomorrow things will look different. Maybe after all I will be able to go." And bidding her mother good night, she sought the seclusion of her room.

So at dawn after a sleepless night, Mary decided to decline Mildred's invitation.

Two weeks later a group of happy, laughing girls boarded a train bound for the shore. Mary was at the station to see them off. She smiled, calling a happy farewell as the train pulled out. But when it had disappeared, the silver rails seemed to dance through her tears in the sunshine, and a sob rose in her throat as she turned to go back to the hum-drum of the office.

For days afterward Mary was miserably unhappy. It wasn't merely missing the vacation—she could forget that—but she was looking ahead. Must she always be ashamed of her appearance? Were clothes always going to hold her back and make her different from other girls?

THEN finally the problem in Mary's mind was solved and in the weeks that followed a new happiness came—more wonderful than she had even dreamed.

Bob Harrington, driving his touring car, noted this change one night in July when he passed Mary on her way home from work. On one or two similar occasions during the summer he had merely hitted his hat and driven on. But this night he brought his car to a sudden stop beside the curb just ahead of her.

"Summering in the city seems to agree with you, Miss Armand," he said, and there was something in his voice that set Mary's heart racing. "I never saw you looking so well—or so happy!"

Mary smiled at his compliment and the almost bewildered expression of admiration on his face made her heart glad—for now she knew that Bob's every circumstance was practically complete!

The summer progressed. When September came the girls at Seacliff were anxious to get back to the city. The shore season had been a disappointment. For the first month there had been the usual gay round of dances and parties—made delightful by Bob and the friends he brought down with him from the city. But afterward, when he remained in town, pleading pressure of business, Kitty was inconsolable and Mildred's parties, without his guests, became a little tiresome to every one.

So when the day for the trip homeward arrived it found the girls with no regrets. They were eager to get home and plunge into their preparations for the fall season. Again the question of necessary clothes was paramount in their minds.

Bob was at the station to meet them. Mildred, followed by the other girls, had almost reached his car when she suddenly stopped—startled by a cry behind her.

A girl, beautifully dressed—her face aglow with a radiantly happy smile—was stepping out of Bob's machine.

It was Mary Armand.

But what a transformed and adorable Mary she was! Wearing a charmingly distinctive afternoon frock she was a fascinating picture! From her hat to the tips of her dainty pumps she was perfect!

For one long moment the girls stood bewildered by the marvelous change in the girl before them. Then conscious of their awkward staring, they rushed forward with one accord to greet her.

"Mary—you look wonderful—positively beautiful!" they exclaimed.

Even Kitty, who now realized the real reason why Bob had remained in town, could not help but admire the attractive girl they had left such a short time before in plain, almost shabby attire.

"You seem surprised—am I so very, very different?" asked Mary, smiling.

"Different!" exclaimed Mildred, "why, you are another person—how did it happen? Where have you been? Tell us—"

"Girls," replied Mary, "I've had the most wonderful summer imaginable and I can scarcely wait to tell you all about it!"

A little later at Mildred's, the girls crowded around Mary for her story.

"YOU girls will never know how much I wanted to go to Seacliff with you this summer," she began. "For you this vacation trip was simply the regular thing; to *me* it meant the first chance I ever had for a really good time! And at first I thought I *couldn't* give it up! You may or may not have guessed *why* I had to. I simply didn't have the kind of clothes you all were going to take and I knew I would be unhappy every minute contrasting my own two or three plain, simple little outfits with the wonderful wardrobes of you other girls. But it was terribly hard—not only because I was missing the happy times to which I had looked forward so eagerly but because I could see myself shut off for the same reason all the rest of my life from the people and places I like best.

"I guess *every* girl wants pretty clothes—the desire to be admired is born in all of us. We are perfectly happy only when we know we are as well dressed as the people we want for our friends. So for days after you had gone, I could think of nothing else! The words kept repeating themselves over and over in my ears—'Clothes! Clothes! Clothes!'

"Then one night, as if in answer to my prayers and heart-aches, a wonderful thing happened. I had gone to my room so mother would not know how terribly unhappy I felt. After a while, just to divert my thoughts, I opened one of my favorite magazine, and my glance fell on a picture that attracted me. I began reading the article and it told the story of a girl, just like myself, who found the way to friends and happiness by learning right at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all of her own clothes and hats.

"Almost wild with hope that just before had almost forsaken me, I read every word of the story. It seemed so real—so convincing—and so much the very opportunity I needed, that I wrote the Institute for more information that very night.

"Well, in just a few days a beautiful book arrived telling all about the Woman's Institute and the new method it has developed by which *any* woman or girl *anywhere* can quickly learn at home in spare time *all* the secrets of the dressmaker's art. When I read how 25,000 women of all ages and in all circumstances, who live in all parts of the world, had solved their clothes problems in this fascinating new way, I made up my mind that I, too, would do it! So I joined the Institute at once and took up dressmaking.

"As soon as I saw my first lesson—I'll never forget that night!—I knew that I, too, had found the way to Happiness! Any one could learn by this easy fascinating method.

"Right away I began to feel like a different girl—happier than I had ever been in my life! I was so interested I devoted every spare moment I could to my lessons. And, of course, I made rapid progress—I couldn't *help* it. The textbooks seem to foresee and answer every possible question and the teachers take just as personal an interest as if they were right beside you!"

"And I realize now how fortunate it was for me that I began my lessons in the summer time. That is absolutely the best time—the logical time—to learn dressmaking. The days are longer and every evening I had several hours of daylight to devote to my work. Then, too, I could work out of doors. And the sheer summer fabrics are so much easier to handle—the summer dresses are so much simpler to make—and summer materials cost less.

"When my vacation came, I accomplished wonders! It was just delightful—working on those beautiful fabrics out of doors all day long. And by that time Bob had become a frequent caller. He used to read aloud to me sometimes as I worked.

"Almost at once I began making actual garments—that's another delightful thing about the course. Why I made a beautiful little waist after my third lesson!

From her hat to the tips of her dainty pumps she was perfect!

"WHAT was most important to me, I learned not only how to make every kind of garment, but what colors and fabrics were most appropriate for me, how to develop those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming. My course opened up a whole new world to me. When, after just a few lessons, I finished my first dress, I simply had to wear it to the office. And that night Bob met me. I'll never forget the expression on his face when he realized that something had transformed me in his eyes!

"I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, or in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me.

"Besides having more and prettier clothes than I ever had before, I have made a lot of pretty new things for mother! She is just as happy about it as I am."

"I suppose," said Kitty, a little enviously, "you'll soon be needing a wedding dress. But, of course, you'll buy that!"

"Well, that's an entirely separate secret," Mary answered, blushing, "but a whole section of my course was devoted to planning and making a bride's complete trousseau—and I took the last stitch in my wedding dress nearly a week ago. Bob says it's the most wonderful ever!

"So that's my story," finished Mary, "I'm the happiest girl alive and I owe it all to the Woman's Institute! That alone could have accomplished what Bob calls my 'Midsummer Magic.' And what *I* did—in saving hundreds of dollars on my clothes, having prettier, more stylish, better-made garments than I could have had any other way, and attracting happiness with them—any woman or girl can do!"

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## The Packet of Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

They stepped to the sofa and sat side by side, hand in hand, and she gave a little shudder and held tighter to him, saying just above a whisper, in a kind of dreadful confidence.

"Martha saw that one of the candlesticks was bent. She called my attention to it. I've put them away." And then lower still, "What happened after you took the letters? How did you account for the time?"

He shuddered and a grayish pallor overspread his face.

"I turned out the lights in the conservatory as I went out. It seems I forgot to turn them on again when I came in, but I didn't forget to turn my watch back ten minutes. When I went in to Lynn and held it up so he could see, it showed thirteen minutes to eleven. It was a cheap trick, but it answered." His hand shook as he passed it over his brow. "Try to forget it, Katherine, it seems as if I never can."

Her fingers closed around his comfortingly. "There was no other way, it was self-defense," she whispered. "I should be horrified, I should be overwhelmed, but I'm not, there was no other way."

FOR the first time that evening—or for a long while, tears came into her eyes. "We say it all ended one thirty years ago—ended," she murmured. "But I often wonder—at myself—the way I've lived. Keeping up a smile for the boy's sake—even very careful how my hair's combed and my gowns are made. How could the nice little woman who came out here from Baltimore have found the firmness to play that part for over thirty years? She couldn't except she got it from you. It's been you, Thorsen. You opened a bigger door to me."

"We have really lived," he told her. "People who really live must look forward, not back."

She looked down at the little heap of letters in her lap. After an absorbed moment, stirring a little closer beside him, she said softly, "We're old gray heads now—looking forward to grandchildren. Sometimes I am long to see you, my dear—just to sit down and talk to you. To see with my own eyes that you're looking hale and properly fed. You wouldn't guess how many times I've run down-town, or here or there, only for a chance to look at you across the street."

"I know! I know!" he replied quickly. "Sometimes the thought tears through me like a bullet. She's just over there, fifteen minutes away!" He smiled gravely. "Then I pitch into my work like the devil. That's the way I get out of it.

"No looking back, Katherine. Face front. Ride through. And so—let's burn these letters. They must not turn up again."

She looked at the letters in her lap. "My love letters to you," she said softly, "the letters of a girl unhappily married. But you understand now, Thor, there was no other way for me. I loved you, these letters show that, but I just couldn't go on, I couldn't!"

He kissed her tenderly and after an instant with his encircling arm gently urged her to her feet. They stood up together and stepped over to the grate where a few embers faintly glowed. He stirred them. She stooped and held a corner of a letter to a live coal until it broke into flame, then fed the letters to the flame. They stood together, watched them burn.

A little later Lynn and Jane came into the room. The older people saw in their faces the grave joy of a reconciliation. There was little need for speech.

AND for many minutes, as Lind and Jane rode homeward, there was little place for words—only a few mere dead leaves of speech shaken at absently from the deep emotional stir in their minds.

Finally she slipped her hand into his, and in a fluttering half-whisper, leaning against his side, she said:

"Uncle Thorsen—you couldn't have let him show Lynn the letters." There was no rising inflection; yet it seemed to be a question.

"No," he replied gravely.

A little pause and again the fluttering whisper.

"Then, Uncle Thorsen, you have always loved Lynn's mother?"

"Yes, Jane," he replied softly.

She turned toward him, tears running down her cheeks, her arms slipping around him.

"I'm so glad Lynn's mother has had that happiness. From now on Uncle Thorsen, you will be father to both of us, won't you?"


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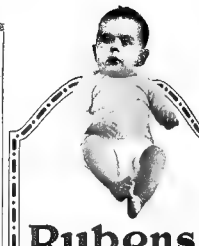

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# A Fair Field in the State

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

land hold the fathers of children born out of marriage equally responsible with the mothers for their support, and removes from such children any stigma that the wicked, old, sex-ridden past may have dared to put upon them.

But motherhood can not be made "safe" by a panacea which ignores the fact that dividing a family income does not add to it! Those American homes that are mere mile-stones on the road to perdition need an addition, the family income among other things.

The system of so-called "mothers' pensions," adopted in more or less tentative and incomplete form in an ever-increasing number of States, has had the votes of women in equal-suffrage States always solidly behind the movement. To nationalize that movement, to broaden and strengthen it, will need no urging upon the great mass of women who realize that, as the creating of human life is their task, so is the safeguarding of life also.

That word "safeguarding" burdens me with the ruthlessness of space—in magazines. For if I had enough space I could use figures that should sound like the trumpet of Gabriel to Mothers of Women.

I do not believe that adult women workers should be made in any large sense wards of the State, as some Social workers are trying to make them. Such guardianship makes too cruelly difficult for women their task of competing on fair terms with men in the labor market.

But there is no question about that guardianship for girls under twenty-one. Between the years of thirteen and nineteen is the true "dangerous age" for women. Yet, to-day, the girl of fifteen, seventeen, nineteen—untrained, underfed, poisoned by fatigue, without ambition or hope of advancement, passing soddenly by the million from the monotony of the canning factory to another dull monotony and still another—is one of the most sinister figures in our American life.

When we were content to use a man's thumb for measuring her, women sometimes excused the ignorance and soddenness, with the plea that, after all, such girls were only working a few years on their way from a father's house to a husband's. But now we understand the close connection between such demoralizing, untrained work and a home thrown on the waste-heap.

Here's a full woman-sized job for women—to use their new power in the State to guard such girls and insist on their training.

I should be proud, Friendly Reader, if in this brief study I had set forth a flashing white national program for women, with triumphant Amazonian warriors, armed with votes instead of swords, establishing forthwith a glorious new economic basis for their sex, with a New Heaven and a New Earth for both men and women.

Instead I have simply shown—I grant it ruefully—women digging round in their own garden patches.

It has happened this way, no doubt, because I took my title so literally. For three months, now, I have been persistently asking women what they would do when given a Fair Field in the State—women in every part of the country; young women; old women; women between, who have reached the age where they don't look it; exceptional women and working women, professional women and just plain women. I have asked them personally. I have asked them by letter. More than five hundred of these belated answers lie before me now. And not one of them contains a "flashing white national program."

What they answered I have written here—or, rather, "We Women" have written it.

WITH this humble explanation, I ask you, Friendly Reader, to stay two minutes longer with me in the garden patch, inspecting the cesspool at the back of it. For the 506 answers to my questions all agree that the cesspool must go.

Nothing more clearly the advance of women than the fact that fifteen years ago, measuring the cesspool with a man's thumb, many women consented, with downcast eyes, that commercialized vice was the guardian of family safety while to-day, almost universally, they know it for what it is—a monstrous peril to the home, a deadly menace to motherhood.

The Great War hastened the process of understanding when the Army and Navy of the United States, backed by the full force of their medical corps, gassed and shot to fragments the old lies that used to excuse the prostitute man and make a "necessity" of the prostitute woman.

Only those who indulge in thinkless thinking imagine that the mighty problems of sex will be settled by to-morrow. But what we call commercialized vice stands utterly condemned. All efforts to control or regulate it have failed and must fail because it is the anarchy of vice, for which no excuse can be offered. It is moral chaos, against nature. The very idea of the State is opposed to anarchy and chaos.

The cesspool must go—or the State itself will fall into the cesspool.

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# Wives of Doctors Don't Have Corns

## Doctors All Know Blue-jay

It is made by a surgical dressing house whose products doctors use.

Doctors' wives use Blue-jay when a corn appears. And they end it at once and forever.

Millions of others now use the same method. In a moment they apply a Blue-jay plaster. The wrapping makes it snug and comfortable, and they forget the corn.

In 48 hours they remove the Blue-jay and the corn is ended. Only a few of the toughest corns need a second application.

The pain is stopped instantly. The corn is ended—and completely—in two days.

Blue-jay has done that for millions of corns. Your corns are not different. It will do it for your corns.

If you have corns and don't prove this you do yourself an injustice.

### How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

## Corns Are Out of Date

In the old days corns were common. Nearly everybody had them.

People pared them, padded them, coddled them and kept them.

Nowadays, most people never suffer corns. Yet tight, dainty shoes are more common than ever.

Consider that fact. The reason lies in this scientific Blue-jay.

One user told another, until millions now employ it.

## Quit Old Methods

Paring is unsafe and temporary. Padding is unsightly. Old, harsh, mussy treatments have been discredited. These are scientific days.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Learn that the pain does end. Learn that the corn does disappear.

Learn that these results come in an easy, gentle way.

When you do, your corn troubles are over—all of them, forever.

Try it tonight.

B&B Blue-jay
The Scientific Corn Ender

*Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely*
*25 Cents—At Druggists*

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# American Food Makes Americans

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

ABOUT two miles from our farm there is a manufacturing town which has about twenty-five per cent. foreign population. When the sugar shortage was announced last Summer I journeyed there to sign for my canning allowance. The local undertaker, who had the matter in charge, followed me to the curb as I left his office.

"I want to tell you something," he said. "You know I don't pretend to speak all the languages used about here, but I have a smattering of them, and from what I understand of the talk in my office by the women who come to sign for sugar, they are, most of them, taking their twenty-five pounds for canning and putting it in tin cans and jars for future use!"

"Oh, good gracious," I said, "and sugar so short. Can't you stop them?"

"They say it's their allowance for canning," he said ruefully, "and that the government says they can have it."

I suppose nothing short of a riot would have resulted if that sugar allowance had been cut off. According to the gratified foreigners, a wise and beneficent government was giving them sugar to store for future use and they meant to have that sugar. As I drove home I wondered if our H. D. A. could do anything about it. At that time she could not, nor was she to be blamed because, with some hundred thousand people in our county, she could not attend to that particular problem then. But there were other places more foreshadded than our little town where just such conditions obtained where she was a factor in the situation. There is no doubt that in many parts of the country the regulations of the Food Administration were not sympathetically received by the foreign-born people. Dr. Ruby Green Smith, who traveled across the country as organizer for the Federal Department of Agriculture, told me that in her travels she had been in town after town where the women and their husbands had rebelled against these new laws on food, and where the Home Demonstration Agent had stepped in and explained and helped until the opposition had vanished.

## Cooking *Their* Way First

THIS situation was general. We have foreigners in every section of this country. In Pueblo, Colorado, a Mexican-Indian family rebelled against the fifty per cent. white flour rule. This family had its own bread-baking habits. It baked bread once in two weeks. Its whole food consisted of this bread hardened into chunks that made the use of silver superfluous, imitation coffee, and an occasional other dish. Bread and imitation coffee were the family's mainstays. To bake bread with substitutes up to fifty per cent. was more than the woman could do. So the H. D. A. offered to bake it for her. I shall never forget how that particular agent told the story.

"I prayed that the bread would turn out well," she said. "I had to do it their way, you know. Then I went home and spent twenty-five pounds of bread at one time, which was more than I had ever made. But I did it. I stirred it in the washtub as they did, and baked it in the outside oven as they did, with half the neighborhood looking on. *And the bread was good.* Then I taught them how to make 'American' cake."

It seems to me there are many lessons to be learned from this one paragraph, but I will say now that she baked the bread "their" way first, and when she had done it their way successfully, she taught them how to make "American" cake.

I can recommend no better policy for the future relation of all nations and for the Americanization of our foreign citizens. Learning to do things "their" way certainly opens the way to "American" cake and other things as nothing else could. It was in this way, as far as possible, that the Home Demonstration Agents went to work with the people we class as "foreign," but which included the native American Indians on the reservations, the negroes, as well as the Mexicans, Finns, Lithuanians, Swedes, Poles, Russians, French, and so on. All over the country this work went on. Following the rules and regulations of the Food Administration, this work was made an opening wedge and was followed up with instructions of how to eat *a la* American, not only in cities and towns but out in the open country where the pioneers from foreign lands still come to begin life in primitive fashion.

In St. Louis County, Minnesota, one can see to-day the whole history of the pioneer; the small cabin of peeled logs which is the first home of the family, a place of one to two rooms, with six to eight crowded into the one bedroom; a place of no conveniences, furnished with the few pieces essential to eating and sleeping, and these hewn from the rough wood. Next comes the substantial square-hewed log house of from four to eight rooms, which replaces the one-room cabin as the family grows more prosperous. And, finally, perhaps what might be termed the modern dwelling. There were fourteen rural centers established in this county last year for the instruction of the Finnish people living there. In many of the fourteen it was the first opportunity the women had to learn how to can, and many women who spoke but little English walked five miles to the Finnish Halls where the demonstrations were held, carrying vegetables, jars, and baby so that they could learn. The boys and girls of the rural schools helped, carrying water, making fires, minding the babies, and learning to can! Much of the canning was done over camp-fires in home-made canners.

Did they learn? They learned far more than canning. For one sure method of approach to the foreign mother, even as to us American mothers, is through the children. Any mother, no matter where she comes from, can understand that a new climate brings with it certain risks for her child. She can be made to see that her old ways so dear to her, may not produce health for her baby born in the new world. She can understand that the foods of the new country, suited to its winds and weather, may be better for her child than those of her loved old country. In this same county, Mrs. Eric Nelmark, whom they assured me would be emsarrassed to even think of her name in print, made a record that an American mother might be proud of. Mrs. Nelmark is a Finn. She is the mother of eleven children; she had three boys in the service. She lives on a homestead, has small means, does all her own work. And this woman last Summer, through what she learned at the H. D. A. meetings, organized her entire township for Child Welfare work so effectively that one hundred and sixty-four children were examined in one day. She offered her home for a series of bimonthly meetings for Finnish mothers, she and her daughter acting as interpreters.

IN WHAT is known as the River District of Springfield, Mass., the population is mainly Italian. Aided by an Italian woman of college education who served as a volunteer, the Home Demonstration Agents arranged for a class of young girls to whom were taught the principles of Food Conservation. At the close of the course mothers frequently attended with their daughters. The girls began to sell their products among their people. Then the mothers and their neighbors formally opened a food conservation branch in the district. The Priest of the district assisted in establishing the center. In the Summer the center became a canning kitchen, and Italian string-beans, tomatoes, and mushrooms were canned. Dried corn and tomato paste were also made in the kitchen. At the end of the season the kitchen center, altho begun by Italians, had become headquarters for the entire neighborhood, and a committee of eight, consisting of five Italian women, a French woman, a Greek woman, and a colored woman, were in charge of the work in the district. When the armistice was signed this committee took over the financing of the center until the city could make permanent arrangements for its continuation and support.

Not only kitchens but milk-shops came naturally as a result of the interest of the foreign-born women. Whether the children of foreign lands naturally flourish on less milk than is required by American children, or whether the high price of milk in America is solely responsible, it is true that foreign children generally seem to get little milk. St. Paul's Cathedral at Fall River, Mass., was responsible for a milk-shop which will serve as an example of the kind of shops started in many places throughout the country. The milk-shop was a little vacant store, a most unattractive place, but the committee in charge fixed it up with Italian pottery and Russian brasses!

## *LEARNING TO LIVE "AMERICAN"*

*THE war is over, but the work of the Home Demonstration Agent still goes on. So successful has she been in helping the foreign-born women to understand the Government's food regulations that her work has resulted in much more than the saving of food—it has been a real step toward solving the Americanization problem. She is now teaching them to live "American" as well as eat "American"*

ABSURD for a milk-shop you say? Ah, but there is shown the great wisdom of the H. D. A.'s and the food-specialist in charge. For if there is one thing that foreigners resent it is the assumption on our part that an American knows everything, an assumption, alas, which is only too general in our dealing with foreigners. Italian pottery and Russian brasses may not seem part of a milk-shop, but to the Italian and Russian women who came to that shop they cried louder than any protestations on the part of the Agents could cry, "We admire these things from your country." And looking about at the pretty room, full of reminders that Italian and Russian mothers did know something of art, even if they didn't know all they should about milk feeding, the women who came were unconsciously put into a receptive mood without any effort at all on the part of the milk promoters. Yes, they sold milk at this milk-shop; the pottery and brasses did not interfere at all with sales. And milk was sold in hundreds of milk-shops such as this throughout the country, to many of which, like this shop, the Priest and the Rabbi of the district came to the meetings and encouraged the women to learn how to feed their children.

One of the saving graces of the work of the Home Demonstration Agents in their work with foreigners has been their willingness to learn, a policy outlined for them by the Federal office and worth considering by any woman who is trying to make Americans of foreign-born citizens. Of course we haven't got to the bottom of food philosophy yet and may never get there; we do not know whether a man's food makes him what he is or how much of what he is. We do not even find ourselves secure as to what is beneficial to our health and what is detrimental, so greatly do our experts disagree. And being in this hazy state of mind it doesn't seem quite fair to object to foreign dishes just because they are foreign, and then to be angry with the foreigner who on the same ground does not approve of ours. Yet that is our usual state of mind, and who can blame the foreigner when he objects?

One of the most successful workers with foreign women told me that her greatest success lay in the fact that she had tried out all their pet dishes. She added she had found most of them good! The H. D. A.'s worked on the same plan. In New York State several of them collected little books of recipes of foreign dishes and printed them side by side with American recipes. While they were doing this they taught milk-feeding and the cooking of fruits—for this is usually the second change in importance in the feeding of foreign children. Some foreigners taught in one New York demonstration station did not know that apples could be baked. Their children, even the very little ones, ate all fruit raw. They knew little or nothing of cooked cereals. The demonstrator in this place, next there by the Federal Food Board, took the bull by the horns. She insisted upon the mothers bringing their children to demonstrations and she cooked cereals to serve each child. While the mothers—mainly Italians — were talking and gesticulating and waving their hands, eating at baked apples and oatmeal and various cooked wheat cereals, the children calmly ate them up and wanted more!

"The things must be good," affirmed the mothers afterward. "See how the children cry for them."

The testimony of the grocers in the neighborhood follows. "Never in my life," said one grocer solemnly, "did I have a call for oatmeal. I never even kept it. But now— Well, just look out on the street." Out on the street were cylindrical oatmeal boxes converted into rollers, wheels for carts and other playthings for the small children who held them.

"And I am selling corn-meal," said a second grocer, "I—who have been here twenty years and had never sold a pound."

## Seven Nationalities Can Together

JUST how complicated the matter of teaching Americanism through the stomach can be is well illustrated in Gardner, Mass. Gardner is a manufacturing town in a picturesque hilly region dotted all over with lakes. Last Summer when demonstrations were being given, there was a call for leaders and interpreters to help the work. A training-class for leadership was made up of four Finnish women, two Lithuanians, two Poles, two Swedes, two Italians, two French women, and two Americans. There were fourteen instruction centers where these women worked. In Manchester, N. H., three hundred people attended regular food meetings at which the recipes of the Home Demonstration Agent were translated into French. At Nashua, where the entire population, three thousand one hundred strong, is French, and the Mayor a French Canadian, the demonstrations were all in French.

I am giving these figures because we must realize that not only in great cities is there an Americanization problem but in small towns. In communities are settlements of people who are still just as they were, or almost as they were, when they came here. Just as long as they remain non-American, so much is our national unity and our national strength lessened. It is not going to be easy to make them over into Americans, and we have to use every avenue of approach that we can. And that is one we have thought little of—this one of teaching to eat "American."

The Home Demonstration Agents have gone at this work wholeheartedly. In Oklahoma and Texas, New Mexico and Colorado, they have dealt with Mexicans and with Indians who have been living in this country—certainly not as Americans—as we understand the term, even if the Indians are the native Americans. The H.D.A. work with the Indians has met with success. Despite all ideas to the contrary, Indian girls have

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THE Food and Health Center of the River District in Springfield, Mass., showing the Preparation of a Hot Lunch for the Children of the Neighborhood. With the Home Demonstration Agent are the Italian Woman Who Prepared the Food and Two Volunteer Workers from the Woman's Club

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# Ham and brown gravy

## *The irresistible southern dish*

And none of the ham's goodness has been wasted in parboiling—it's all there, in the juicy slice itself and in that hot flavory brown gravy for which the dusky Southern cook who only needed to "pass her han' ovah de kittle" was so renowned.

Her skill was not magic, although the result tasted like it. This recipe will enable you to equal it:

Trim a thick slice of Premium Ham. Don't parboil it, but put at once into a hot frying pan. Sear both sides, reduce heat and cook until nicely browned, turning frequently. Remove meat to casserole or covered baking dish. Measure drippings, allow one level tablespoonful flour to each tablespoonful fat, and brown carefully. Add one cup cold milk—or milk and water—for each tablespoonful flour and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour over ham, cover casserole and bake at least an hour and a half in a slow oven. No seasoning is necessary—the Premium flavor cannot be improved upon. Serve with hot biscuits and currant jelly.

Cured with scientific care, Swift's Premium Ham needs no parboiling. Every bit of the meat is mild, uniform, and delicious.

There is an exactness in the Swift Premium cure that eliminates all guesswork. The Premium process insures that uniform flavor which has made fine ham mean "Premium" the world over.

*The blue "no parboiling" tag is attached to every Swift's Premium Ham. Look for it in buying a whole ham; and when you ask your dealer for a slice, make sure that he is cutting it from a ham which has this tag tied to the shank.*

*It guarantees that parboiling is unnecessary and assures you of getting Premium flavor and quality.*

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

# Swift's Premium Ham

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KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

# 2 IN 1

## WHITE SHOE DRESSING

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# Scotty of the Circus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

minute, and the Old Man, it seemed, was just deliberately killing the whole proposition by letting it slide into rack and ruin. Just when we were hashing it over the strongest, and comparing things with the days when Buddie had the reins, the Old Man came stumbling along, grumbling to himself as usual, and stopped in front of the cage that held Duke and Scotty.

"Thought you'd gotten rid of that dog!" he snarled. Sprint stepped forward.

"Sir——?"

"Thought I said to leave it behind when we left Winter quarters."

"You did, sir, and we tried." Sprint was lying like a wrist-watch. "But it didn't work. Duke wouldn't stand for it."

The Old Man growled again.

"Time that lion was beginning to pay its way," he said, forgetting Scotty in the thought of money. "What is he, a two-year-old?"

"Coming next month, sir. He'll be a beauty of a lion when he fills out; little lean in the loins yet and his head's a bit too big for the rest of his body, but he'll round out. He's a good lion, sir."

"Better break him in, then." The Old Man chewed at the stump of his cigar. "Take him into the steel arena after the matinée to-morrow and start him on his lessons. I want to work him and another lion in an act together."

"Which one, sir?"

"Spitfire," said the Old Man and walked away.

Sprint and I could only stand and stare at each other! Spitfire, the meanest, most vicious, most murderous lion that had ever clawed at the bars of a circus cage, working in the same act as this amiable, good-natured whelp of Scotty's! It didn't seem right, it didn't seem fair that a lion like Scotty's whelp should be made to associate with a demon like Spitfire. And when we thought of the thing that had made Spitfire the murderer he was——

"We've got to keep our eyes open!" Sprint edged his way to Duke's cage and stared inside to where the big lion and the tiny Scotty were doubled up together in sleep. "The first thing we know, the Old Man will work the same kind of a trick on Duke that he worked on Spitfire——"

"I was off the show at the time," I broke in. "All I know is what I've heard——"

Sprint smiled, coldly.

"Don't worry. Nobody could have exaggerated much. It was the month after Buddie threw up the sponge and left the show. The Old Man took the notion that some one might try to steal his animals—maybe he thought Buddie'd try to kidnap 'em or something—so he decided to brand them. Nobody would help him and he went into Spitfire's cage alone, with that red-hot branding-iron. He put the brand on Spitfire, while all of us stood around the menagerie top and hoped that the lion would nab him before he could get out of the cage. But his cruelty saved him, I guess. Spitfire twisted and turned with the pain, then leaped, just a second too late. The Old Man was out of the cage and down on the ground, cussing the lion for trying to kill him. Then we rebelled—all of us—and took the branding-iron away from him. Big Joe McCarthy was on the show then, and the Old Man was afraid of him. I guess that's what saved the rest of the animals. But the damage had been done with Spitfire—and we've had a murderer to contend with ever since!"

I was silent a minute, while Sprint continued to stare at the curled-up form of Scotty, resting just inside the paws of Duke, as they slept together in their cage.

"We've got a job cut out for us, Lafe," he said at last.

"That's what we have," I answered.

BUT it wasn't so bad at first. The next afternoon we took Duke into the arena, and Scotty with him. Someway or other, they must have rigged up some sort of a silent language between 'em, because there wasn't a yawp out of the lion—just as if Scotty'd passed him the highball that this was right and proper and to help us out all he could. In that one afternoon, we did more with Duke than is usually done in three, and before a month was over, he was going through about all the paces you could expect from a young lion. Then we took on the hard job—Duke and Spitfire together.

That was some afternoon! Between me lashing Spitfire with the blacksnake until my arms ached, and Sprint firing blank cartridges every two seconds, we managed to pull through, while just outside the arena, Scotty, who'd ducked through the bars just in time, sat and watched her whelp as tho she thought every minute he was going to be chewed to splinters. But Spitfire was too busy fighting us to pay much attention to his new partner.

The next day, things went about the same, and the next after that. Then Spitfire began to tame down a bit; we even managed to make him ride the turntable with Duke, while Scotty sneaked in between the bars and hid behind Duke's pedestal, giving the performance the Double O, and fretting like an old hen with a mess of chicks.

After that, we got along fine, except when the Old Man would get curious about our progress and come mumbling into the tent. Then Spitfire would forget all the lessons we'd pounded into him, and lunge at the bars of the arena until we didn't see how they could stand the strain. That lion hadn't forgotten how that big brand came into his side—and we knew he never would forget!

All that Summer we worked those two lions together—and all the next Winter, until finally we'd figured we'd won out. Even Scotty seemed to have overcome her fear of the new lion; she'd mosey in and out of the arena while we were rehearsing the act, never noticing Spitfire, and never being noticed. Once in a while, she and Duke'd frolic about a bit, while Spitfire'd sit up on his pedestal and sulk, and we encouraged it. We figured that little by-play'd be a knockout when the act went into the regular performance and the audience would see a little fool dog that had been running around the hippodrome track suddenly take a shoot into the steel arena and begin to play with a lion big enough to swallow it at one gulp. So we kind of trained Scotty so she'd make her entrance just after the first batch of tricks was over and the lions were resting between stunts, as it were.

All this time the Old Man had stayed away—ever since the first few days of training. That arena wasn't any too strong, and Spitfire had shown him that forgetting wasn't on the calendar. So, we'd been left to ourselves, and we'd gotten along great. We only hoped that things would keep on going the same way they'd started and that——

THE trains were loaded out of Denver again and we went into El Paso for the annual Spring opening. Things had changed a great deal down on the border in the last year; a lot of the trouble in Mexico had been patched up and plenty of 'dobe money was due to come across the International Bridge from Juarez and back in the hill country; folks who hadn't seen a show in six revolution-torn years. The outlook was that El Paso was going to give us what it never had given us before—capacity business.

The thought of all these dollars seemed to be the last straw for the Old Man. I'd seen him before with his hands clutching and his eyes glittering at the thought of good business, but I'd never seen him like he was that day in El Paso. All along the parade-route he went, eyeing the crowds on the curbings, as tho he were trying to figure out how many of them were coming to the show and how much he was going to be able to take away from each one of them after they got to the lot. There was a mad something about him, like a man in a desert who'd found gold, and who'd gone crazy trying to get it back to civilization. His eyes shifting in their sockets, his thin hands clutched behind him, he stumbled down-town and back to the circus-lot again, then roamed from the pad-room to the marquee, looking at the seats, ordering straw to be put on the hippodrome track—then suddenly calling off the order and hurrying out to look at the sky for fear of rain. He might lose a few dollars if that straw wasn't occupied, and his miserly old heart couldn't stand the risk. He didn't know that Bill Curtis, wise old boss canvasman that he was, had hidden twenty bales under the reserved seats for use in a pinch. And it was a good thing that Bill had taken the precaution. We needed it.

With the opening of the doors there came a rush that the Great Hippodrome hadn't seen in years. El Paso and Juarez were circus starved—if you know what that means. Down from the menagerie connection along the hippodrome track came a constantly increasing throng of people that grew blacker, denser, every minute. The ushers, swamped, called for help, and out from the pad-room came the entry riders, already in their costumes, to assist in cramming those thousands of men, women, and children into their seats. And for once in our lives, Sprint and I were glad we were training lions for a living.

We were inside the arena, waiting for the entry and for the time when we would open up the cages and send Duke and Spitfire through their première performance. And there we stayed, laughing at the troubles of the ushers, and at Scotty, who'd crawled out of Duke's cage and gotten out on the hippodrome track, where it could mix in with the excitement.

As for the Old Man, he'd gone stark, staring crazy. Yelling at the ushers one

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52


# He saved the last COFFEE plant-

***This is the story of 200 years ago, as befell the gallant French marine—de Clieux. Charged by his King to carry a cargo of coffee plants to the Isle of Martinique, his good ship was becalmed, be-stormed and be-devilled without end. Finally he was forced to share his last precious portion of drinking water with his one last drooping and dying plant. In such manner de Clieux preserved coffee for his King.***

FROM this single plant, we are told, were produced the many varieties of coffee now grown in South America. So it happens,—millions of Americans are privileged to enjoy "the nation's most *popular and healthful* beverage."

Coffee is the most *democratic* of drinks. It appeals alike to rich and poor—to men and women. No home so humble it cannot afford coffee. No mansion so grand it can dispense with it. Everybody drinks *coffee!*

Who can describe the irresistible fragrance of a cup of hot steaming coffee? Its aroma, "its bouquet",—its deliciously delicate, rare, smooth, tempting *piquancy?* There is no other "taste" like that of good coffee.

And who shall say that coffee will not become the social and convivial drink of the future? *Men like it,*—they drink it at breakfast,—at the business luncheon,—at the conference dinner—and at the club banquet.

Soon we shall have "coffee houses"—where men and women, too, may congregate and toast their friends in a cup of rare good coffee. And—it is well!

*Coffee—the Universal drink*

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THE HOUSEWIVES' FORUM

# Summer Fruits for Every Meal

By IDA COGSWELL BAILEY ALLEN

*Photographs by Mrs. Allen*

"Uncooked Peach" Pie *(at top)*
Blackberry Pudding

Dinner Centerpiece of Fruits and Sweet Peas

Coddled Apples *(at top)*
Peach and Pear Salad

OF ALL the Summer foods nothing can link us more closely to Nature than the fruits because they demand less cooking than most other foods. They are eaten at their best, in the natural sun-ripened state. It is not necessary to change their general composition by artificial heat, nor by strange mixtures. They are ready cooked awaiting our choice.

Three times a day is not too often to serve them. As the first course at breakfast, as the appetizer, the salad or the dessert, at the Summer luncheon, dinner or supper, as the between-meal titbit for the children or the overheated grown-up, they can be introduced without monotony, and in the end without increasing the food bills.

Many a housewife has felt during this time of high food cost that she could not afford to buy fruit, and so she would make a cake or a pudding or what not for dessert, never stopping to count up the cost of the materials and of the fuel, to say nothing of the time involved, utterly losing sight of the aggregate cost in the feeling that "oranges are sixty cents a dozen," or berries "twenty cents a basket."

She generally knows nothing of the dietetic value of fruits, except in a vague way that they are "cooling." She usually learns far more about medicines and their administration from the doctors often called in than she does of Nature's own methods, and it sometimes seems as tho she values the artificial more than the natural, possibly because it costs more.

There are several reasons for the cooling effect of fruits. First, because of the acids present in all types which act directly upon the liver, stimulating it and therefore assisting in the more complete disposal of body waste. Second, because the large amount of water found in them all flushes the tissues, again stimulating waste elimination by means of perspiration, as well as by increased kidney action. Waste is further carried away by the actual bulk of the cellulose and seeds of many fruits which sweep their way through the digestive tract. All this tends to produce a generally well-cleaned house which, because of a lack of abnormal conditions, is cool.

All fruits contain minerals in varying quantities and of differing kinds, and all are more or less acid. To introduce them intelligently into the menu so that the full food, and therefore the full money value, may be got from them, it is necessary to understand something of their composition.

## Fitting into the Menu

EVERY fruit, no matter whether it measures high in food value as the raisin, or low, as the watermelon, has a definite place in our food repertoire. The raisin is especially rich in carbohydrates and minerals, and contains a certain amount of fat. The watermelon, on the other hand, is much more bulky and contains only one-tenth of one per cent. of fat with less fruit sugar, less mineral and protein than almost any of the other fruits, yet, because of these very attributes, and because of the fact that it flushes the entire system, it is one of the simplest of the fruit purifiers. The raisin, on the other hand, is a concentrated food, a builder, but the two could not be used interchangeably. Each one has its place.

Roughly speaking the dietetic value of the more common fruits may be summed up as follows:

*Apples*—Malic acid is particularly prominent, and as it is a great germ destroyer makes the apple, from this standpoint alone, of tremendous value. Apple-juice or cider both have this property. The apple phosphates and other minerals act especially on the digestive organs. These facts, in addition to the bulk of the apple, were the inspiration of the old adage, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

*Pears*—This fruit has the general characteristic of the apple with a larger proportion of fruit-sugar, considerable iron, and a wider variety of acids which include malic, tannic, and tartaric, together with potash and phosphorus. Its acids are so mild that this fruit agrees with almost any stomach. It is laxative and acts particularly on the kidneys.

*Peaches*—Roughly speaking, peaches contain about half as much sugar as pears and apples. Their acid is especially valuable for intestinal disorders. Apricots have much the same content as peaches.

*Plums*—Excepting the banana, plums contain about as much sugar as any of the other fresh fruits. They are somewhat astringent and are especially valuable for their acids.

*Prunes*—These are of course dried plums, and contain a larger amount of carbohydrates than any of the other dried fruits except raisins, and about half as much protein or muscle-making material as dates or figs. It must be remembered, however, that when any of the dried fruits are soaked in water and then cooked, they take on the nature of fresh fruit and must be considered as such in planning the meal.

*Grapes*—This fruit is particularly rich in tartaric acid. Its potash salts make it very valuable, and its water and sugar are taken almost at once into the blood, making it a quick source of food supply, especially through the goodly amount of fruit-sugar which it contains. It is considered especially good for the nerves and blood. Grape-juice partakes of these characteristics. Raisins are merely dried grapes, which explains their high amount of sugar.

*Oranges*—This fruit is distinctly a tonic. It is a cooling fruit and is soothing in its action so that it is particularly good in cases of sleeplessness. Its minerals feed the nerves and, while they cool the body, they do not thin the blood.

*Lemons and Limes*—Both these are tonics. The acids of lemons, particularly, act directly on the liver, this makes them of special value in malaria. Lemons are used plentifully in typhoid. They are one of our best intestinal stimulants.

*Pineapples*—Next to the orange and lemon, the pineapple, when in perfect condition, is perhaps as good for the body from a dietetic point of view as any other fruit. It contains considerable mineral matter, fruit-sugar, and water, and not only acts as a purifier but has a direct action as an aid to digestion because of the active principle, bromelin, which it contains. It is also especially soothing to an irritated throat. Pineapple-juice partakes of the general characteristics of the fresh fruit.

## When Strawberries Cause Trouble

*Berries*—Strawberries are decidedly acid and as such are very valuable for an inactive liver and, therefore, for constipation. They are used specially in malaria. If eaten with little sugar and no cream or milk they are less liable to disagree. It is often not the fruit itself but its combination with other foods which causes trouble. The raspberry contains the good points of the strawberry in milder degree and is particularly soothing to the stomach. The blackberry is unusual in that it is astringent instead of laxative. It contains considerable iron and is a good tonic, while its mild

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

## Fruit Recipes the Whole Family Will Enjoy

### Peach and Pear Salad

3 Halves of Peaches
3 Halves of Pears
3 Cherries
3 Almonds
1 Tablespoonful Minced Mint
French Fruit Dressing
Lettuce
3 Cream cheese Balls

POUR a little French dressing over the peach and pear halves—which should, of course, be peeled, and have the seeds removed—and let stand thirty minutes in a cold place. Then line a salad-bowl with the lettuce, arrange the peach and pear halves alternately on it, and place in the heart of each pear a cherry, stuffed with an almond, and in the heart of each peach, a cream-cheese ball, rolled in the mint. Mayonnaise may, or may not, be passed, as desired.

### "Uncooked Fruit" Pies

1 Qt Sweetened Halved Apricots or Peaches, or Sweetened Blackberries, Blackcaps, or Raspberries
1 Cupful Heavy Cream Whipped and Sweetened, or 1 Pt. of Fruit-whip
1 Pastry Shell

BAKE the pastry shell as usual, over an inverted pie-plate, pricking it well before baking, so that it will keep its shape. Just before serving, fill it with the fruit and top with the cream, or fruit-whip.

### Coddled Apples or Pears

6 Good-sized Apples or Hard Pears
2 Cupfuls Boiling Water
⅛ Cupful Sugar
1 Dozen Cloves

WASH the fruit, but do not peel or core it. Place in an open, rather shallow stew-pan, pour in the water, add the sugar and cloves, and let simmer very gently until the fruit is tender, turning it occasionally so that it will not burst. Do not cover. Then transfer to a serving dish, pour over the syrup—which should form a jelly—and serve very cold with or without plain or whipped cream, or boiled custard.

### Cherry Betty

2 Cupfuls Stoned Cherries (Chopped)
2 Cupfuls Soft Bread-crums
Ground Cloves and Cinnamon
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
¾ Cupful Granulated Sugar

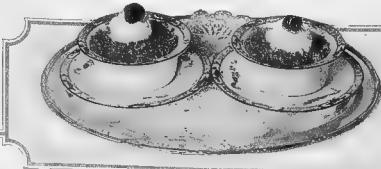
BUTTER a baking-dish or casserole, put in a layer of the cherries, sprinkle with sugar, and then with the spices, spread over a layer of the crums, and continue until all is used, making the last layer of crums. Dot with the butter, and sprinkle over a little sugar and spice, then cover and bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Uncover to brown, and serve half warm with hard sauce. If desired, this pudding may be baked in individual ramekins.

### Blackberry or Raspberry Pudding

2 Cupfuls Berries (Measured After Crushing)
2 Cupfuls Boiling Water
¾ Cupful Sugar
2 Egg Whites
½ Cupful Corn starch

COMBINE the berries, boiling water, sugar, and salt, stir in the corn starch, which should be blended with one-fourth cupful of additional cold water. Stir constantly until the mixture boils and thickens, then place it over hot water and cook for thirty minutes. Cool it slightly, add the lemon-juice, pour into the egg whites, which should be beaten stiff, and transfer to a mold, which has been dipped in cold water. When cold and stiff, unmold and serve with, or without, additional sweetened fresh fruit, a fruit-whip, or whipped and sweetened cream.

Cherry Betty, with Hard Sauce, Served in Individual Ramekins



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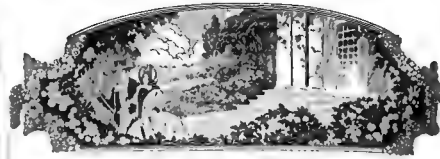

# Scotty of the Circus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

minute, chasing out into the menagerie the next, perspiring, panting, talking to himself, he was in such a state of excitement that we almost felt sorry for him. You've seen some old miser with his hands clutching about a bag of gold, eating out his heart with the fear that somebody or something will take it away from him before he can seal and bind it for his own? That was the Old Man as he raced about the tent of the Great Hippodrome, scared to death that a tornado or something would strike it before he could give the show and actually claim the money that was pouring into the treasury wagon.

All about the show he went, fretting and fuming, then back to the marquee. When we saw him again, he was hurrying out of the connection, his hands set at his sides like graven claws, his brows knitted, a drawn, almost fierce expression about his mouth that was unusual, even for him. We knew that something had happened, something that had stirred up every bit of vitriol in the Old Man's soul, and we watched him, wondering.

He came down the hippodrome track, stopping now and then to curse an usher, then to hurry on again. Once, as he came mumbling and stumbling along, he caught sight of Scotty and stopped short.

"Get this dog out of here!" he snapped and we called to Scotty, while the Old Man went on. But it wasn't a minute before Scotty was back again, giving everything the once over, and we'd forgotten all about it.

BUT we hadn't forgotten the Old Man. He evidently had been looking for Bill Curtis and rushed toward him as the boss canvasman broke away from a stubborn crowd of seat-seekers. The Old Man's claws went out, and grasped Bill by the shoulders, drawing him close, while he whispered something to him. Then he pushed his way out through the crowd and started toward the menagerie once more, while Bill Curtis got some canvas and called some workmen to fix a nice place on the straw for some one the Old Man was evidently going to ring in. We kind of wondered, then stopped short to look at the Old Man, who was glaring toward where Scotty had made friends with some little Mex *muchachos* and was helping him eat up his pink pop-corn.

"I told you to get this dog off the hippodrome track!" he shouted at us. "Now, get it off!"

Then he went on, while Bill Curtis edged over to where we were.

"The Old Man's gone for fair, now," he said, grinning.

"Money crazy," I growled.

"That's all," Bill grinned wider than ever. "He's just gotten it in the neck. Guess who's just showed up!"

"Who?"

"Buddle!"

"Gosh!" Sprint and I gasped it together. Bill chuckled.

"Surest thing you know. He's out in the menagerie now—with his wife and baby, so the Old Man told me. That's why I had to fix up that place on the straw. It's for them. And say," Bill leaned closer, "the Old Man's purple mad! He's been trying all this time to run down the show so he could get it away from Buddie cheap, and then Buddie shows up on a day when we're turning 'em away. Ain't it rich? No wonder the Old Man's wild! Can't you see him out there in the menagerie lop, palavering Buddie and his wife like they were the King and Queen of Belgium and——"

"Wanting to cut their throats for showin' up," cut in Sprint.

"You know it!" Bill laughed and started away, then turned back. "Put on a good act this afternoon, Buddie's going to sit right where he can give you the glad eye."

"You tell the world we will," we shouted after him as he hurried away, then strained our eyes, trying to see Buddie out there in the menagerie, and to get a glimpse of that kid of his. And even tho we knew it wasn't any use, we kept it up; that's how Buddie stood with us. And the kid! We'd never seen it, but it'd sure meet up with us the minute our act was over!

Then, all of a sudden, we gave it up. The band had started. Almost before we knew it, the entry had flashed its way around the tent track, and we were standing at the doorways of the cage, ready to swing loose the gates that would let the lions into the arena.

Out they came, Duke looking curiously at the great crowds about him, Spitfire as sullen and as vicious as ever. Sprint stepped forward and began to send them through their tricks, while I stood over at one side, near the main gate of the arena, as I always did, ready to help out in an emergency. Suddenly, I saw Spitfire straighten, glare, then claw at Sprint as he tried to send it to the turntable. Sprint looked over his shoulder and swore softly.

"Lafe," he ordered. "Slide out that door and tell the Old Man to get out of Spitfire's sight. He's there with Buddie—right where Spitfire can see him. I'll manage alone until you get back. Hurry."

"All right, Sprint!" I started to raise the heavy bolt of the door. Just then, "Lafe Edwards!"

I looked up to see the Old Man standing out in the hippodrome track, his face white with anger. Buddie and his wife were ahead of him, almost to their place on the straw now, and the Old Man, like the old hypocrite he was, had been following them, carrying the baby. But now he had stopped, all the hate and venom that was in his soul centering on Scotty, out in the hippodrome track where we'd taught her to be, waiting for her cue to amble into the arena. The Old Man shouted again, and from the growl behind me, I knew that something besides myself had heard.

"Lafe Edwards! Didn't I tell you to get this dog off the track!"

I heard Buddie call to him to let the dog alone, that it was not bothering any one, but the Old Man paid no attention. He was mad, fiendish mad, and he wanted to take his spite out on something. Again he turned toward me.

"Hear me?" he snarled. "Get this dog off the track!"

"Yes, sir," I called. "Coming, sir."

I pulled back the gate and just then, Scotty took a notion to run toward the straw. A Mexican kid laughed and jumped at her, causing her to veer right in front of the Old Man. And as she did so, the Old Man lunged forward, and kicked at the poor little duffer with all his strength! Then the world turned red.

Dully I remember hearing Sprint shout the crack of his revolver; then, before I could turn, I was knocked far to one side as a great, tawny being leaped over me and out through the door I had opened. It was Duke, really roaring for the first time in his life, rushing toward Scotty, just scrambling to her feet after her journey through the air.

"Shut that door! Shut that door!" It was Buddie's voice, from over by the railing of the reserved seats.

"Shut that door!" This time, it was the Old Man, screeching with fear as he struggled to force his way back into the crowd, still facing the arena, and holding the baby before him, like a shield. But the door had stuck, and stuck against all the strength I could exert against it; dully I heard Sprint shouting behind him, heard the crack of his revolver and the lashing of his whip, even above the screaming of the packed tent. Then something flashed past me and I groaned. It was Spitfire, free from the bars that held him, headed for the hippodrome track, and toward the man he hated, the man he had waited for, the man who now cowered before him, trying to shield himself with Buddie's baby, in his arms!

A horrible sickening second, in which I stood jerking and pulling at the useless gate, aimlessly, distractedly watching a hundred things at once; Sprint hurrying past me, the white, blurred faces of the crowds, the tawny form of Duke, licking and pawing at the limping Scotty, the rushing property-men and hustlers as they threw themselves in the path of the plunging Spitfire, the gray-faced form of Buddie as he tried to force his way through the close packed throngs to where the Old Man sagged and cowered with the baby in his arms, the mother, wailing and helpless——

A LULL, ages long, yet nothing. Spitfire had stopped, crouched, and was padding the ground with his heavy paws, his tail lashing slowly, while the property-men closed in on him with their axes and clubs, and while Sprint hurried to where Duke, oblivious of the other lions, was petting the injuries of his little mother. The tent was a tent of madmen—but above it all, I heard the voice of the Old Man, screaming his fear. Buddie was still fighting his way forward, his face outstretched, his face agonized for that baby, the shield of a coward. Ten feet more and—but already Spitfire had gathered his evil claws for the last time. An instant of racking agony and then—the spring!

Straight at the ring of men went Spitfire, to lay open the breast of one with a great swerve of a vicious claw, to crumple another beneath his weight, and to go streaking on, on toward his object of vengeance, the white-faced, trembling Old Man, sagging before him, with a baby in his arms.

But streaking diagonally to meet the murderer was something else, running and leaping with a peculiar, sidewheel motion, scurrying along as fast as her short legs would carry her, and barking with all her might—Scotty, the terrier, Scotty, hardly bigger than a rabbit, rushing forward to fight a lion!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

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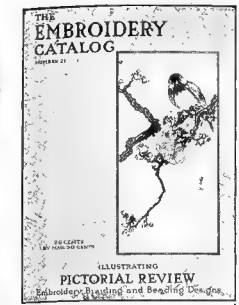


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## Scotty of the Circus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

A bound and she had caught Spitfire by the tender flesh of the mouth and hung there—long enough to deflect the murderer from his course. He turned, roaring with pain, then, with an upward sweep of a paw, knocked the little animal far from him, and sent her, a senseless, rolling little ball, into the ring beyond. There she settled and lay, while Spitfire shifted once more toward his prey. And now there were three who stood in the path of death, for Buddie had reached the side of the Old Man and was striving vainly to take his baby from the tight-clutched arms that would not yield! Again the paws of Spitfire padded the earth. Again the muscles tensed——

But when he leaped, a new adversary leaped also, blocking his path, an adversary called forward by the barking cry of the being it loved; Duke, lithe, young, powerful in a new-found fierceness, Duke springing forward to avenge the still form of Scotty, his mother!

THEY met not ten feet from where the Old Man, reeling, tried to screen himself behind the form of Buddie and the baby that at last had been forced from his arms. Jaws stretched, claws extended, they struck each other with a crashing impact that could be heard even above the thunder of the panic-ridden tent. A roar sounded, deep and guttural, the battle-roar of Spitfire, the murderer—but no answer came. For Duke had taken his opportunity; he had lashed away the protecting claws that blocked him, and, with a sudden twist, had closed his jaws upon the tawny throat of Spitfire!

Again a roar, again, again, then fainter. The screams of the tent faded—in an all-pervading excitement that even overshadowed the fear of death. Where the two great animals lashed and leaped in their struggle, a spurting stream of blood flowed to the straw of the hippodrome track and splattered the yellow with red. Again the roar, racking, agonized, then a sudden silence.

A spasmodic bound, that cleared the form of Spitfire from the jaws of Duke, allowed the body to swing high in the air, circle, and then fall, with a cludding, sodden sound, to the track. A jerking movement of the claws, while Duke watched, tensed, set for an instant spring. Then the property-man closed in, with their noses, to lead Duke back to his cage. The struggle was done. Spitfire was dead.

A sudden milling struck the crowd, then it ceased. A figure was making its way forward from the railing of the reserved seats, his eyes glassy, a purplish, gray color in his face, his hands extended like the claws of the lion that had sought to kill him.

His body rolled from side to side, like that of a drunken man. A drawn, snarling laugh came to his colorless lips. Forward he came, to bend over the form of the dead lion, to kick at it with his nerveless limbs, to clutch at it and rail at it—

"Try to kill me, will you?" His laugh sounded then, weird and eerie, "Try to kill me—try to kill me——!"

The blood stood forth suddenly in the veins of his neck. The purplish color deepened in his features. He clutched spasmodically, reeled, then fell, limp, motionless, across the body of the lion.

IT WAS late that night when I stepped into what had been the Old Man's stateroom for years. Some one was sitting at the old desk, doing over the books, the accounts and contracts that littered it. It was Buddie. Slowly he rose, and came forward

"I want you to tell the boys," he said gravely. "I've just come from the hospital. The Old Man never regained consciousness."

"He's—gone?" I asked.

Buddie nodded silently, and we just stood for a moment. Then, I turned toward the door.

"I'll tell the boys," I said.

I had my hand on the knob when Buddie halted me.

"Wait a minute, Lafe," he said softly, as he carefully unlatched the door of the stateroom just beyond. "Look here"

I looked, and chuckled—the kind of a chuckle that's got a ton of happiness just beneath it. For there, in its little crib was a baby, asleep, while lying right on the coverlet at the foot, its beady little eyes shining with the brightest light you ever saw, was Scotty, keeping her watch. I turned at Buddie's voice.

"I wonder what Duke would say to that?" he was asking. But I only grinned.

"Duke?" says I. "Don't you worry—Scotty'll take care of him. She knows how to do it. She's a—a professional mother!"


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# Old Vanity

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

"For to free myself."

"In the Northern army?—you, Vanity!" Young Robert's exclamation had in it a variety of tone; it began high and clear as Missy spoke, then, even in its six short words, it trailed away into Robert's drawl. The heroic, tragic past began the sentence, the present concluded it.

"Yes," said Vanity. "I ran away from where I was. She never knew it." Vanity started up the steps slowly. He began to cry. "You're all alone now but for old Vanity, Marse Robert."

Robert stood with his hand still on his grandmother's shoulder. He felt no shrinking, only tenderness.

"It has happened well enough, Vanity. I should have had to go soon, and I'd rather go now, freely."

"To go!" repeated old Vanity. "Where are you going?"

Young Robert, stooping, lifted the little figure in his arms. She was so slight a weight that he did not need Vanity. But even as he lifted her, he did not think of her. He thought of hot days, with Vanity in corn-field or tobacco-field, he thought of damp hollows on the road through which he and Vanity had traveled slowly, talking. He looked at Vanity, remembering here a tone of voice, there a casual word. He had thought, proud young Robert, until this moment, that he had made himself!

"Where are you going?"

"To war," said young Robert.

THE sun had seemed to go with Vanity when he went up to the big house, the moon seemed to meet him and take him home. Late as it was, he found young Vanity sitting on a chair beside the cabin door. He was asleep, his hands resting on the ends of his little cane which lay across his knees. Young Vanity had more fine clothes in a year than young Robert in all his life. Old Vanity shook him.

"Wake, boy, there's news!"

Young Vanity rubbed his eyes.

"I made up my mind I wasn't going back, Pappy, till I got a better answer. They'll laugh at me in town, if I have to tell 'em that my Gran'pappy don't want me to go." His voice, complaining, was a sleepy child's voice.

"She's gone, Alfie," said old Vanity.

"Gone?" In young Alfie persisted sentiments of affection and respect, tho he had been born in the new time. He felt also a deep awe; Death, coming for him, would fetch a victim, but Death facing old Missy had beheld an equal.

"Yes, gone!" said old Vanity.

Alfie rose stiffly. "I got to get back tonight, Pappy. Give me yo' answer, Pappy."

"I don' care, Alfie," said old Vanity "It's all right to me if you go. But not now. Say next week, Alfie."

ALFIE stared, not believing his good fortune. What had changed his grandfather so quickly? Even when old Vanity said "Marse Robert's going after the funeral," young Vanity did not see that which old Vanity had long understood, that there is an appropriate order in all things, even in honor. It was not seemly, thought old Vanity, that a servant should precede his lord.

"You won't lose nothing by this," said young Alfie, happily. "I'll remember this for sure."

"That's all right, Alfie."

Young Vanity backed toward the gate, talking as he went.

"What's he goin' to do in the army? Be an officer, I guess."

Old Vanity looked up at the sky.

"He's going to be a flyer," said he. "His mind was made up long ago."

"Gee!" commented Alfie at the gate. "I'd rather have the place I'm goin' to have. I'll bring you a star, Pappy, one fo' yo' window and one to wear on yo' Sunday coat. An' I'll be safe, pretty near as safe as at home, Pappy."

Old Vanity watched the receding figure. Midnight was at hand, but he did not feel like sleeping. He thought of Alfie with quiet, comfortable affection, saw him, white-aproned, doing his faithful work among the pots and pans. Then he put Alfie out of his mind.

There were workers on the ground, and they were useful and necessary. But there were young eagles, whose way was otherwise. Old Vanity looked upward, and tho it was midnight he believed he saw them circling the sun.

## You CAN Can

Use sound fruits and fresh vegetables *thoroughly cleaned*. Use *clean* utensils and pure water. Keep the hands *clean*. Test your jars for cracks and leaks. Wash them till they sparkle and place in a vessel of cool water on a stove to heat.

Remember—*Your time, money, work and care will be entirely wasted unless you use jar rubbers that will keep their life through the heat and steam of processing and afterward keep the contents of your jars absolutely sealed against the air.*

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contain a special quality of rubber, specially prepared for this one special purpose. We have subjected them to every known jar ring test and invented new ones and USCO Kold Pak Jar Rubbers have responded 100% perfect.

Order them from your grocer and insure yourself against loss.

**United States Rubber Company**

# Summer Fruits for Every Meal

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

acids are cooling. Huckleberries and blueberries contain considerable citric acid which acts especially on the liver and cools the blood. They are a laxative fruit, but will not prove over laxative if they are thoroughly masticated. They should not be swallowed whole. Currants also contain considerable citric acid, while the black currant has a beneficial action on the kidneys. The gooseberry, too, contains citric acid particularly, and so acts on the liver.

We probably use more cooked fruits than any other nation, undoubtedly because we have never acquired the raw-fruit habit, which is, one might almost say, one of the highroads to good health. When one uses the term "raw fruits" one generally has in mind a whole peach, a whole pear, or a plum, or something of the kind, yet these may be combined with other simple foods and in this way vary the flavor combination, so that fruit three times a day will not seem monotonous.

For instance, the raw peach may be peeled, stoned, the halves placed side by side on a fruit plate, together with a slice of cake with a cooked cream filling. The fruit is still raw, but it will seem not like the furry little peach that is disagreeable to so many. The pear may be peeled, sliced, and served plain with a little lemon juice and sugar, or in combination with sliced peaches, pineapples, or apples, or all four may be put together.

All types of raw fruits may be combined into delightful fruit-cups or cocktails, even to the muskmelon or watermelon. Often a little lemon-juice will heighten the fruit flavor, as with pineapple or blackberries, and sometimes even a little nutmeg may be used to advantage, as with the muskmelon. Cinnamon is delightful with black berries; a touch of cloves, either powdered, or in extract form, with berries, and orange-juice combines well with nearly all fruits.

When a raw apple seems to be "too plain" for dessert, it may be grated and made into any form of fruit-whip, with egg whites, and a little sugar, or it may be sliced, sprinkled with mixed sugar and cinnamon, and served with a little lemon-juice, or cream.

# American Food Makes Americans

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

learned to can and to preserve foods, to cook and to raise chickens. In Beckham County, Oklahoma, the girls' club had a fine booth exhibit of their work in these lines last year.

In this connection I want to speak of the work with negroes. One hundred and ninety-four negro women agents sent out by the Department of Agriculture and the State Colleges were at work in the Southern States last year. These agents have worked in the homes, where they have taught gardening, canning, dyeing, brining, poultry raising, bee keeping, house and furniture repairing, food and fuel conservation. As a result thousands of negro women are enrolled in classes and clubs which will be continued as permanent institutions.

Now, what are the results of all this work among people of other races living in this country? I have no figures. But I think I can outline a part of the results for you and for me and for the country. Making Americans through teaching to eat "American" is no impersonal thing to you and to me, for it means in almost every case a raising of the standard of living to the American standard which in its turn means less crowding, better sanitation, less disease, and a greater intelligence. To the country it means a strengthening of its greatest weakness, because the H. D. A. acts not only in classes and in sick-shops but in the homes of the women, often the only connecting link, except the public school, between the government of the country and themselves. Learning to eat "American" implies the learning of American habits of living, and while, as I said, our philosophy has not gone far enough to know whether that will make one think "American," which is the ultimate aim of all Americanization work, I think all of us have a moral conviction that people who eat as we do, live as we do, must think more like we do than those who eat and live differently!

The Americanization movement has taken as a slogan one hundred per cent American. Some percentage of that slogan —how much I do not know—is reached through eating habits. And in the making of American citizens, the Home Demonstration Agent has a share.

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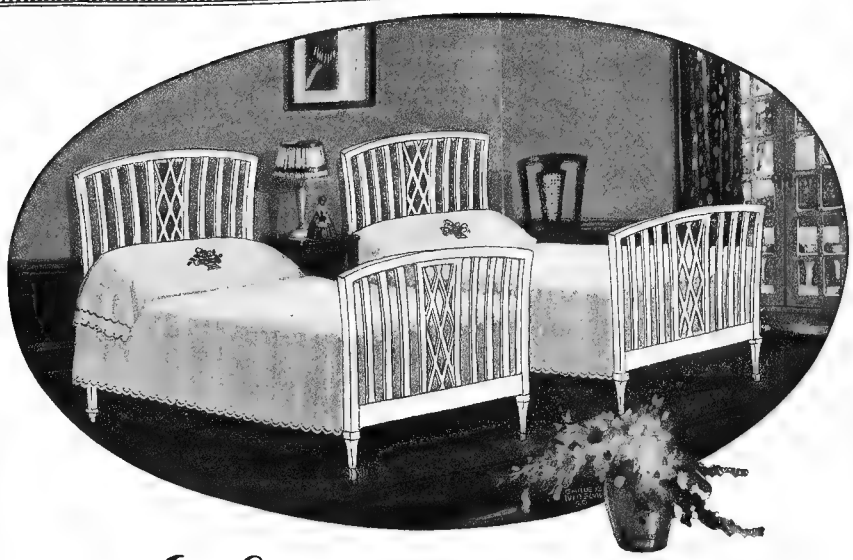

# *At Last—*

## METAL BEDS that really belong in the daintily furnished bedroom

A WOMAN knows that even old-fashioned metal beds were *sanitary*—

The thing that jarred her sensibilities was the way they looked in the room.

The general run of metal bed design has not kept pace with interior decoration.

The first metal beds were made of commercial gas or water pipe—a mechanical job all through.

And then—commercial tubing is hard to do anything with. It has a seam running the full length of the tube. It is rough in spots—unevenly finished.

❦

Women have asked "Why doesn't somebody put *good design into metal beds*—following the accepted ideals of line, form, composition!"

That is precisely what the Simmons Company has done. They have worked on it for years.

They have even invented a truly *seamless tubing*.

And they have just brought out some *very beautiful beds*.

❦

Here is one of the new Simmons designs—the "Tudor," illustrated above in *Twin Pair*.

*The* TUDOR—No. 1963

It is made of Simmons Seamless Square and Rectangular Tubing throughout. Artistic center effects—decorations in relief. Easy running casters.

Has the Simmons patented pressed steel NOISELESS CORNER LOCKS.

Your choice of Double Width and Twin Pairs—and especially pleasing in TWIN PAIRS.

Enameled in the accepted Decorative Colors.

Now, a woman can select a Simmons Bed or Twin Pair which meets her every requirement of form and color.

Beautiful in form—because this *Seamless Steel Tubing* is worked readily into the subtle lines drawn by the designer.

Exquisite in finish and color—because the enamel holds perfectly all over to the smooth surface of this new tubing—not affected by changes in temperature, and seldom chipped even by a severe knock.

❦

Everyone knows Simmons Beds—*Built for Sleep*.

*The quiet, restful beds.* The beds with the Simmons Patented Pressed Steel Corner Locks, which prevent rattle and squeak. The beds that invite complete relaxation and deep, sound sleep.

Now, with the added charm of fine design, Simmons Beds are doubly worth while.

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# SIMMONS BEDS—*Built for Sleep*

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MADE IN THE CUP

AT THE TABLE

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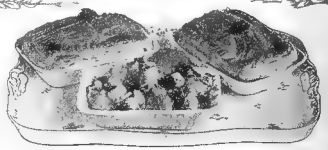
# PICNIC TIME

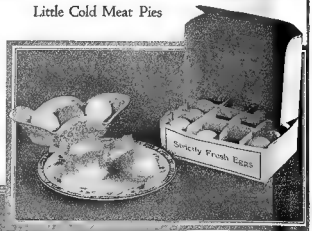
By MARION HARRIS NEIL

THIS is the season when you take your "pick" and make your "nick" on the list of good things planned for the lunch hamper. Just as careful preparation should be given to the picnic food as to that for your own table. Here are some good things for the Summer outing



ALMOST any kind of cut-up meat may be used for a pie. Add to it diced potatoes, seasoning of salt and pepper and a little liquid, water, stock, or gravy, poured in. Then cover the pies with pastry and bake. Remove from the oven. Heat a little gravy or stock and pour it in through a filler. Cool.

### Little Cold Meat Pies



### Stuffed Eggs

PUT the sieved yolks of twelve hard-cooked eggs into a bowl, add four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one-half cupful of finely chopped ham or tongue, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and a pinch of powdered nutmeg. Fill each egg with this mixture.

### Cold Baked Chicken

PLACE slices of fat bacon, carrots, turnip, and onions in saucepan, then add a bunch of pot herbs and heat these thoroughly. Put in chicken and season. Bake until vegetables and chicken are brown, then add one and one-half cupful of water, cook until bird is tender. Cut into neat joints.

### Mocha Icing

BEAT one yolk of egg, add four tablespoonfuls of strong coffee, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and two and one-half cupfuls of confectioners' sugar. Beat well and spread on cake cut in squares. Decorate to taste.

### Cheese Balls

MASH two cream cheeses until smooth, and season with one-half teaspoonful each of salt and paprika, then add ten large olives, chopped. Shape into balls, flatten and place halves of walnut meats opposite each other on each piece. Serve with crisp lettuce.

### Tomatoes Stuffed with Cheese

THE cheese mixture given above may be filled into scooped out tomatoes and each tomato wrapped in waxed paper. A jar full of mayonnaise or boiled dressing diluted with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk may be taken along to use with the tomatoes. Serve these on paper plates.

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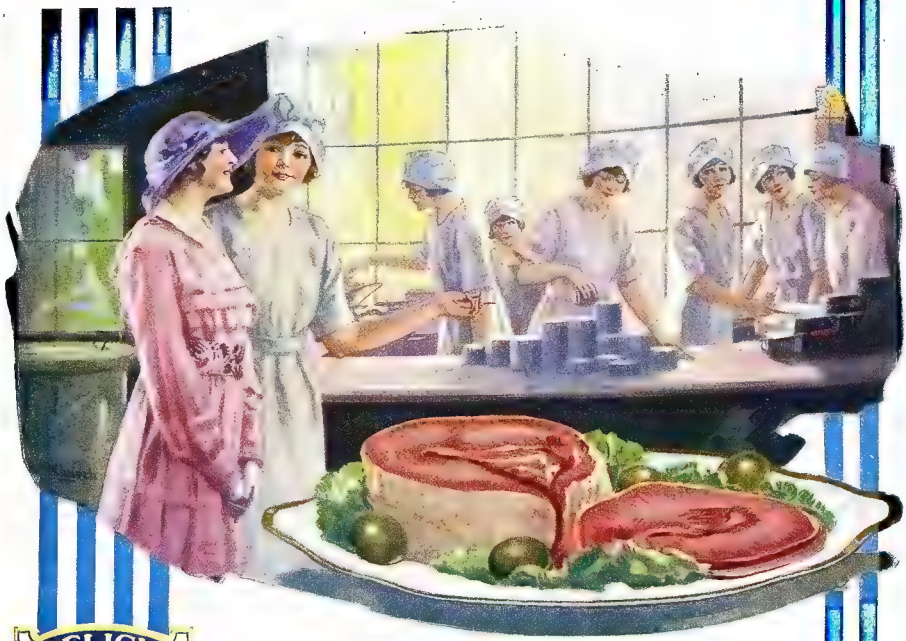

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Southern Hash
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Deviled Meat
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Thus, Kellogg's became the famous flakes, toasted, crisp, full-flavored, golden brown bits of purity which are brought to you oven-fresh in the Kellogg wax-tite package which must bear the signature shown above.

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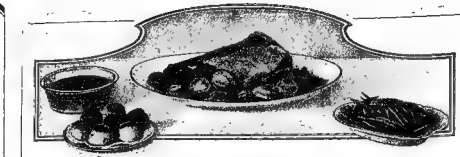

A Two-compartment Fireless Cooked This Whole Meal

# With My Fireless Cooker

By AMELIA DORRANCE

LAST Summer I knew that something was about to happen —Mary the faithful was uneasy. It seemed more patriotic to make gas-masks than pies. What could I say? So Mary, after seven years of service, departed for another field of labor. I knew it was quite hopeless to attempt to replace her for the present.

I, too, am a worker with a half-grown family and a husband in France. He is still there—but that is not part of my story.

Now, if it had not been for my children, perhaps I might have boarded, altho I doubt it. I made up my mind to keep that house running.

The kitchen looked pretty desolate after the departure of Mary. I looked around. Something must be done. Those inevitable meals must be forthcoming.

The survey afforded me this much satisfaction—there was good equipment. I had always supplied the kitchen with every thing I thought necessary. Much of what I had bought had never been used. Mary did not care for modern devices.

I saw the latest saucepans, knives, roasters. But what was there that would help to solve the meal question? In the far corner of the room was a fireless cooker, which Mary had used sometimes as a seat and sometimes as a table.

It had been bought in one of my bursts of enthusiasm, after listening to the best demonstrator I had ever heard. She had made me feel that it would be almost indispensable.

I remembered her talk about the wonders of the cooker. Now, at least, was the time to find out whether or not the dinner would really cook while I was earning part of the wherewithal. I went to work with that cooker with every intention of discovering just what it could do, and here is my story. I spent my extra hours and used all my will power, but I didn't get tired. It was recreation, the cooker was so responsive.

Now that we understand each other, my cooker and I, I find that I can do everything in it but broil and fry. Ordinary baking in a fireless cooker is not always practical unless one is without an oven, or the oven very poor. But for cereals, stews, and baked beans the fireless is without an equal. In fact, it is invaluable for any food that requires long slow cooking, and is a real fuel saver.

## Questions My Friends Ask Me

I WANT to tell part of my fireless-cooker story by answering some of the questions that have been asked me by my friends whom I have urged to try the cooker cure for meal troubles.

"Yes, I know you can cook in your cooker. But what are some of the things really worth bothering with?"

To answer this I'll tell you what I have done. I've boiled, roasted, steamed, and even baked. I've cooked all kinds of vegetables and cereals, steamed brown bread and puddings, made meat stews, roasted chicken, ham, beef, and lamb. I've prepared delicious soups and even baked scalloped potatoes, muffins, gingerbread, biscuits, pie, and custards.

My friends look amazed but not at all skeptical.

"I've got a cook'ah, but I know it leaks." This from a Southern girl, a bride. "I just can't make things cook."

"Perhaps you don't heat your radiators enough," I answered.

"Oh, yes, I do. I just put them over the fire and do housework until I think they're hot enough."

"Don't you test them? I've found a way to know when they're hot enough. I put a small piece of Manila paper on the radiator, and if this paper browns instantly the stone is hot enough for roasting and boiling; if it browns in thirty seconds the temperature is right for baking. If the paper browns in forty-five seconds the radiator is ready for custards, soufflés, or any other food that requires slow cooking, such as gingerbread or fruit cake."

"My cooker always smells stuffy when I start to use it. What is the trouble?" asked another woman.

"A closed cooker is like a closed room. Keep the lid of the cooker raised a little so that the air will circulate, and always wipe the cooker out after using."

"When you are cooking two different dishes at once in the fireless, don't they taste of each other?"

"I've never found that one food absorbed the odor or taste of another, even when I have cooked different vegetables in the same compartment. I have a set of triple pans and I have cooked onions, cabbage, and potatoes at once, and even baked a custard in the section, and there was no effect on the taste of vegetables or custard."

A fireless cooker works best when its owner uses common sense and judgment. When using, take care that the following rules are observed:

*One*—Have the radiators hot enough.

*Two*—Be sure that the cover of the cooker is clamped tightly to prevent the escape of steam.

*Three*—Use less liquid than when cooking on the stove. When roasting meat add no water; the juices from the meat are sufficient.

*Four*—When baking, remove the food when done. This also applies to roast beef if it is to be served rare.

The best way to make your cooker one hundred per cent. efficient is to use it to full capacity. This means that a whole meal may be cooked at one time as well as to-morrow's cereal. A three-hole cooker is usually necessary for any extensive cooking, but a real meal can be prepared in a two-compartment cooker.

## Some of My New Recipes

DURING this culinary experiment, I worked out the following fireless cooker recipes:

ROASTS—Prepare roasts in usual way, allowing five minutes longer for each pound than when using the oven. Place meat in container, using two radiators heated until the testing-paper browns instantly.

Meats may be left in the cooker for several hours. If beef is to be rare, remove when done.

Potatoes may be pared and placed around the meat when first put in cooker. These will brown and be thoroughly cooked when the meat is removed from the fireless.

VEGETABLES—Practically the same method can be used for all vegetables. Prepare as for use on the range. Place in a container and add from one-half inch to two inches of boiling water, depending upon the amount of vegetables.

Place the utensil on top of one stone, as it heats, until the water boils. Put container into the cooker using the one radiator, underneath, which has been heated until the testing-paper browns instantly. Cook at least one hour.

BISCUITS—Mix and sift two cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one tablespoonful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of salt. Rub in three tablespoonfuls of fat. Add milk or water to make a soft dough. Cut and place on a greased pan that will fit in the baking-rack.

Place the rack with the biscuits in the fireless, using two radiators heated until the testing-paper browns instantly. Bake thirty minutes.

CUP CUSTARDS—Beat two eggs slightly and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of

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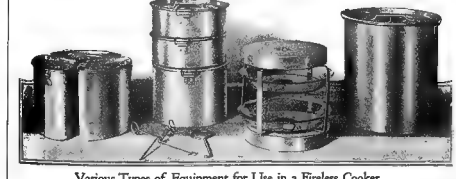

Various Types of Equipment for Use in a Fireless Cooker

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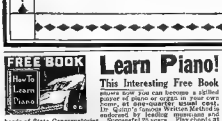


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# With My Fireless Cooker

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

milk, and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour into custard-cups or into a baking-dish. Place in the baking-rack.

Put into the cooker with one radiator, on top, heated until the testing-paper browns in forty-five seconds, and cook thirty minutes in individual cups; forty-five minutes if in baking-dish.

BEEF STEW—Cut one pound of stewing beef into cubes and dredge well with flour which has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Melt two tablespoonfuls fat in the container and in it brown two onions cut in pieces, then brown the meat. Add three potatoes cut in cubes, three carrots cubed, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and one teaspoonful of pepper. Add two cupfuls boiling water, and let the stew boil for five minutes.

Place in the cooker, using one radiator, underneath, which has been heated until the testing-paper browns instantly. Cook for at least one and one-half hour.

MUFFINS—Mix and sift two cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls baking-powder, one teaspoonful salt, and one tablespoonful sugar. Beat one egg until light and add to it one cupful of milk. Combine the liquid with the dry ingredients. Melt two tablespoonfuls of fat and stir into the muffin mixture. Pour into greased muffin-cups and place in the baking-rack.

Put in the fireless using two radiators, heated until the testing-paper browns in thirty seconds. Bake for forty minutes.

CAKE—Cream one-quarter cupful fat with one-half cupful sugar; add one egg well beaten. Mix and sift one and one-half cupful flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, two and one-half teaspoonfuls baking-powder, and add alternately with one-half cupful of milk, to the first mixture. Pour into greased muffin-cups and place in the baking-rack.

Put the rack into the fireless cooker, using two radiators heated until the testing-paper browns in thirty seconds. Bake thirty minutes.

SCALLOPED POTATOES—Pare and slice four potatoes and arrange in a baking-dish in layers, sprinkling each layer with salt, pepper, and grated cheese. Pour on sufficient milk to nearly cover the potatoes. Sprinkle with cheese.

Place in the cooker in rack, using two radiators heated until the testing-paper browns instantly. Bake at least one hr.

BROWN BREAD—Mix and sift three-quarters cupful of graham flour, two-thirds cupful of corn-meal, one-quarter teaspoonful of baking-soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add one-quarter cupful of molasses and two-thirds cupful of milk. Pour into greased molds having tight covers.

Place the molds in a container and pour boiling water to the depth of four inches around them. Boil on top of the heated radiator for five minutes. Place in the cooker with one radiator, underneath, and allow to steam two hours.

CHEESE SOUFFLÉ—Make a white sauce using two tablespoonfuls of fat, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, speck of cayenne and one-half cupful of milk. Add one-half cupful grated cheese. Fold in the beaten yolks of three eggs, then fold in the beaten whites. Pour into a greased baking-dish that will fit the cooker-rack.

Place the rack in the cooker, using one radiator, on top, which has been heated until the testing-paper browns in forty-five seconds. Bake forty minutes.

GINGERBREAD—Cream one-quarter cupful of fat with one-half cupful of sugar, add one egg, well beaten. Mix and sift one and three-quarters cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls ginger, and one teaspoonful cinnamon. Mix one-half cupful of milk with one-half cupful of molasses and add, alternately, with the dry ingredients, to the creamed mixture. Pour into muffin-cups and place it in the baking-rack.

Put the rack into the fireless using two radiators, heated until the testing-paper browns in forty-five seconds. Bake forty-five minutes.

OATMEAL—Prepare according to the usual method. Boil on top of stove until *almost* thick enough to serve.

Place in cooker with one radiator, on top, heated until the testing-paper browns instantly, and cook overnight.

# Our Thrift Exchange

## Summer Time-Savers

NEVER has the old saying about the "head saving the heels" been more necessary to make each hour of the twenty-four count. How shall we extract spare time from our already "run-and-gun" existence? Housekeepers and mothers? To begin with, let us eliminate unessentials.

### Fold before Ironing

I ALWAYS fold my sheets like a "W" and iron the outside folds only. I snap out the pillow-cases quickly and fold them lengthwise, ironing only one side, having the irons very hot. I also snap out handkerchiefs and napkins, bring the corners together, fold again, and iron each side of the fold.
A. R., Wis.

### Doilies Instead of Table-Cloths

DURING the Summer months I eliminate table-cloths entirely and substitute simple, easily laundered doilies in their place. When an unsightly spot appears, the offending doily may be freshened quickly with little trouble.
MRS. E. W. C., Pa.

### Sprinkle Clothes on the Line

IN WARM weather I always sprinkle the clothes on the line with the fine spray of the garden hose. Then I fold them while taking them down and thus save one entire handling, many wrinkles, and at the same time I get an abundance of health-giving out-of-door air.
MRS. W. O. S., Conn.

### Save Water from Ham

WHEN I intend to boil a ham or smoked shoulder, I scour it thoroughly in hot water, then the liquor after boiling is very good for pea or bean soup or to use instead of water in baked beans. It gives a fine rich flavor. The fat should be skimmed from the top and saved.
M. E. R., Mass.

### Cutting Down the Cooking

I FIND it pays me in my cooking to make one process serve two ends as often as possible. I make all sauces and soups in double quantities, and cook vegetables in greater amounts than needed for the meal in preparation. The next day the vegetables may be creamed, hashed, or used in salad. When making pie-crust, I double the recipe. This saves time and the extra crust that is left over gains in flakiness and tenderness by standing. Cereals which require long cooking may also be prepared in double amount and served carefully reheated for a second as well as the first breakfast.
J. T. F., Miss.

### Two Measuring-Cups

TWO standard measuring-cups which hang in my kitchen cabinet save me a great deal of trouble. I use one for dry ingredients and the other for liquids. Have you ever thought how much time is wasted drying out the measuring-cup so that it will be ready to use with some dry product?
MRS. R. T., N. Y.

### Meals on the Porch

WHEN Summer comes we abandon the dining-room almost entirely and spread our simpler meals outside on the porch. Here we make a specialty of one-dish meals to simplify serving. We economize in dishes and need little table-room. We use attractive paper doilies most of the time.
MRS. M. R. S., Pa.

### Oiled-Paper Smoothes Irons

SAVE all the oiled-paper which comes wrapped around bread and groceries, for it is an excellent accessory on ironing-day. I keep a piece on the ironing-board and run the irons over it occasionally. It gives them a smooth surface and cleans them off beautifully.
M. B. T., Cal.

### Marking Stockings

WHEN the season's supply of plain colored socks or stockings is purchased, mark them in pairs at top, using different colored thread or yarn for each pair. The wear will come evenly on each pair and they are more quickly matched after washing.
E. W., Canada.

*HOW are you thrifty? Write us about the little ways in which you save money, time, and labor in your home. We will pay one dollar for each idea we use. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelop for the return of unavailable suggestions. Address, Our Thrift Exchange, Pictorial Review, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York.*

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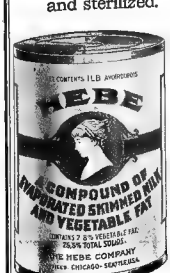


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# Summer Drinks with a Snap

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

An Unusual Tray for Summer Drinks

WHEN you're hot and thirsty on a sweltering day, there is a reason why your system craves the cooling and refreshing of a drink. This is because the body throws off a tremendous amount of moisture which must be replenished. But it is by no means essential that a drink be iced; one that has been merely chilled is not only more enjoyable, but will perform its mission in the body more readily, because in every case it must be at least of body heat before being absorbed. Moreover, all drinks, whatever their nature, should be sipped slowly, not "gulped," because nature can care for only so much at a time, and "gulping" through overtaxing the stomach is liable to cause indigestion.

To make drinks with a real snap, first of all the sugar *must be* blended in; enough materials *must* be used to give the drink a characteristic flavor, rather than that pale, anemic taste with which we are all familiar. But the judicious addition of a charged water, of gingerale, or some strong tea, or the blending in of a little orangeade syrup which contains the pungency of the orange rind, the addition of mint either as leaves, or when steeped, or the use of certain water ices in combination with tea, or a fruitade will go a long way toward placing a drink in the class of the unusual.

The most cooling drinks are those containing fruit juices, either singly or in combination with other juices, or with tea. However, they should not be made oversweet, as this not only shrouds the flavor of the fruits but adds an excess of sugar which is an energy maker or heat producer, thereby defeating the purpose of the drink itself.

### Sweeten with Sugar Sirup

THE soda fountain depends upon a sugar sirup which is made in quantity and canned boiling hot in sterilized jars or bottles. To make it, dissolve three pounds of sugar in a quart of boiling water and boil for five minutes, then bottle as directed. Allow a tablespoonful of this sirup to a medium-sized glass of any fresh fruit drink. This will effect considerable saving in sugar and will add greatly to the deliciousness of the drink and will also save time when the drink is made up. This same sirup stock may be used to sweeten iced coffee, tea, or any of the milk or egg drinks.

Imagination and originality can play an important part in the making of interesting drinks. Whereas recipes are always splendid guides, they may often be modified to suit the season, the cost of fruits, and the contents of the ice box. There may be left over some cherries, which have fallen from the stem, a dish of raspberries, and possibly a prune or two, or some cooked figs, or rhubarb, either cooked or raw. In they may go, all together with as much water as common sense may dictate, be stewed till tender, sweetened a little more than for plain sauce, strained, chilled, and served with the addition of a little lemon juice and chilled or charged water.

But all this entails extra work, and besides there are many times no left-overs, so it is a good plan to keep on hand a few bottles of various fruit juices. These may be obtained commercially in considerable variety. A good selection would be apple juice, grape juice, loganberry juice, pineapple juice, with a bottle of lime juice for occasional blending, together with a few bottles of lemon and orange sirup which may be made at home. It takes only a moment to measure out a tablespoonful of sugar sirup, a little fruit juice, or a blend of two or three, to fill up the glass with plain or charged water, and there is no muss! Plain chilled tea is a delicious Summer drink if well made, and not allowed to stand too long on the leaves. An excellent method of making it is to measure six teaspoonfuls of good tea into a heated pitcher. Pour over a quart of freshly boiling water, cover, and let stand from five to eight minutes, as it should be stronger than when it is served hot. Strain it on a teaspoonful of whole cloves if the flavor is liked, and add a thinly sliced lemon in which the seeds have been removed, or use instead a few sprigs of mint. Sweeten to taste with one-third cupful of sirup, stock if desired sweet. A particularly delicious drink for service at little afternoon or evening affairs consists of well-made plain tea, with a lemon water ice, or mint ice in combination. Fill the glasses, which should be tall, half full of the chilled tea, add a heaping tablespoonful of the ice, garnish with a slice of lemon or a sprig of mint.

### New Coffee Variations

CHILLED coffee is always delicious. It must be made a little stronger than when served hot and should be blended with a little cream, sugar sirup added to taste, or with condensed milk instead of sugar and cream, and may be served with or without additional whipped cream. To give it a unique, Turkish taste, pour the hot coffee on a teaspoonful of whole cloves and a little stick cinnamon, and sprinkle a little powdered cinnamon over the sweetened whipped cream. Or sweeten strong coffee and flavor with a drop or two of rose extract. Chilled coffee may be delightfully sweetened with maple sirup, or sugar sirup with a hint of maple flavoring may be used with the same flavoring in the cream. If the whipped cream is beaten with two tablespoonfuls of marshmallow cream to the cup, it will hold its shape even on a hot day. A very easy as well as practical way to make iced coffee is by means of the powdered soluble coffee which in reality dissolves as readily in cold water as in hot.

The best milk or egg shakes are made with a sirup stock foundation. The use of a regular shaker is not necessary, an egg-beater and bowl giving quicker results with an expenditure of less energy.

### Chocolate Milk Shakes

IN MAKING a good chocolate sirup, add a pound and a half of cocoa to a half-pint of warm water to make a paste. Add this to a pint of warm water, together with a pound of sugar and a little salt, stir till dissolved, bring to boiling-point, and put up in sterilized bottles. Use three tablespoonfuls of the sirup to three-fourths cupful of milk with two or three drops of vanilla to the "shake." If an egg is to be used, first beat it, then add the other ingredients and whisk them in.

To make lemon sirup to be used as a basis for lemonade or a punch, grate the rind of seven lemons into six pounds of sugar, add the lemon juice, and let stand covered half a day, stirring occasionally. Then heat it and can boiling hot in sterilized bottles. To make orangeade sirup, proceed in the same way, using seven oranges and a large lemon. Use four tablespoonfuls of either to three-fourths cupful of water, with a dash of fresh lemon juice for the orangeade.

Home Equipment for Making an Egg and Milk Shake

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# Pictorial Review Mother Club

## If Baby Has Eczema or Scurvy Consult Your Family Doctor at Once

Conducted by ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

AUTHOR OF "KEEPING BABY WELL," "THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHER'S OWN BOOK," ETC.

WHILE this little talk has been prepared especially for the mother whose baby is on the threshold of its seventh month, it contains many suggestions which will prove helpful to mothers of all babies under one year. And especially should it be read by mothers who can not have their babies examined at intervals by physicians competent to diagnose infantile ailments which, seemingly small and unimportant, may indicate a serious condition of the system.

As an example, many mothers write to inquire why their babies have convulsions. It is impossible for me to answer such a question. At best I could only list the ailments of which convulsions are a symptom, or describe the various causes of convulsions. A physician must examine the baby, follow the results of change in diet, and study the conditions under which the baby is living. Again, a mother writes that her baby perspires when asleep. The forehead is beaded with moisture, the hair heavy with it. If, while the head perspires, the little body is scarcely moist, then here is another condition which may point to one of several ailments which can be diagnosed only by a physician.

Which explains why I am drifting away from our usual policy of preventive medicine as expressed in maternal care, hygiene, and diet, to discuss some of the baby ailments which may make their appearance at about this age—end to nine months. The talk will not take the place of a visit to your family physician, but it is hoped that if the symptoms described are noticeable in your baby, it will show you the grave importance of having a doctor even if this means a long, hard drive in the family carriage or automobile.

Scores of mothers have asked me what to do for eczema, a trouble which often crops up at this period of a baby's life, so we will discuss this ailment first. Eczema is not, as some mothers suppose, a blood disease to be treated by cleansing the system with drastic drugs. It is one of the most subtle, erratic, and puzzling skin affections of the very young. The disease starts with tiny red pimplish points, which soon run together until the entire surrounding skin is red and moist from oozing serum or pus. As the secretion dries, it forms a thick, gummy crust which, if scratched, turns a dirty brown from the dirt under the nails. The breaking out usually appears first on the cheeks and spreads to the ears, forehead, and scalp.

If you are living in town when the breaking out appears, or are within easy distance of a doctor, he should see the baby at once. If you live in a community where seeing a doctor means a long trip for you or him, and you have a reliable drug-store near, you can safely use some of the following suggestions until the doctor takes over the case, but please remember that a *physician must see an eczema patient.* You can relieve a child's suffering, but a doctor must undertake the cure.

### The Causes of Eczema

ECZEMA can be traced to two classes of causes, internal and external. The internal cause is usually some form of digestive disturbance, or clogged kidneys. Chronic constipation is one form of digestive trouble generally present with eczema, and clogged kidneys are indicated by scanty or concentrated urine.

At such times the skin seems sluggish. So look to the condition of your baby's bowels and kidneys. Loosen the bowels with fruit-juices, such as orange- or prune-juice strained, and give milk of magnesia for a laxative. Flush kidneys and bladder with plenty of water which has been boiled and cooled, given between feedings. Look to the diet, and if it contains a large proportion of farinaceous foods, especially oatmeal and potatoes, cut down the ratio of starches, and eliminate oatmeal and potatoes entirely.

Among the common external causes may be mentioned extreme dry heat in the house; cold and keen winds outdoors which cause chapping of the skin; the use of hard water and strong soap in washing and bathing; even clothing which irritates and chafes.

Having started the cleansing process in the digestive tract and kidneys, which is what your doctor would do, everything possible in your home or by aid of the nearest druggist should be done to relieve the local condition, which causes intense suffering for the little patient. Do not attempt to clean the face with soap and water. Apply cold cream or, better still, a coating of olive-oil. Let this remain from twelve to twenty-four hours, and if the case is light and the crust has not formed, you will be able to wash the little cheeks with warm water, using absorbent cotton or very soft old linen. Be sure to boil all the water you use, and cool it in a sterilized basin. This is to protect the broken skin from germs. After this preliminary cleansing, you will need something to allay the itching and discourage scratching. If there is much secretion, use equal parts of boric acid and powdered laundry starch or talcum. Another soothing application used when a crust is formed has equal parts of lime-water and sweet-almond oil. After using this for twenty-four hours, the worst of the itching and burning may pass, and you can cover the affected parts with a thick starch paste which is allowed to remain on until it dries. The above treatment is designed only to relieve the pain, and it must be followed by a protective ointment which allows the broken skin to heal. The ointment most commonly ordered by doctors is known as Lassar's paste and is composed of starch, zinc ointment, salicylic acid, and vaseline. It is not a proprietary article. It can be put up by any good druggist, and may be safely used until a doctor takes charge of the case. Do not use even the best of healing salves which you may happen to have in the house. It may be the wrong thing for your baby's case.

You should now have your baby in condition to travel in case it is necessary for you to make the trip to the nearest town and doctor. And, by the way, if this means driving in the open, protect the little face by a clean veil or light shawl. Finally, be prepared for a number of detailed instructions for the care of your baby, because upon these, rather than on any medicine, you must depend.

Another common ailment which appears at this period of a baby's life, especially in communities where the supply of fresh milk is scarce or questionable, is scurvy. This is peculiarly a trouble of the bottle-fed baby. The American Pediatric Society, composed of physicians who specialize in infant care and feeding, made a study of 239 cases of scurvy in infants, to which 138 doctors contributed data. The history of these cases proved that only twelve of the little patients were breast-fed and only five had been raised on raw cow's milk. This is a significant statement in view of present dairy conditions, the shortage of milk in some sections of the country, with the accompanying long haul, and the general tendency to sterilize or boil the bottle food

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

## MOTHER CLUB BULLETIN

### Those Tired Mother-feet

THE mother who is on her feet most of these Summer days often suffers from swollen, inflamed, or calloused feet. Conserve physical and nervous strength by caring for your feet. Bathe them for cleanliness in warm water, but never soak them in hot water, as it makes the skin more tender. After washing, rinse in tepid water, adding more cold water as you can endure it. This toughens the skin. A little bicarbonate of soda can be added to the warm wash-water. Dry thoroughly and dust with talcum powder. Wear white stockings if possible, and change your shoes at least once a day. Wear one style of heel on all your shoes. Changing the style and height of heels forces muscles and organs to re-adjust themselves to new positions. Never wear slippers with crooked heels at your work. Never pare callous spots nor cover with penknife or razor. Patronize a reliable chiropodist if you have one in your community, or use a corn-cure recommended by your druggist. Above all else, train yourself to do all housework possible sitting down on chair or stool adjusted to height of table, sink, and ironing-board.

### In Time of Health Prepare for Illness

THIS does not mean by worrying or inviting sickness. It means training your children to help the nurse, the doctor, or parents when treatment or illness is necessary. Do it now, without fear, and carrying a few simple things.

*First*—Train a child to accept a throat examination as a mere incident like washing the hands. For this purpose, take an occasional peep at his throat with the wooden or metal tongue-depressers which you can buy by the dozen at any drug-store. A spoon-handle may lacerate the tender mucous membrane. Destroy the tongue-depresser after using it once.

*Second*—Make a game of gargling the throat after washing the teeth; also of taking an occasional drink of milk or water through a bent glass tube, such as is used in some forms of illness.

*Third*—Teach the child to clean out his nose every morning by thorough blowing and wiping. Wet cloths or cotton, or absorbent cotton, which must be immediately burned. Being accustomed to the daily proceeding, there will be no nagging or fussing if he has a bad cold.

*Fourth*—As soon as a child learns to obey, not blindly but with intelligence, teach him to hold a clinical thermometer in his mouth, as this is simpler for you than rectal examination for the child than taking temperature in the rectum.

### What of Your Nerves?

THESE Midsummer days find many a mother worn to a frazzle. The children are home from school and usually in mischief. The family baby frets with the heat, and the farm mother particularly has extra work in feeding harvest hands. As a result, my mail teems with letters from mothers who say they are on the verge of nervous prostration. If you feel like this, look to your digestion. Is it in fit condition, or are you suffering with heartburn, constipation, dizziness, biliousness, the flesh, confusion of thought, and profound depression? Nine chances out of ten it comes from your tired or overloaded stomach. Women, exhausted by hard work, often try to steam up for further effort by eating when the stomach wants rest. Others eat when so overheated or tired that the stomach can not digest the food. So the undigested, putrefying, fermenting food clogs stomach and intestines, causing all these symptoms commonly charged to nervous exhaustion. Take time to eat your meals properly, even if this means eating before or after the family. Especially do not eat when your face is flushed, your hands and nerves trembling from the effort and rush of preparing food for others. If your housework makes you ravenously hungry, eat three light meals with the family, and drink milk with a cracker or biscuit between meals. Do not ignore indigestion. It leads to ills which may prove fatal.

### Has Your Town a Mother's Library?

WHAT sort of a reference library for mothers does your public library boast? It should include standard works on prenatal care, infant care and feeding, hygiene, diet, and discipline of children, kindergarten and Montessori methods, sanitation, and kindred topics of interest to home-makers. Ask your librarian about this. She wants to supply your bookneeds and will be encouraged by your interest. If she has no such reference-books to offer you, your request will lead to the installation of a mothers' section. I will be glad to furnish a list of books which will help mothers in the making of a home and the raising of a family.

### The Sand-box a Labor-saving Device

FOR the mother of small children, a properly constructed sand-box is a real labor-saving device. Any mother who has taken her children to the seashore can tell you that sand-digging proved an unfailing and absorbing form of entertainment for them, leaving her free. For a sand-box in your back yard, make a fence or enclosure by driving eighteen-inch boards into the ground six inches. For toddlers of two years or so, the pen may be a yard square and fifteen inches high, according to further protection. For older children, the pen should be from five to eight feet square. The sand must be changed frequently for sanitary reasons, and ordinary dry dust will not take the place of sand. If you are so near a beach, you can buy sand by the barrel from any dealer in building materials, but the best grade comes from glass factories.

### A Handy Gift

IF YOU are seeking a gift for an expectant mother, consider the diaper-bag. Fragile, no doubt, but a saver of annoyance, and in this day of a-bag-for-every-purpose, it can be made very attractive. A combination of a double or two-compartment bag made of any water-proof material, rubberoid, oil-silk, or the best parts of a discarded raincoat. Slip this double bag into a pretty cover made from any preferred material, gay cretonne or chintz, cotton rep or heavy silk, like moiré or faille. Finish top with stout casing and draw-string. One of the inner compartments is for dry diapers and one for wet, and this double bag solves the problem of carrying diapers on a day's outing or for a short journey. A good size is 15 by 15 inches when finished, giving two compartments each 7½ by 15. These bags can also be bought ready-made shops, usually in the infants' wear or toilet goods departments.

### When Fresh Fruit Disagrees

SOME children can not eat fresh fruit in the quantity needed for the system in Summer. Then try some of these suggestions:

Gelatin dishes made with fruit-juices cooked with little or no sugar.

Dates cut up in dry or prepared cereals.

Bananas peeled, laid in a lightly buttered casserole or tightly covered baking-dish (enameled or earthen), sprinkled with lemon-juice, and baked in a moderate oven for fifteen or twenty minutes.

Jellied apples or pears. Pare, slice, and place in a pudding-dish with alternate layers of the sliced fruits, brown sugar, and a sprinkling of cinnamon. Cover with enough cold water to clarify the fruit. Lay over this a buttered plate, or earthen cover, buttered side down, and bake in a very slow oven for three hours or until clear. Serve with top milk or cream.

### Scurvy Should Have Prompt Treatment

SO WHEN a mother writes to me that her baby, once so jolly and happy, has suddenly turned restless and fretful, sleeps badly, cries when handled, and has purple, swollen gums without sign of teeth coming through, I say to myself—"scurvy."

So, if your baby, who once slept well and loved to play, suddenly frets and shrinks from your touch, look at the joints of knee and ankle and inside knee. If the joints are swollen, perhaps even a little reddened as in case of rheumatism, and if the knee dark purple and swollen, perhaps almost covering the wee teeth already cut, take Baby to the doctor immediately. With prompt treatment, scurvy is quickly cured. Neglected, it runs into a serious condition, including hemorrhages as seen in the roof of the mouth or passing from internal organs by way of the kidneys, ending in death through bronchial pneumonia, acute gastritis, or heart-failure.

If, as explained in the talk about eczema, some hours, or even days must elapse before you can see your doctor, follow these few simple directions and at least stem the tide of the disease. As scurvy comes primarily from incorrect diet and the lack of fresh food elements, supply these. If obtainable, secure a wet-nurse, any healthy neighbor who will give your baby the life-giving breast-milk. The next choice is fresh cow's milk, raw, not pasteurized nor sterilized. If neither of these is to be had, then counteract the boiled milk with fresh fruit-juices, particularly orange-juice. A child of six months or more may have from two to four ounces of four to eight tablespoonfuls in twenty-four hours, either plain or diluted with water. If, in the emergency, oranges are not obtainable, give the remedy used for the same disease when it breaks out aboard ship—potato water. To make this, pare and boil white potatoes as for

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# Pictorial Review Mother Club

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

ordinary table use. When very tender, almost ready to fall to pieces, pour through a colander or coarse sieve, and give the patient small feedings of the broth which runs through the sieve. This potato purée can be given to any patient past seven months, and it is especially recommended by doctors in cases where the bowels are made too loose by orange-juice. At this season of the year, other fruit-juices such as currant, raspberry, or cherry may be given if infinite care is taken to remove the smallest seeds. Beef-juice may also be given if, in addition to the other symptoms, the child is white and anemic.

As a rule, if a fresh diet is introduced, the acute symptoms, such as swollen joints and gums, will soon disappear, but, while they last, remember that the baby is sensitive to the touch. Handle him no more than is absolutely necessary, and then in the gentlest manner. When what are known as the active symptoms, described above, have disappeared, your doctor will order the proper diet and tonics, beef-juice and fresh vegetables for children on a mixed diet; cod-liver oil, iron, and other tonics for the anemic patient.

The third ailment prone to appear at about the seventh month and at any time thereafter while the baby is on a liquid diet is rickets. It claims as the most of its victims, babies who have had in their food too little fat or protein and too much carbohydrates or sugar. It attacks also children nursed beyond their twelfth month, because the breast-milk is then lacking in both fat and protein. But medical surveys show that rickets is essentially the enemy of the bottle-fed baby and the baby living in congested sections, proving that it is aided in its fell work by incorrect diet and unsanitary surroundings.

ONE of the first symptoms of rickets is head-sweating. So when a mother writes to me that added to the sweating, which fairly wets the pillow, she notes extreme restlessness at night, the child tossing about in his crib, throwing off covers and so forth, I always urge her to take the patient to the nearest doctor, and without delay. These very simple and apparently unimportant changes in the baby's condition, if neglected, are soon followed by others more distressing. The head seems too large in proportion to the body, so does the abdomen. The chest seems to shrink and narrow, and if you run your finger-tips gently up and down the ribs, you will feel a succession of fine beads, like a loosely run rosary. The fontanel or soft spot on the top of the skull seems to be separating rather than drawing together, this because of certain thickening processes going on in the skull, which eventually give the head a square look. The bones of the arms and legs seem to curve where once they were straight, resulting particularly in a bow-legged or knock-kneed condition. Convulsions frequently accompany rickets.

Rickets rarely ends fatally, tho by weakening the entire body it deprives the child of power to resist other diseases like pneumonia. Neglected, it sends the child forth into the world deformed and prone to every infectious disease, every epidemic, and usually a chronic sufferer from constipation and indigestion.

As rickets can be traced to improper diet or unhealthy surroundings, the patient's recovery lies practically in the hands of the parents. Fresh, pure air, sunlight, and cleanliness are essential to the cure. But stands equally important. Protein and fat must be supplied in the food. If good, rich milk which can be taken raw is not obtainable, then the patient must have the needed food elements in other form, such as beef-juice raw eggs, and fresh fruit-juices. Cream, if sweet and fresh, may be tried. If it proves indigestible, substitute olive-oil, starting with half a teaspoonful three times a day, and increase gradually until the child takes one teaspoonful at a dose. If you must send some distance for good olive-oil, and the baby has teeth, give him crisped bacon fat on stale bread three times a day until the olive-oil is secured. Cod-liver oil may also be given in light doses.

But give your child no other medicine except on instructions from your physician. The panacea for diseases of nutrition of which rickets is one, has not yet been discovered. If, through unintentional neglect, the disease has progressed sufficiently to affect the shapeliness of the limbs, do not experiment with braces, bought bit or mias at some drug-store or hospital supply house. Braces of this sort should be selected and fitted by a physician or surgeon. As a rule, with proper diet and general care, Nature helps the limbs to regain their proper shape.

THIS has been the one uncheerful program of our 1919 series of meetings. It was prompted not by any feeling of pessimism over after-the-war conditions, but by letters from mothers proving that in this hot-weather season, symptoms and discomfort blamed on the temperature really require medical attention. The normal baby does not have rashes and pimples in Summer—just light prickly-heat. The normal baby does not have head-sweats which soak his pillow or sheet, even on hot nights. The normal baby loves to be handled, and at seven months should have strong bones, firm muscles, and flesh.

To return to our best-loved theme, preventive medicine, have you put your family on the water-wagon? No—this has nothing to do with prohibition. In many homes where alcoholic drinks were never served, the water-wagon was equally unpopular. Nobody drank water, for water's highest office, to cleanse the system. They merely gulped it down when thirsty, or used it to wash down food which they were too busy or too hurried or too lazy to chew! And yet the water-wagon ought to collect every member of your family every day and carry them another mile toward Well-land. For pure, clean, cool, not iced, water, drunk slowly, is just so much health insurance. Taken between meals, it flushes the digestive and intestinal tract, and stimulates kidneys and bladder to healthier action. It reaches out to the very pores of your skin and carries off poisons which leave the body tissues cleaner and your complexion clearer.

Don't give your children ice-water, but keep bottles or jars of water against the ice. Make drinking water accessible and remind your youngsters that it is drinking time. Give the family baby water to drink between feedings. And, Mother, drink water yourself, lots of it. There is no better barrier between you and the ills of motherhood and home-making, like indigestion, nervousness, rheumatism, and neuralgia. The water-wagon at your back door will keep the doctor away from your front door and cut down your drug bills.

Next month's talk will be divided into two parts. The first half will discuss setting-up days for the baby in his eighth month; the second will be devoted to gearing up older children to schoolroom standards, principally by a nutritious diet.


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# Fighting the Hot August Sun

By ALICE LANE

EVERY woman who cares anything about her personal appearance knows that she can not afford to let her skin become coarsened by the excessive heat of the August sun. Unless you take good care of your complexion during these dreadfully hot days you will have double duty to perform in the Fall

One thing is certain, it is far easier to prevent sunburn than it is to get rid of it This is also true of freckles. If you are inclined to freckle, be careful not to expose your face and hands to the sun any more than is actually necessary. Wear hats of mushroom shape, and carry a parasol when possible. When bathing, don't lie on the sand for hours and let the sun dry your wet skin. When you come in from bathing, use a lotion that will tend to bleach the skin at once before the freckles have made any inroad on the flesh. Be sure and keep a bottle of this lotion and a big can of talcum powder in your bath-house. If the freckles have already made their appearance, then get a jar of freckle-cream that will remove them, and use it every day when they first come out. Don't wait until you are spotted all over.

THERE are two kinds of cold-cream that you ought to use during the hot Summer months. One is a cleansing cream, and the other is a protection cream Use the cleansing cream as often as your face needs it, and be sure you wipe it all off with a soft piece of old toweling. The other cream you put on before going out during the day—preferably a vanishing cream, because these creams never make the face shiny and hold the powder on. If your face perspires very freely and your skin is inclined to be oily, you will find better results by using a liquid powder—kept by any reliable druggist, even in small towns.

As a rule it is necessary to shampoo the hair oftener than usual during this sultry month. This will help to keep the hair from getting too burned by the sun if you go without a hat. Many girls wash their heads once a week during the Summer, thus keeping it free from oil. Good results are obtained by making a lather of soap flakes instead of rubbing the cake of soap directly on the hair. Make a good lather and rub the lather rather than the soap into the scalp. In addition to that, of course, you can get a bottle of good shampoo lotion which makes washing the hair at home a process of only a few minutes. When the hair is almost dry—drying it in the sunlight and open air is the best way—put it up on a set of patent curlers and let it dry thoroughly.

IF YOUR hair flies about too much after washing, use a little brilliantine, but use it properly. Never apply brilliantine directly to the hair with the hand as so many women do Pour a few drops into the palm of the hand—and a few drops means just that much and no more. Then rub a clean hair-brush over the hand and brush the hair with that. This is quite sufficient. If you have many short hairs it is well to wear a net the first day to keep them from flying about, but, as a rule, hairnets make you look old as they tend to harden the face. Girls in their teens can wear hair-nets, but let the woman of thirty put them on only when necessary.

During the week, if your head gets oily, dust a little talcum right into the scalp and brush the hair fifty strokes to get it out. But dust the powder on the scalp and not on the hair.

If you wear a false piece of any sort during these Summer months, you will have to take extra care of it, for it looks badly as soon as dust and dirt settle on it. Never wash false hair in soap and water. Wash it in a basin of gasoline and let it dry in the sunlight. The odor will soon disappear. Then brush with brilliantine and it will give it new life. This ought to be done all the year round at least once a month. This is all that a high-priced hairdresser does when you take false pieces to him to be cleaned.

If your head perspires and the wire hairpins hurt your scalp, use the bone ones during the hot months. You know you can get them in all colors. They are to be found in amber for blondes, tortoise-shell and black for brunettes, and gray for elderly people who have white hair.

Blackheads are apt to come at this time of the year it you have the sort of skin that is prone to such ailments. These little blemishes are largely a matter of cleanliness. You must scrub the face at night with a complexion brush, using a medicated soap. Wipe the face dry. Then over each little blackhead rub a lather of the medicated soap, and let it stay on for about ten minutes. Wash off with very hot water, and if the blackhead is still there press out with a needle dipped in peroxide. Rinse the face off, first with hot water and then with cold, finally bathing with some witch-hazel. Remember it is easier to get rid of small blackheads than big ones, so get after them when they first appear.

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# Underthings, Pajamas, and Negligées for Kiddies

8091—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3 yards 36-inch batiste—2¼ yards ribbon. The belt is scalloped in design 11661 and the short sleeves are cut in one with the pajamas. Flesh-color batiste stitched in pale blue would be pretty.

8387—Child's Petticoats. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch cambric—2½ yards embroidery for ruffle. Above the ruffle hand-embroidery is worked in design 11751. The petticoat is a straight gathered model joined to the waist, the neck and armholes of which are finished with buttonholed scallops that have dots above.

7259—Child's Combination. Designed for 2 to 10 years Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch longcloth. The front is cut in one from neck to lower edge, while at the back the drawers button onto the underwaist.

7656—Misses' and Girls' Nightgown. Designed for 6 to 20 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch nainsook. The nightgown is cut in one with short sleeves, and for the embroidery on the front design 11744 may be used.

4938—Infants' Gertrude Petticoat. Designed for one size only and requiring 2 yards 36-inch nainsook. The neck, armholes, and lower edge are finished with buttonholed scallops in design 11659, while the embroidery on the front is design 11569.

8413—Infants' Set. Designed for one size only and requiring for the petticoat 1¾ yard 27-inch batiste. It is embroidered in design 12413, and the edges are finished with buttonholed scallops in design 11979. For the sprays of embroidery on the pillow design 12401 is suitable.

7368—Infants' and Child's Long Kimono. Designed for infants to 4 years. Infant's size requires 2⅞ yards 27-inch flannel. Trimming-band, collar, and cuffs are scalloped in design 12363.

8186—Juniors' Negligée Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 3⅞ yards 27-inch flowered crêpe—⅝ yard plain crêpe for trimming. The negligée has short kimono sleeves

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

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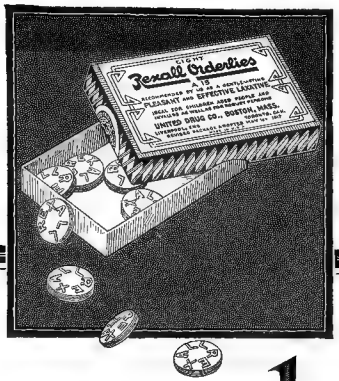


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# Simplicity and Comfort Rule with a Touch of Hand-

12236 on Infants' Cap

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12236, blue or yellow, 20 cents. Sixty fine sprays are included in this pattern which will be found very useful for many articles in baby's wardrobe. Some of the sprays are illustrated on the cap above, which is of fine white organdy trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and edging

12377 on Dress 8419

12381 on Dress 8444

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12381, blue, 20 cents. The embroidery design illustrated on the collar and pockets of the dress above was taken from a collar design. It is worked in white floss in raised satin stitch and is applied to Dress No. 8444 (20 cents). Four sizes, 1 to 4 years.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 11945, blue, 15 cents This embroidery is carried out in eyelets and raised satin stitch and is applied to the collar and cuffs of the coat illustrated at the right, No 8452 (20 cents) Four sizes, 1 to 4 years. The edges are finished with scallops in design 12066, blue or yellow, 10 cents.

11945 and 12066 on Coat 8452

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12377, blue or yellow, 20 cents. There are 72 of these tiny motifs given in the pattern. They may be developed in embroidery silk, wool, or beads. Two motifs are applied to the collar of Dress No. 8419 (20 cents). Four sizes, ½ to 3 years.

12367 and 11979 on Kimono 8402

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12367, blue or yellow, 20 cents, providing 38 dainty sprays to be embroidered in eyelet, raised satin, stem, and lazy daisy stitches. Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 11979, containing 3 yards and 4 corners of two different size scallops, 15 cents The embroidery and the scallops are applied to Infants' Kimono No. 8402 (20 cents). One size only.

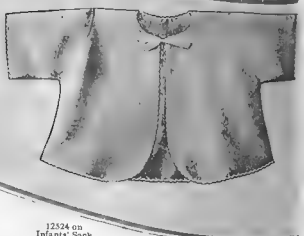
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12366, blue, 15 cents Embroidery in raised satin stitch is applied to the piqué bonnet illustrated below. The pattern is No. 8445 (20 cents). Four sizes, 1 to 4 years The bonnet may be fashioned of piqué, dimity, or organdy.

12366 on Bonnet 8445

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12363, blue, 15 cents. Four feather-stitch designs are provided in this pattern, one of which is shown on the rompers illustrated below. Besides the feather-stitch design, 3¾ yards of five-loop scallops are given. The rompers are pattern No. 8455 (20 cents). Five sizes, ½ to 4 years.

12363 on Rompers 8455

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12524, blue, 15 cents. The pattern provides the shape and the design for the Infants' sack illustrated at the right, also other flower motifs.



12524 on Infants' Sack

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# the Modes for Little People
# Embroidery for Beauty

12367 on Dress 8410

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12367, blue or yellow, 20 cents. In this are provided 38 sprays in eyelet, raised satin, stem, or lazy daisy stitch. Two sprays form the trimming on the dress above, No. 8410 (20 cents). Four sizes, ½ to 3 years.

12509 on Dress 8381

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12509, blue or yellow, 20 cents. This is a most effective narrow border and makes a smart finish for linen and chambray frocks for little girls. It is applied above to Dress No 8381 (20 cents). Three sizes, 4 to 8 years.

11170 on Cap 8454

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 11170, blue, 15 cents. This is a charming design for a cap for the baby to be fashioned of linenlawn, organdy, batiste, or nainsook and the embroidery may combine raised satin stitch with eyelets. It is illustrated above on Cap No. 8454 (20 cents). Four sizes, ½ to 3 years.

12081 on Dress 8458

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12081, blue or yellow, 15 cents. There is no daintier trimming for baby's dresses than hand-embroidery and this is a particularly pretty pattern. It is applied to Dress No. 8458 (20 cents). One size only

12008 on Dress 8448

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12008, blue or yellow, 10 cents. The pattern provides 8 sprays and 2 separate motifs which combine wild flowers, berries, and leaves. The design is effectively applied to the collar of Dress No. 8448 (20 cents). This is shown at the left and is cut in four sizes, 1 to 4 years.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 11976, blue or yellow, 15 cents. The 16 motifs that are provided may be worked in satin, eyelet, and stem stitches. They form a dainty trimming for dresses and rompers and one motif is illustrated on the rompers below at the right, No. 8447 (20 cents). Five sizes, ½ to 4 years.

11976 on Rompers 8447

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12452, blue, 15 cents. For the lingerie hat no more effective design could be selected than this, worked in raised satin and buttonhole stitches on a bonnet of piqué The bonnet is No. 8445 (20 cents). Four sizes, 1 to 4 years. No pattern for embroidery on dress.

12452 on Bonnet 8445

12413 on Dress 8418

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12413, blue or yellow, 20 cents. In this pattern there are 3½ yards of vine and wreath designs for French knots. The design is shown on the collar and cuffs of the dress at the left, No. 8418 (20 cents). Four sizes, ½ to 3 years.

Google

# Many people spoil their nails by the wrong kind of care

*What causes rough cuticle and hangnails*

*How to have smooth, even cuticle, perfect nails*

ONLY a bit of cuticle one-twelfth of an inch wide covers each delicate nail root. You can see from the diagram what a tiny protection this is.

Yet the nail root is very sensitive. When it is injured, the nail which grows from it, and the cuticle which covers it, are spoiled.

Some people actually *cut* the fine rim of cuticle which protects the nail root!

Sometime, see for yourself the injury cuticle cutting does:—Look through a magnifying glass at a cuticle that has been manicured with scissors or knife.

### *What the magnifying glass reveals*

You will see that there are many little raw places where more than the dead skin has been cut. The live cuticle itself, the real protection of the nail root, has been actually cut away.

In the little places where it has been cut, this live skin grows especially fast. It grows up much faster than the rest of the cuticle. In this way an uneven edge is formed. This ragged edge splits and forms rough places and hangnails.

When you manicure your nails, never forget how easy it is to injure the root, how much ugliness such injury causes.

Authorities say that the white spots which disfigure so many nails are due to bruising the root.

Often such bruising is caused by the use of knife or scissors. Or it may be caused merely by pushing back with a blunt instrument, cuticle that has *not been thoroughly softened.*

### *Neglect is as bad as rough treatment*

Many of the ugly, untidy looking nails that you see are due to neglecting the cuticle, to letting it grow up at will. When neglected, the cuticle sticks tight to the nail. The growing nail pulls it up unevenly to form an ugly line. The cuticle dies, dries up and becomes a horny white rim. Then it splits in places and forms rough edges and hard hangnails that catch on things.

**One sure way to gain ugly nails**
***The delicate nail root is only one-twelfth inch below the cuticle. People injure it by cutting the cuticle. This is the cause of so many of the ugly nails you see.***

Diagram

**The right way to keep your nails lovely**
***Well kept nails depend on faithful, gentle care. Easily you can keep your nails so charming that your friends consider them one of your special beauties.***

### *A smooth oval margin to each nail*

It is easy to keep your nails always in exquisite condition without cutting or over-rough pushing back. It is only a matter of a few minutes' care.

By using the proper softening method, you can keep your cuticle more trim, more attractive than it has ever been before. Once or twice a week, according to how quickly it grows, soften and remove the dead overgrown cuticle with Cutex.

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and a quantity of absorbent cotton. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the orange stick, dip it into the bottle and work it around the base of your nails. The surplus cuticle is softened, removed. Then carefully wash the hands with soap and water, pushing the cuticle back when drying them.

By this method, in only a few minutes you can keep your nails in perfect condition. You will be astonished to see the improvement from just one Cutex manicure. Do not do this just once or twice and then neglect your nails. Give your hands this care *regularly* and you will never again blush for their ragged, uncouth appearance. Always, every day, the margins of your nails will be trim, exquisite—a joy to look at.

Some people have cuticle that has an especial tendency to become dry and rough. If you are one of these, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort to the base of your nails at night. This soothing cream will help to *keep* your cuticle pliant.

### *A complete manicure set for only 20c*

For only two dimes you can get a complete manicure set containing the Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Paste Polish, Cake Polish and emery board, orange stick and absorbent cotton. There is enough of each product to give you six complete manicures. Send for it today. It will give you a new idea of how lovely your hands can look. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 208, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

*If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, 208 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.*

This manicure set sent for 20c
*Enough of each Cutex product to keep your nails in wonderful condition for six weeks*

MAIL THIS COUPON AND TWO DIMES TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 208, 114 West 17th Street
New York City

Name.....

Street .....

City..... State .....

*Get your Cutex today at your favorite drug or department store*

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort and Cutex Nail White are each 35c. At drug and department stores, or send for trial set.

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# THE FASHION DEPARTMENT

**Brightly Shining Stars of the Metropolitan Stage Pose Here in Their Prettiest Frocks**

*ETHEL STANARD, who recently appeared in "Keep It to Yourself," is pictured above in a quaint little Summer frock of net.*

*THE vogue of lace is emphasized in the gown worn by Audrey Maple, the prima donna of "Monte Cristo, Jr.," the New York Winter Garden success.*

*BILLIE BURKE, who is one of the most popular idols of the silent drama, delights alike upon the screen in Paramount pictures or when appearing in the spoken drama under the direction of her famous husband, F Ziegfeld, Jr*

*HERE is a quaint photograph of Louise Groody who sings so enchantingly in that lively operetta, "Fiddlers Three."*

*MILDRED ARDEN, whose photograph appears above, plays an amusing character part in that charming play "39 East." Miss Arden affects a very attractive simplicity in her costumes tho her dainty slenderness permits her to adopt almost every type.*

*GERTRUDE VANDERBILT'S face should be familiar to most of the men in the service, judging from the number of uniforms that pour nightly into the Knickerbocker Theater to see this delightful singer and vivacious dancer in "Listen Lester."*

Go gle

# For the Well-Dressed Woman's Summer Needs

8279—Ladies' Tucked Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. An ideal blouse for the soft sheer fabrics of the Summer with two deep tucks that may be hemstitched. The closing is at the back.

8440—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 44-inch serge—3½ yards 36-inch taffeta for lining. Length at center-back 40½ inches. No. 8404—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. In white serge or pale tan tricotine this would make an admirable suit for cool Summer days. The jacket is one of the new long models with inset vest finishing the open front. A novelty that is very chic is displayed in the trimming of tassels and braid on the vest. The collar extends into long revers, ending at the girdle.

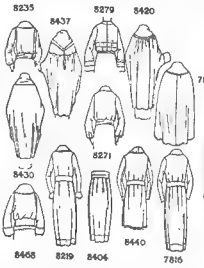
8271—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch French voile—3 yards narrow plaiting—1¼ yard ribbon. A deep rolling collar finishes the open neck and the fronts of the blouse are gathered below a yoke effect formed by extending the back over the shoulders. Turn-back cuffs trim the sleeves.

8437—Ladies' Wrap. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 5 yards 40-inch taffeta or satin—3½ yards 36-inch lining. The wrap is gracefully draped and it is gathered to a deep yoke that extends into the front of the wrap. The collar is in the fashionable Capuchin style. Length at center-back 49 inches.

8408—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch plaid voile—1⅝ yard 36-inch plain voile. This attractive blouse is in the fashionable overblouse style and is suitable for all sorts of silk and cotton fabrics.

Wrap 8437

8219—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—1 yard 36-inch voile for collar, cuffs, and revers. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Under the collar in front are adjusted long trimming pieces to form revers and under these trimming pieces pockets are inserted.



8420—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch wool Jersey. Length at center-back 49 inches. The back of this wrap is gathered below a round yoke.

8430—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 4¾ yards 40-inch tricolet—3 yards 36-inch taffeta for lining. The draped collar is stitched to revers that extend to the lower edge in front.

Darts are taken up in the lower part of the back to give the narrow silhouette.

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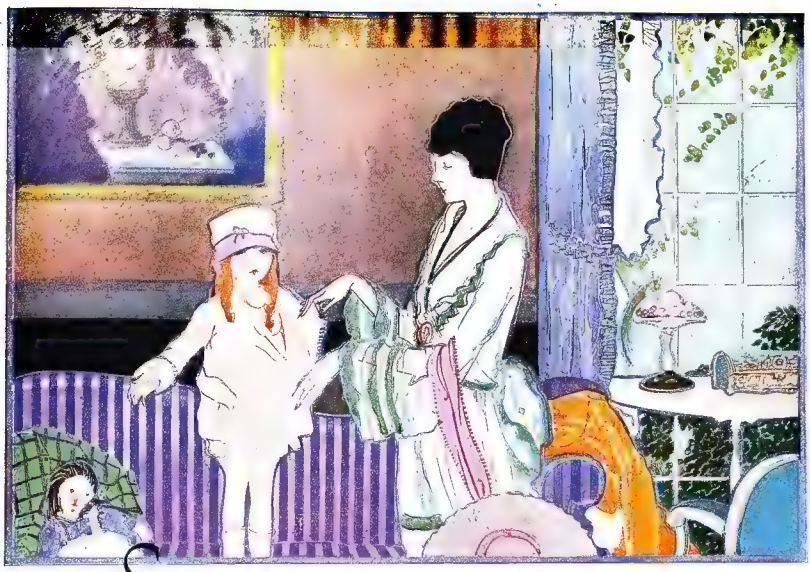

# Soft, shapely, unshrunken!

## *How to make your precious sweaters stay new*

YOU used to watch your sweater get soiled, with a wry smile. What could you *do* to bring it back to life? There was the laundress. But she would ruin it the very first time she washed it. The cleaner's? That way seemed such an inexcusable expense.

But *now*. You can wash your sweater yourself—in rich Lux suds—and it won't shrink! Won't lose its shape! Will come out just as soft and shapely as the day you bought it.

Sweaters should never be rubbed. Wool fibre is the most sensitive fibre there is. When you twist wool or rub it, it becomes stiff, matted and shrunken. You simply don't dare trust it to ordinary soap.

But Lux comes in pure delicate flakes that dissolve instantly in hot water. In a moment you whisk them up into a rich foamy lather.

With Lux, there is not a tiny particle of solid soap to stick to the soft woolen and injure it. Not a bit of rubbing to mat and shrink the delicate fibres. You simply dip your sweater up and down in the rich Lux lather—squeeze the suds through the soiled parts—and take it out again so soft and fresh and fluffy you can't believe it has been washed.

Wash your sweater this year the gentle Lux way. Have it stay new all summer long. *Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure.* Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

USE LUX FOR ALL THESE

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Laces | Washable Taffeta | Silk Stockings |
| Crêpes de Chine | Washable Satin | Silk Underthings |
| Mulls | Organdies | Baby's Flannels |
| Chiffons | Dimities | Damasks |
| Georgettes | Voiles | Blankets, etc. |

*No suds so wonderful as Lux for dainty things*

TO WASH COLORED SWEATERS
Whisk Lux into a rich lather in very hot water—two tablespoonfuls to the gallon. Add cold water to make the suds lukewarm. Swish your sweater about in the suds. Wash quickly, pressing the suds through the sweater, but do not rub. Rinse three times in lukewarm water. Dissolve a little Lux in the last rinsing to leave your sweater soft and woolly. Never wring sweaters. Squeeze the water out, and spread on a towel to dry in the shade.
LUX
IF YOU ARE NOT SURE A COLOR IS FAST
If you are not sure a color is fast, first wash a sample and dry it. If the color runs, try to set it in the following way, first testing a bit of the fabric. A half cup full of vinegar to a gallon of cold water may be used to set most colors of sweaters. Soak the article, then rinse thoroughly before washing it. After washing, add vinegar to the last rinsing to hold the color. Always wash colors as quickly as possible.
Lux won't cause any color to run which pure water alone will not cause to run.
LUX
Whipping Bubbling

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Do you believe in Luck?
Try
OlivilO
OLIVE EYE'LO
Don't Lose Your Charm!
KEEP smooth and clear, the soft, radiant beauty of a perfect complexion. Discover what it means to use
OlivilO
The Perfect Toilet Soap
Elusively fragrant—it yields a rich creamy lather that cleanses without irritation—that helps to avoid the rigors of summer sun and dust-laden winds. You will find a new charm in its use for
Complexion, Bath and Hair
"Couldn't be better if it cost a dollar a cake."
ALLEN B. WRISLEY CO., Chicago
Makers of
San Toy Talcum and Wrisley's Toilet Waters
-like the touch of the morning dew and the budding rose.
SAN TOY
TALCUM
Superstitions of Nations
THE superstition of the Horse Show comes to us from the quaint folk-lore of England. There it was whispered that the shoe dropped from the hoof of a Baron's horse brought eternal Good Luck to the envied finder. But lest one lose this Good Luck, the shoe must be tacked up, curve downward. Otherwise Luck would run out the open ends.
Foreign Representatives
FACTORY PRODUCTS CORPORATION
7 Rector St., New York City

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# Charming Frocks for Afternoon and Sports Wear

8427—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch taffeta—5 yards fringe—¾ yard 36-inch white satin for collar and shield. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Tho the styles of the Summer are many and varied the straight-line frock still holds its own. In this model it is given quite a new touch by the trimming that is applied to the sides below the hips of innumerable rows of narrow fringe ending in tassels. The flowing sleeves are attached at lowered shoulder-line and a bias collar outlines the open neck. The collar and vestee may be of white satin, or if preferred, white organdy, plain or dotted may be used. A charming vestee suggestion is of flesh-color chiffon with many rows of narrow cream Val.

8428—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch chiffon voile. The panel front of the blouse is beaded in odd motifs in design 12504, which gives the effect of an allover beaded fabric. The design is easily worked.

8213—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch cross-bar voile—1⅜ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and trimming—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Trimming-bands are applied at the side to give the effect of outstanding pockets.




8457—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen. A hemstitched collar forms the only trimming on this surplice blouse. The oddly shaped sleeves have deep cuffs. The entire width of the sleeve is not caught in with the cuff, but a small section on the outside is hemstitched and gives the effect of a flowing sleeve above the cuff. All sorts of sheer soft fabrics are suitable for making this blouse such as voile, Georgette crêpe, and net, with hemstitching, drawn-work, or hand-embroidery for trimming.

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# Summer-time Frocks May be Picturesque or Demurely Simple

8464—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 7677 Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2⅜ yards narrow, 2⅜ yards wide lace banding—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. An attractive frock for Summer social functions with the new draped bodice forming a girdle.

Blouse 8464
Skirt 7677

Blouse 6818
Skirt 8443

Dress 8252
Beading 12505

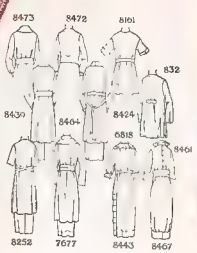
Blouse 8461
Skirt 8467

8252—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard white Georgette for vest—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The long tunic blouse is beaded in squares forming a deep border in design 12505.

8461—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8407—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅝ yard satin for Medici collar—2½ yards grosgrain ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The skirt is in the newest mode drawn in at the bottom into a band in hobble effect.

Dress 8439

Dress 8424




Blouse 8161
Embroidery 12510

Blouse 8324
Embroidery 12448

Blouse 8473

Blouse 8472
Embroidery 12512

8161—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch ramie linen This blouse is embroidered in design 12510.

8324—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The straight lines of this blouse give it a great deal of style and the inset vest may be of contrasting material. It is embroidered in worsted in design 12445. In some of these blouses wool flowers are appliquéd.

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# Fascinating Frocks for Summer Social Functions

Blouse 8326
Skirt 8295

Dress 8255
Braiding 12426

8326—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅔ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2¼ yards 36-inch dotted foutard—3¾ yards 36-inch taffeta. There is a perfect craze for these slip-on tunic blouses and those in kimono style are especially graceful. The oval neck of this blouse is outlined by a band of ribbon which also covers the seam along the outside of the sleeves. The trimming-band at the bottom of the blouse may be left open a little to form pockets. The dart-fitted skirt closes at the back.

8255—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch ramie linen—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. The vest is braided in cotton soutache in design 12426.

Blouse 8473
Skirt 8295

Blouse 8472
Skirt 8467

8866—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. A charming slip-over blouse for sports and daytime wear gathered in front below a small shoulder yoke. The deep trimming-band may be left open to form pockets.

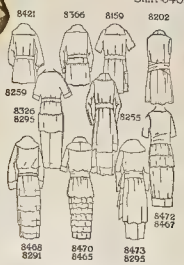
Blouse 8468
Skirt 8291

Blouse 8470
Skirt 8465

Overblouse 8421
Blouse 8259

Blouse 8366

8421—Ladies' and Misses' Overblouses. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 1¼ yard 36-inch satin—⅛ yard white satin for collar. The overblouse is open in front and has a large square collar, and the fronts are cut long and turned back to form pockets.




No. 8259—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch dotted swiss. With an overblouse of black satin or velvet a blouse of white-dotted blue swiss muslin makes an attractive ensemble. The new dotted swisses are very effective with dots of contrasting color.

Blouse 8159

Overblouse 8202
Braiding 12426

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# Fashions for the Younger Set Display Simplicity

8184—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 27-inch rep—⅜ yard 32-inch check gingham for the collar and vest. Simple lines are called for in the smartest frocks for little girls. This frock slips on over the head and a colorful note is given by the vest of check gingham.

8289—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch dotted voile—⅝ yard net for ruffles—2 yards ribbon. For the small maid's party or best wear nothing could be daintier than this frock which closes at the back. Ruffles finish the round neck and the short sleeves.

8173—Child's Empire Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch gingham. At lowered shoulder line puffs are attached to form the sleeves of this frock which closes in front. Pockets are inserted diagonally in the two-piece gathered skirt.

8231—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 27-inch cotton crêpe. These rompers close at back and are finished with buttonholed scallops, design 11979.

8319—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch plaid voile—1 yard 36-inch white batiste. Bretelles of plaid button on to the belt.

Dress 8247

Dress 8101
Braiding 11502
Scallop 11694

Rompers 8231
Scallop 11979

Child's Dress 8173

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8323

Child's Dress 8146

**8247**—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—½ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar, cuffs, and vest—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. No Summer wardrobe for the young girl is complete without at least one gingham frock. Here is a charming model developed in plaid gingham with crisp white organdy for the collar, vest, and turn-back cuffs. The closing is at the back, and the one-piece gathered skirt is attached to the sleeveless underbody.

**8101**—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 yards 36-inch white voile—5¾ yards ribbon—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. A charming frock for Summer afternoon wear with the fashionable tablier blouse to which distinction is given by a narrow braiding border carried out in soutache. For this, design 11602 would be excellent. The panels close on the left shoulder. Scalloped bands of the voile trim the two-piece gathered skirt very attractively and the scallops are bound with ribbon. Should a guide be desired in cutting these scallops, design 11694 would be useful. Colored voile may be used instead of ribbon.

Child's Dress 8233

Girls' Dress 8184

Boys' Suit 8284

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8319

Child's Dress 8227
Scallop 11659

Boys' Suit 8300

Boys' Dress 8305
Scallop 11661

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8316

Child's Dress 8308
Embroidery 11939

Child's Rompers 8306

Child's Rompers 8312

Boys' Suit 8266

Child's Rompers 8246

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8304

**8323**—Girls' and Juniors' Guimpe Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch printed voile—⅞ yard white organdy for guimpe—1 yard velvet ribbon. The waist closes on left shoulder and under the left arm, and the gathered skirt closes at left side seam.

**8146**—Child's Empire Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch plaid voile—⅜ yard white voile for trimming. Practical but pretty is this little frock of plaid voile closing in front and with cunning short sleeves. The gathered skirt is joined to a short-waisted body.

**8284**—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards 36-inch striped galatea—½ yard 36-inch plain galatea—4½ yards braid.

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# *Let your mirror frame a lovely face*

PERHAPS no other texture is as beautiful as the human skin at its best.

And this fine satin-texture, which is within the reach of nearly everyone, is promoted largely by the use of a pure soap.

But, *added to its utter purity*, Fairy Soap possesses *other* most valuable soap-qualities.

"Mellowed together" for the particular care of skins, Fairy Soap cleanses perfectly—and *rinses off*. It leaves no soapy deposit behind in the tiny pores to coarsen them and spoil the fine skin-texture. No soap remains on the tender outer skin, *after rinsing*, to cause it to feel "tight" or "dry."

Of course, be sure to use Fairy Soap in your bath. For healthy skins and fine complexions always go together.

Make friends with Fairy Soap. Buy several cakes at once. Then let its regular, day-by-day use help your skin toward a fine satin-textured loveliness.

THE R. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

*The oval white floating cake—for toilet, for bath*

# FAIRY SOAP

*Have you a little Fairy in your home?*

### *Important Facts about "Skins and Soaps"*

The face-skin is more active than the skin elsewhere on the body. It therefore requires special attention if the satin-texture is to retain its fresh, refined loveliness. Of course the soap used must be pure. It must be more. It must possess also these three valuable qualities:

1. It must *cream into* pores and cleanse them.
2. It must *cream out of* pores leaving them soothed as well as freshened.
3. It must *easily and completely rinse off* the tender outer cuticle.

Fairy Soap is a tonic that a fine skin-texture welcomes. Fairy's pure creamy lather reaches gently *into pores*. It creams thoroughly *out of pores*. It carries away excess oil, salts and acid matter from the pores as well as surface dust and impurities. And after this perfect cleansing, Fairy *perfectly rinses off*. These Fairy Soap qualities make for a fine-textured loveliness to your skin.

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## Perfumed with the Costly New Odor of 26 Flowers

Talc Jonteel—soft, snowy, delightfully fragrant, 25c.
Face Powder Jonteel—clinging, invisible. Flesh, brunette, white, 50c.
Rouge Jonteel light, medium, or dark, 50c.
Combination Cream Jonteel for beautiful complexions, 50c.
Odor Jonteel, $1.25; Concentrate Jonteel, in satin box, $3.

*The 8000 Rexall Stores throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain have been given exclusive sale of Jonteel because they are linked together into one great National service giving organization. They are found in every town and city that has a modern drug store. In Canada, Jonteel prices are slightly higher.*

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# Alluring Evening Frocks Showing the Newest Drapery

8182—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8240—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch taffeta—2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for underblouse and tunic—1¼ yard 18-inch allover lace for waist—2⅝ yards lace banding for tunic. The vogue of lace is charmingly illustrated in this Summer dance frock for which taffeta in any of the delicate pastel shades could be adapted. The sleeveless bodice crosses in surplice style over a blouse of Georgette crêpe and lace, and a tunic of Georgette crêpe banded in lace is dropped over the two-piece gathered skirt.

8471—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe meteor—1¼ yard 40-inch printed chiffon—3⅝ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. A front and back view are presented of this attractive draped frock than which nothing could be prettier for Summer evening wear. The drapery is drawn to one side in the very newest mode.

Blouse 8464
Skirt 8465

Evening Blouse
8182
Skirt 8240

Blouse 8368

Blouse 8388

8451—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No. 8054—Ladies' One-piece Draped Skirt. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¾ yards 40-inch printed Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe—1¼ yard 27-inch silk to line panel—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Here is the second illustration of this bodice. This view presents it for afternoon service with long close-fitting sleeves and a U-shaped front filled in with a shirred tucker drawn in at the neck in peasant style with a ribbon. It is combined with an attractively draped skirt having a full-length panel at the back and the drapery low in front.

Dress 8471

Blouse 8451
Skirt 7941

8464—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8465—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch printed Georgette crêpe—1⅝ yard 9-inch lace banding—1¾ yards 5-inch lace for ruffles—2½ yards picot-edge ribbon—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. More and more as the season advances are frocks for formal occasions reverting to the frilly feminine type. In this delightful model we have the bodice with Grecian drapery which extends around to form its own girdle, and the skirt with short bouffant tunic below which flutter innumerable frills of lace. Truly a delightful frock for a Summer wedding, garden fête, or tea at the country club.

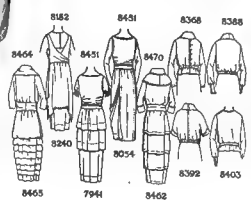
Blouse 8392

Blouse 8403

8392—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅛ yard contrasting Georgette for collar and cuffs—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The blouse closes at back, and a bias collar makes an attractive finish for the deep U-shaped neck.

8451—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No. 7941—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—2⅛ yards 40-inch plain Georgette crêpe—⅛ yard 40-inch printed Georgette crêpe—⅛ yard white Georgette for trimming—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The charm of artistic simplicity is evident in this Summer evening frock with the fashionable draped bodice and tunic skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 93



Blouse 8470
Skirt 8462

Blouse 8451
Skirt 8054

8408—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch chiffon voile. Below an oddly shaped yoke the blouse is softly gathered.

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# These Designs Will Give Grace to Stout Figures

8379—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 7677—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Costume in medium size requires 6¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—3 yards velvet ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This costume is designed to give length of line to the stout figure. The tunic has an embroidered border in design 12506.

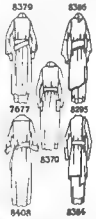
8401—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch voile. The neck of this charming blouse is cut down in a deep U filled in with a chemisette having a narrow box plait at the center. Braiding or beading may be used as a trimming in design 11453 outlining the U-shaped opening and forming an effective finish for the rolling collar and the narrow turn-back cuffs.

Blouse 8379
Skirt 7677
Beading 12506

Blouse 8401
Beading 11453

Tunic Blouse 8371
Embroidery 12422

Tunic Blouse 8386
Shirt 8295
Beading 12504



Blouse 8393
Embroidery 12460

Dress 8408
Embroidery 12508

Dress 8370
Braiding 12463

Dress 8384

Blouse 8288
Beading 12511

Blouse 8086
Embroidery 12509

8371—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch linen—3¼ yards washable braid. There is nothing smarter for sports wear than this tunic blouse. This model closes at the back and has embroidered motifs as a trimming in design 12422. The motifs are embroidered above the hem.

8288—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch for lining. Diamond shaped motifs of beads in lattice work give a smart touch to this blouse which is suitable for the stout woman for afternoon wear. The beading design is 12511. Chalk beads may be used.

8393—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—½ yard white Georgette for vest. The neck is finished with a long shawl collar, embroidered in design 12460.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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# Fashion's Latest Decrees in Blouses and Skirts

8431—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1⅜ yard plaiting for neck and sleeves. The fronts of the blouse are beaded in novel motifs for which design 12504 may be selected. A bias collar outlines the oval neck and this is finished with a plaited frill. No. 8404—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch sports silk. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The skirt has two-inch raised waist-line and straight lower edge. It closes at left side seam.

8371—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The embroidery on the front may be worked out in worsted in design 12377.

8472—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch tricolet. The blouse closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm and is lengthened by a two-piece peplum.

8245—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch épongé—½ yard 40-inch linen or voile for collar, vestee, and trimming.

For sports and general wear there is nothing more practical than a tunic blouse. This closes at the back, and the set-in vestee must be tucked before cutting.

8152—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen. This model closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm.

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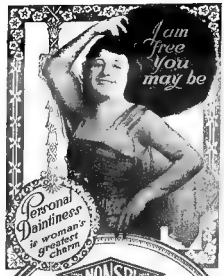


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# Dainty Frocks Add Much to Summer Joy

8469—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 36-inch plaid voile—1½ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, vest, and sash—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. There is a crisp freshness to this frock of plaid voile and organdy that is most appealing. The large surplice collar gives a quaint touch and the wide sash of organdy is the very last word in Summer fashions. The tunic hangs in straight lines over a narrow underskirt.

8426—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard white linen for shawl collar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Simplicity itself is this one-piece frock of linen without lining and slipping on over the head. The flowing sleeves are attached at lowered shoulder-line.

Dress 8469 Dress 8426

Dress 8456 Dress 8434 Dress 8463

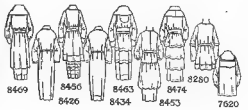
8456—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch printed Georgette crêpe—3⅜ yards plain Georgette crêpe. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Over a kimono blouse of plain Georgette is mounted a jumper section of printed crêpe, and the two-piece gathered tunic is hung over a one-piece gathered skirt with deep tucks above the hem.

Dress 8453

8230—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 32-inch gingham—2 yards braid for girdle. This slips on over the head and has a deep hem band.

Dress 8474

Blouse 8280 Middy Blouse 7620



8469 8456 8426 8463 8434 8474 8453 8280 7620

8434—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard 36-inch white linen for shield, collar, and belt. There is nothing more attractive for informal Summer wear than these one-piece frocks of gingham. This one closes at center-front and has flowing sleeves attached at the fashionable drop shoulder-line. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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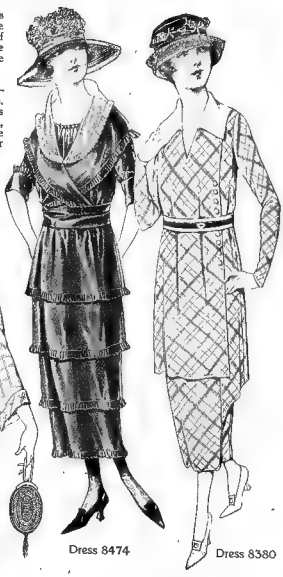
# Misses' Summer Frocks, Cool and Lovely

8357—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6¼ yards 36-inch voile—3½ yards ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Very dainty for Summer afternoons is this frock of voile with tucked panel blouse and tucked tunic open in front. The waist closes in front while the panels fasten on the left shoulder. The tunic is arranged over a two-piece gathered skirt.

8345—Misses' Blouse Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 8429—Misses' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch check worsted—1¼ yard 36-inch taffeta for collar, vest, and belt—¾ yard 36-inch lining for jacket. The fronts of the jacket roll back in revers from an inset vest and the jacket blouses over the girdle all around.

Dress 8357 Jacket 8345 Skirt 8429 Dress 8411



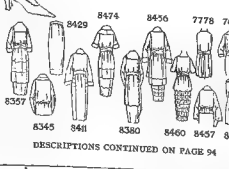
Dress 8474 Dress 8380

8411—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅜ yard 40-inch organdy for sash and collar Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The front is in panel style and the closing is at left side-front.

Overblouse 7778 Blouse 7661 Overblouse 8421 Blouse 8457

Dress 8456 Dress 8460

8474—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta—1⅝ yard extra for plaitings—⅜ yard 40-inch organdy for overcollar—1⅜ yard edging for collar—2½ yards 27-inch lining for skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. A frock like this fashioned of French blue or pale gray taffeta is a useful addition to the young girl's Summer wardrobe as it may be worn on so many different occasions. It is lightened by a collar of white organdy and the narrow plaitings of self-material form a dainty trimming for blouse, sleeves, and skirt.

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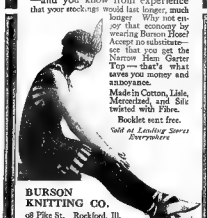

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8450—Child's Play Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 27-inch chambray for belt and pockets. These cunning rompers are designed to be worn with a separate waist.

Child's Dress 7972

8233—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—2½ yards ribbon. Dotted swiss is being revived for Summer frocks and it is particularly effective for frocks of this type that are trimmed with ruffles. It may be in all white or white with a colored dot and the girdle repeats the color note.

Child's Dress 8444
Cross-stitch 12460

Child's Dress 8233

Child's Suit 8450

8444—Child's Yoke Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 27-inch chambray—¼ yard 36-inch linen for collar and trimming. The round collar, tiny turn-back cuffs, and pocket laps are finished with cross-stitching in color for which design 12460 is suitable. The dress may be gathered or plaited below a square yoke.

7972—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham. A simple little frock for vacation days closing at the back and gathered below a tiny yoke which is overlaid with a big round collar.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8432

Boys' Suit 8442

8432—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch organdy—1⅛ yards insertion—⅝ yards edging—⅞ yards ribbon. This is a very attractive frock for party and best wear to be fashioned of organdy or Georgette crêpe with trimming of Valenciennes insertion or edging. The dress closes at the back and is trimmed with insertion to form a panel effect in front.

Girls' and Juniors' Suit 8438

8442—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 32-inch plain gingham—⅛ yard 32-inch contrasting. This cunning suit consists of a front-closing blouse and knee trousers that close at the side. The blouse is cut down quite low in front to show a front-buttoning shield with convertible collar.

8422—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. This suit consists of a jacket and knee trousers.

Juniors' Cape 8446

Girls' Dress 8428

Girls' and Juniors' Cape 8425

Child's Rompers 8447

Child's Dress 7985

Boys' Suit 8422

8438—Girls' and Juniors' Suit. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch heather suiting. Very trim and smart is this suit for the growing girl. The single-breasted jacket is made with mannish notched collar, applied yoke, and box plaits in Norfolk style. The skirt is a simple model cut with straight lower edge.

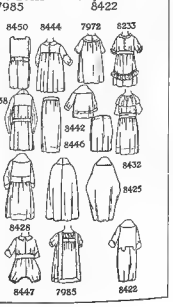
8428—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 32-inch plaid gingham—1⅜ yard 36-inch voile. The jumper-like section which is cut in one with the girdle fastens on the left shoulder and at center-back, while the underwaist closes in front and the skirt at left side seam.

8446—Juniors' Two-piece Circular Cape. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 2½ yards 54-inch plaid. The growing girl has adopted the cape as one of her favorite fashions, and in plaid worsted or blue serge they are seen everywhere.

8425—Girls' and Juniors' Cape. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2 yards 54-inch blue serge—3 yards 36-inch satin for lining. There is quite a smart air of style to this cape which gives somewhat the effect of a wrap. It is good for dressy wear.

8447—Child's One-piece Rompers. Designed for ⅓ to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch striped gingham—⅜ yard 32-inch plain gingham for collar, cuffs, and belt. The closing is arranged at the back.

7985—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yards embroidered banding—3 yards insertion—⅞ yards edging. The elaborate in effect this little frock is really quite simple, gathered front and back and closing at the back. It may be trimmed with bands of lace or embroidery edged with lace or with a frill of Georgette crêpe like the frock.

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# For the Younger Generation

8486—Child's One-piece Dress, Hat, and Bag. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch linen for dress—⅝ yard 27-inch piqué for hat. A cunning kimono dress with square neck and closing at the back. The neck, sleeves, belt, and pockets are finished with buttonhole scallops in design 11661.

Infants' and Child's Cap 8454

Child's Hats 8445
Embroidery 11751

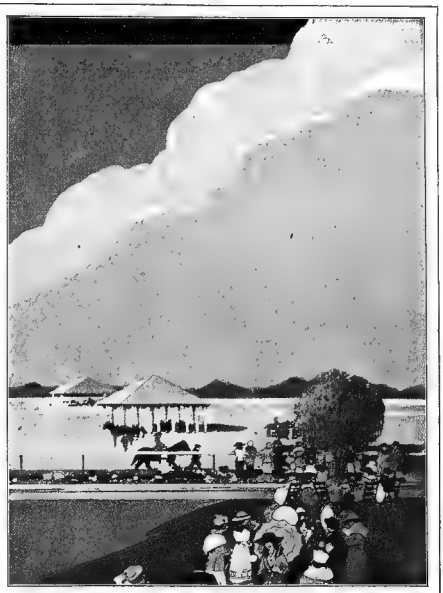
Cap 4887
Infants' Dress 8458
Embroidery 12081
Embroidery on Pillow 12402

Infants' Dress in Set 6827
Smocking 11752
Embroidery on Pillow 1215

8452—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 3 requires 2 yards 36-inch taffeta. The collar and cuffs are attractively scalloped in design 11747.

8433—Child's Rompers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 27-inch striped gingham. These little rompers may be worn over a dress.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 94



*Horse Show at Piping Rock*

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8181—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 6¼ yards 27-inch soisette —3 yards plaited net or Georgette crêpe for trimming. These are charming pajamas, the coat to be slipped on over the head.

8435—Ladies' Princess Slip. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅞ yard plaited lace or net for ruffle at foot.

8459—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 7 yards 27-inch plain crêpe—1¾ yard 27-inch printed crêpe. A surplice collar which crosses and is drawn around the waist-line to form a girdle is an unusually attractive feature of these pajamas.

8234—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 5¾ yards 27-inch plain cotton crêpe—1¼ yard figured cotton crêpe for trimming.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

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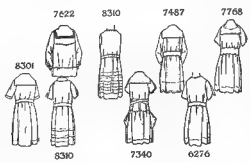
# For Land and Water Sports

7840 — Ladies' Bathing Suit and Cap. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta for dress—2⅜ yards 36-inch extra for bloomers and cap—⅝ yard contrasting taffeta.

7768 — Misses' Bathing Suit and Cap. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch poplin for dress, bloomers, and cap—⅓ yard 36-inch taffeta for collar—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The dress is attractively embroidered in worsted motifs in design 12445. The dress is a one-piece model and may close at center-front or may slip on over the head. The bloomers are attached to an underbody of lining.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

8310 — Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—½ yard 36-inch check silk Jersey for collar and trimming—⅛ yard lining.




8301 — Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅝ yard 36-inch tricolet for collar, sash, and trimming—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

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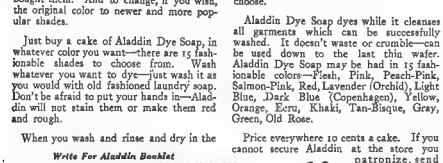


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**$6.00**

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15ZJ23—French blue with Bisque.
15ZJ25—Bisque with Navy Blue.
Sizes 34 to 46.
Shipping weight 11 oz.

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# FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

7816—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 32-inch check gingham. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

7837—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch black satin—3⅝ yards 36-inch white satin.

8835—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

8441—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8815—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch white linen—2¾ yards blue linen.

8464—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8875—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1⅞ yard 40-inch printed Georgette crêpe—3⅛ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

7815—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch chiffon voile—No. 8421—Ladies' and Misses' Overblouses. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires for overblouse illustrated 1⅞ yard 36-inch velvet. No. 8820—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch plaid worsted. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

8451—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard organdy for collar. The blouse is beaded in design 12517.

8102—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch organdy. The beading is in design 12456.

8470—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8469—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¾ yards 36-inch taffeta—3⅝ yards extra for plaited frills—3⅓ yards 36-inch lining.

8466—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8215—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 1⅞ yard 44-inch serge—4¾ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—⅝ yard organdy for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

8439—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54 inch tricotine—⅞ yard 36-inch satin for sleeves—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for vest—5 yards braid—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and foundation skirt. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard.

8424—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch velvet embroidered flounce—3¾ yards 36-inch tricolet—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

6816—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No. 8443—Ladies' Two-piece Tucked Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch dotted swiss.

8473—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch check wash silk—¼ yard 36-inch white crêpe de Chine for collar.

8472—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch tricolet. The embroidery is in design 12512.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

8468—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8891—Ladies' Two-piece Tucked Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2 yards 36-inch check voile—3¾ yards 36-inch plain voile.

8470—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8465—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 8 yards 40-inch organdy—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

8473—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8825—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—¾ yard 27-inch white satin for vest.

8159—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch ratine—1 yard 36-inch voile for collar and sash—3¼ yards braid

8202—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Overblouse. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 1¼ yard 36-inch tricolet—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for vest—1 yard contrasting for collar. The vest is braided in design 12426.

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# FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

8227—Child's. One-piece Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 27-inch piqué—2¼ yards ribbon. The buttonholed scallops are in design 11650.

8808—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting. For the embroidery, design 11939 may be used.

8805—Boys' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch check gingham—1 yard 32-inch plain. Buttonholed scallops, (design 11661) finish the neck, sleeves, and pockets.

8816—Girls' and Juniors' Gulmpe Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—1⅝ yard 36-inch white dimity for guimpe.

8806—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 27-inch chambray—⅝ yard 27-inch check chambray for trimming.

8813—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 2½ yards 27-inch chambray—⅛ yard 27-inch calico.

8296—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 27-inch blue drilling for trousers, collar and cuffs—1¼ yard white drilling for waist and sleeves—4 yards braid.

8300—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 27-inch cotton crêpe—⅛ yard white crêpe.

8246—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 2 yards 32-inch plaid gingham.

8304—Girls' and Juniors' Long-shoulder Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size to requires 3⅞ yards 27-inch cotton crêpe—1¾ yard net plaiting.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

8368—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar.

8338—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch organdy—1⅜ yard contrasting.

8470—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8462—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—6⅝ yards 36-inch dotted net—⅝ yard white taffeta for overcollar.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

8336—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Dart-fitted Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Costume in medium size requires 4 yards 36-inch satin—2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for tunic, and sleeves—1¼ yard 36-inch white tricolet for collar and vest—1¼ yard 4-inch lace for vestee—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Scattered over the tunic are beaded motifs in design 12504.

8460—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 6¾ yards 27-inch cotton crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for vest and collar. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. An embroidered vest of white Georgette crêpe fills in the U-shaped neck opening and for the embroidery design 12508 is suitable.

8370—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 44-inch white serge—2¼ yards velvet ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The braiding is in design 12463.

8384—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch serge—⅛ yard 27-inch satin for vest—1⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Lower-edge width 1⅞ yard.

8086—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. It is gathered on the shoulders in front and has a convertible collar embroidered in design 12509.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

8397—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch sports satin—⅝ yards narrow frilling—2 yards grosgrain ribbon.

8423—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The blouse is embroidered in circular motifs in design 12508. No. 8416—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 36-inch poplin. Lower-edge width 1⅝ yard.

8473—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8296—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—6½ yards narrow filet bandling—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

8399—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch chiffon voile No. 8443—Ladies' Two-piece Tucked Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 4 yards 36-inch taffeta. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The blouse is beaded in design 12511.

8407—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch organdy—2 yards plaited organdy for frills. No. 8423—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower-edge width 1¼ yard.

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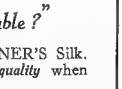

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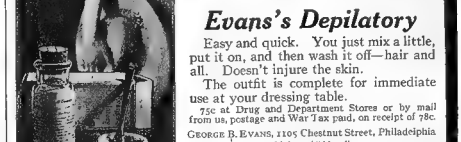

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# FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

8463—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch plaid voile—1¾ yard 36-inch plain voile. Under the jumper of plaid is worn a blouse closing in front in a box plait. The overblouse has large armholes and is cut down low in front in U-shaped outline. Under the girdle is attached a two-piece gathered skirt closing at left side seam. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard.

8453—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch taffeta—3 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. An ideal combination for Summer frocks is taffeta and Georgette crêpe. It is worked out effectively in this model which closes at the back. The flat yoke-like collar and the tunic which is gathered into a band to form a bouffant effect are new and attractive features.

8474—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 40-inch plaid organdy—1 yard white organdy for collar, cuffs, and sash—2⅜ yards 27-inch lining for skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

7620—Misses' Middy Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 27-inch white galatea—⅝ yard 27-inch blue linen for collar. A deep yoke slashed for an inserted pocket is an outstanding feature of this attractive middy blouse which slips on over the head.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

8380—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅜ yard 36-inch voile for collar—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. The fashionable uneven lower outline is displayed in the tunic of this frock which closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front. Lower-edge width 1¾ yard.

7778—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Overblouse. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 2¼ yards 36-inch linen. No. 7661—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch voile. The side-front section of the overblouse is cut with an extension that forms the girdle

8421—Ladies' and Misses' Overblouse. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 1¾ yard 44-inch plaid worsted. No. 8457—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch organdy.

8456—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe Georgette crêpe in white, flesh, and pastel tones is favored for Summer afternoon frocks. Lower-edge width 1⅜ yard.

8490—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6 yards 40-inch organdy—2½ yards ribbon Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Organdy is ideal for Summer frocks and this model features the new bouffant tunic which is draped up above innumerable ruffles.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

8488—Girls' and Juniors' Suit. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch check worsted. This is a very good type of suit for the growing girl, with loosely belted jacket in Norfolk style and plain skirt.

8448—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 3 yards 36-inch dotted swiss—½ yard organdy for collar. The dress is gathered below a square yoke and closes invisibly in front. Distinct charm is given to this frock by the large collar with surplice tabs buttoning in front.

7982—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch organdy—4 yards lace banding—2 yards ribbon—1½ yards lace edging. Dainty sprays of embroidery give the modish touch of hand-work. The design selected is 11339.

8488—Infants' Dress. Designed for one size which requires 2¼ yards 36-inch nainsook—1½ yards insertion—3¼ yards lace edging. No. 8887—Child's Cap. Designed for ⅛ to 3 years. Size ⅛ requires ⅜ yard 36-inch batiste. The cap and pillow are embroidered in design 12402 and the dress in design 12081.

8445—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1 yard 27-inch piqué for hat with turn-back brim—⅝ yard for hat with embroidered brim. For the embroidery that is on the brim of the lower hat design 11751 may be selected.

8448—Child's Dress Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch dimity. This is a cunning little dress gathered below a yoke and embroidered in design 12317

8456—Child's Rompers. Designed for ⅛ to 4 years. Size 3 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch gingham—1 yard 27-inch chambray. The neck and sleeves are outlined in cross-stitching in design 12460.

6827—Infants' Layette. Designed for one size only. The dress illustrated requires 2 yards 36-inch nainsook. For the smocking on the shoulders design 11752 is suitable and for the embroidery on the pillow design 12215 may be selected.

8454—Infants' and Children's Caps. Designed for ⅛ to 3 years. Size 1 requires ¾ yard 36-inch batiste—3⅜ yards edging, for cap illustrated.


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# FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

7880—Ladies' Camisole. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 1⅝ yard 36- or 40-inch washable satin—2⅜ yard lace banding—1 yard ribbon. No. 8834—Ladies' Five-gored Petticoat. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 2¾ yards 36- or 40-inch washable satin—4¾ yards plaited net for trimming. No. 8018—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Caps. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires ¼ yard 36-inch net.

7947—Ladies' One-piece Negligée. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires for negligée with train 4¾ yards 36-inch Florentine silk. This is a very graceful type of negligée to be slipped on over the head and with the back extending down to form a train.

8616—Ladies' Brassiere Combination. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch batiste—1 yard ribbon for shoulder straps. The drawers are embroidered in the corners in design 11339. No. 6827—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Caps. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires ⅝ yard 27-inch printed silk. There is quite a wide variety of choice offered in fabrics for making up lingerie of all sorts including voile plain and flowered, crêpe de Chine, washable satin, and for the more elaborate types, Georgette crêpe.

8344—Ladies' Negligée. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2⅝ yards fringe—2 yards ribbon. No. 8018—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Caps. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires ¾ yard 27-inch figured net—1¾ yard ribbon—2½ yards plaited net.

8269—Ladies' Brassiere. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8269—Ladies' Two-piece Drawers. Designed for small, medium, and large. The combination in medium size requires 2½ yards 36-inch plain voile—⅝ yard 36-inch printed voile—⅛ yard ribbon.

8197—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch washable satin—2½ yards ribbon—3½ yards insertion. No. 8018—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Caps. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires ¾ yard 36-inch net—1 yard lace.

8178—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3½ yards 36-inch nainsook—2¾ yards lace banding—1 yard ribbon No. 6827—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Caps. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires ¾ yard 27-inch dotted swiss.

8277—Ladies' Kimono. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 4½ yards 32-inch printed crêpe—¾ yard plain crêpe for trimming. The kimono which is very simple in design and easy to make is slipped on over the head and fastens along the shoulders. It is cut in two pieces, a front and a back, which are joined along the shoulders and the outside of the arm. The neck may be in round or in V shaping.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

7622—Ladies' Middy Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 32-inch white galatea ⅜ yard 36-inch blue linen for collar and cuffs. Attractive for sports wear is this middy blouse that slips on over the head.

7487—Ladies' Middy Blouse. Designed for 32 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard white linen for collar, cuffs, and pocket flap.

8276—Ladies' and Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 32 to 42 bust and for 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch wool jersey—3 yards braid for trimming—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The dress is in one piece from neck to lower edge.

8310—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. As illustrated at the right of page, size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅞ yard lining. The dress is in one piece from neck to lower edge and may button at center-front, or if preferred, it may slip on over the head and close at left side-front and on the left shoulder.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

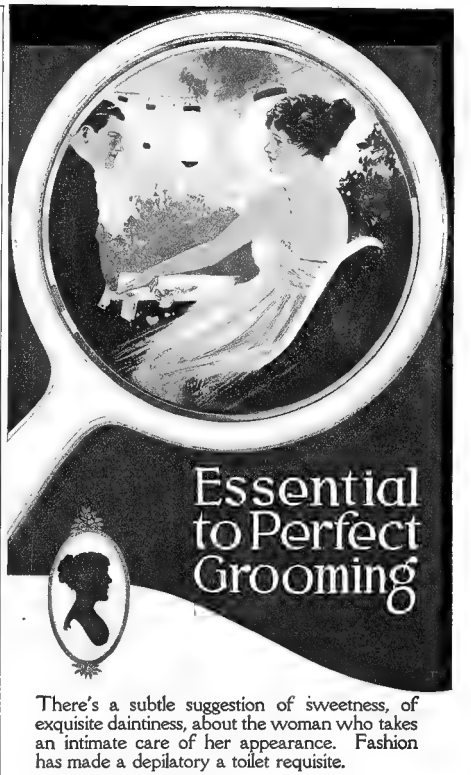
7851—Boys' Overalls. Designed for 2 to 12 years. Size 6 requires 3 yards 27-inch denim.

7991—Child's Combination. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste. The front of this cunning little combination is embroidered in design 11742.

6690—Juniors' and Girls' Princess Slip. Designed for 10 to 18 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch lawn, batiste, or China silk. Under sheer Summer dresses this will be found very useful. It slips on over the head and buttons on the shoulders. The front is embroidered in design 12367.

7774—Girls' and Juniors' Two-piece French Petticoat. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch longcloth—1⅝ yard ribbon. The petticoat slips on over the head and is gathered to a straight two-piece yoke.

8094—Girls' and Juniors' Bath-robe. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 4⅝ yards 27-inch flowered crêpe—¾ yard 27-inch plain crêpe.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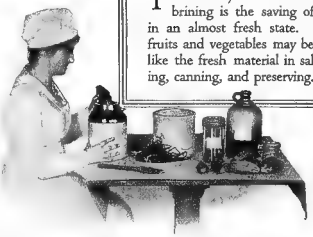
# Brine What You Can't Can

By RHEA C. SCOTT

*In charge of Home Demonstration Work, George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn.*

## Grandmother's Old-time Methods Brought Up to Date

Photograph by E. L. Grandin



THE beauty of these methods of brining is the saving of products in an almost fresh state. Later the fruits and vegetables may be used just like the fresh material in salads, cooking, canning, and preserving.

Cucumbers for Dill Pickles are Put Down in a Vinegar and Salt Brine with the Addition of Spices and Dill

THE new methods of brining which are a result of the government's war-time food preservation work give the housewife a simple means of saving many of her extra fruits and vegetables with the least amount of time and trouble. At the height of the canning season, when it is often difficult to keep up with all the products from the garden that need attention at one time, a few crocks and barrels and some salt and water will take care of the surplus material until the time when the busy housewife has more leisure to attend to it.

Salt is used to a large extent in Europe to preserve food, but its use has been on a decline in this country for some time, due to the rapid growth of the canning industry and to the ease with which fresh products are obtainable in many sections at all seasons.

The conservation ideals which were fostered during the war and the scarcity of help have made it advisable to revive this neglected art.

The use of salt has many advantages. Brining can be done with a minimum amount of unskilled labor and at a small cost; material can be utilized in larger quantities and kept in containers which can not be used for canning.

### Equipment

SEVERAL kinds of equipment may be used, a supply of wooden barrels or kegs which have been thoroughly washed and steamed, stone crocks or jars, covered enamel buckets or glass jars. Vessels made of yellow or pitch pine must not be used. Small containers are especially satisfactory for home purposes, for then all the material may be utilized when the jar is opened. This will insure against all danger from the formation of mold.

Barrels, kegs, and crocks are used when large quantities of materials are salted. The surface covered with white cheese-cloth or muslin with a wooden weight or plate put on top. With products that are fermented, hot paraffin is poured over the surface.

The quality of the salt used largely determines the quality of the product. Fine table salt is entirely satisfactory but expensive. Coarse dairy salt will give good results. Rock salt is not advised since it is too coarse and sometimes contains impurities.

Clean white cheese-cloth or muslin, cut into pieces six inches larger than the top of the vessel, is used to cover the material in vessels which can not be sealed. Weights are put on the top of the contents in the containers to hold them under the brine. These may be made of wood two inches thick and smaller in diameter than the inside of the vessel. Yellow or pitch pine must not be used. Heavy china plates and saucers, large corks dipped in paraffin when jars with lids are used, clean bricks and rocks may also be used as weights. No sandstone, limestone, or marble rocks must be used for this purpose.

Either melted paraffin or cotton-seed oil should be ready to pour over the surface of materials that are to be fermented. An old coffee-pot or teapot is convenient for melting the paraffin. Grease the containers to the jars with vaseline to keep the salt from oozing out.

Scales, measuring-cup, wooden spoon, wooden potato-masher, tablespoon, teaspoon, paring-knife, shears, colander, and enamel pans complete the necessary equipment.

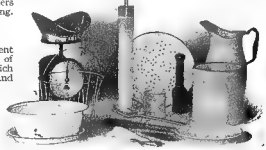
Many vegetables and some hard fruits may be satisfactorily preserved by one of the following methods: dry salting, brining, in water and vinegar, fermentation with dry salting, fermentation in brine. All vegetables or fruits to be preserved by any one of the methods must be gathered just before they are ripe and used while fresh, crisp, and tender. They should be thoroughly washed, trimmed, and peeled if necessary.

### Dry Salting

THE use of dry salt in putting down products is the simplest method of brining.

When vegetables or fruits are packed in a large amount of salt or in a strong brine the formation of lactic acid and other forms of mold and bacteria are prevented.

*String-beans* String, wash, drain, and weigh



The Entire Equipment for Preparing Products and Solutions for Brining

Barrels, kegs, and crocks are used when large quantities of materials are salted. The surface covered with white cheese-cloth or muslin with a wooden weight or plate put on top. With products that are fermented, hot paraffin is poured over the surface.

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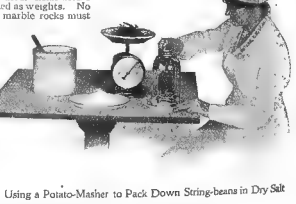
young, fresh, and tender string-beans. Large beans may be broken into two-inch pieces. Blanch in boiling water from three to five minutes and dip into cold water for one minute. Pack into jars with a two-inch layer of beans on the bottom. Cover with a layer of salt. One-fourth pound of salt is allowed to one pound of beans. This is distributed equally between the layers, being careful to leave some to cover the top layer of beans. Weight beans down with a paraffin cork. Grease the rubber with vaseline and seal. These may be kept for a year, freshened by soaking them for three hours in cold water, and afterward used in salads, pickles, or cooked for the table.

Corn, dandelions, beet-tops, spinach, chard, kale, and green peas may be salted in the same way.



Using a Potato-Masher to Pack Down String-beans in Dry Salt

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# Brine What You Can't Can

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

### String-bean Salad

WASH the beans thoroughly and soak them in cold water for three hours; boil them until tender and chill. Sprinkle with minced onion and one teaspoonful of chopped red pepper. Mix with French dressing and serve on lettuce leaf.

### Brining

*Green Peppers*—Remove stems and seeds from fresh green peppers. Wash and pack into a jar with the blossom end down. Cover with a brine made by adding two pounds of salt to one gallon of water. Put a paraffin cork on the top to weight the peppers down. Grease rubber with vaseline and seal. These may be kept from eight to ten months, freshened, and served as stuffed baked peppers, in relishes, or in salads.

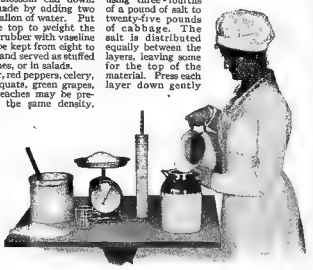
Chayotes, cauliflower, red peppers, celery, watermelon rind, kumquats, green grapes, and hard pears and peaches may be preserved in a brine of the same density.

### Stuffed Green Peppers

6 Brined Peppers
½ Cupful Chopped Left-over Meat
½ Teaspoonful Sage
½ Cupful Cooked Rice
½ Teaspoonful Onion
½ Teaspoonful Celery Seed

Soak peppers for three hours. Mix ingredients. Fill peppers. Cover the tops with buttered bread-crumbs. Bake for thirty minutes.

*Pears*—Wash hard pears. Pack whole into a jar or covered crock. Cover with a brine made by putting two pounds of salt in one gallon of water. Use a cork which has been dipped in paraffin as a weight. Grease rubber with vaseline and seal. These may be kept for six months and then utilized in pickles, preserves, or jams.



Weigh the Salt and Measure the Water for the Brine

### Ginger Pears

1 Lb. Brined Pears
1 Cupful Water
1 Lb. Sugar
2 Lemons (Juice and Rind)

WASH, peel, quarter, and soak pears for four hours. Make a strong ginger-tea. Drop pears in and boil for one-half hour. Make syrup of sugar, water, and lemon, using one cupful of the ginger-water also. Drop pears in. Boil until clear. Remove pears, pour syrup over them, and plump for three hours. Bring to boil again. Pack into sterilized jars and process fifteen minutes.

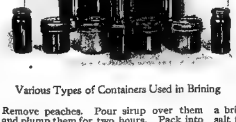
### In Vinegar and Water

VINEGAR is another substance which acts as a preservative. Hard peaches and pears may be kept for eight months in a solution of one part vinegar and one part water and then made into pickle.

### White Clingstone Peach Pickle

1 Lb. Peaches
1 Cupful Vinegar
¼ Teaspoonful Whole Allspice
¼ Teaspoonful Mace
½ Lb. Sugar
1 Cupful Water
¼ Teaspoonful Whole Cloves
2 Sticks Cinnamon
3 Quarter-inch Pieces of Ginger Root

PEEL peaches. Boil for five minutes in one cupful of vinegar and one cupful of water. Make syrup of sugar, vinegar, and spices which are tied in a cheese-cloth bag. Drop in peaches. Boil for one-half hour.



Various Types of Containers Used in Brining

Remove peaches. Pour syrup over them and plump them for two hours. Pack into sterilized jars and process for ten minutes.

### Fermentation with Salt

VEGETABLES are packed with three-fourths pound of salt to two pounds of the vegetables, or covered with a weak brine made by adding one and one-fourth pound of salt to three gallons of water to ferment them. The sugars are fermented by the lactic acid that forms. When the process is permitted to go far enough sufficient lactic acid is formed to kill any bacteria on the surface of the vegetables. The rate of the fermentation depends upon the temperature to which the products are subjected. This usually requires from eight to ten days in warm weather and from two to four weeks in cool weather. Tap the receptacle gently and if no bubbles arise, fermentation is finished. Precautions must be taken to prevent the growth of mold. This lactic acid is not injurious, but furnishes energy to the body

### Sauerkraut

REMOVE the outer leaves and any unsound parts of cabbage grown at any season. Cut into quarters and remove the core. Slice with a large knife or shred with a hand kraut-cutter, and pack into barrels or crocks in alternate layers, putting a five-inch layer of cabbage in the bottom. Cover the layer of cabbage with salt, using three-fourths of a pound of salt to twenty-five pounds of cabbage. The salt is distributed equally between the layers, leaving some for the top of the material. Press each layer down gently with a wooden potato-masher or mallet. Cover the cabbage with several thicknesses of clean white cloth to protect it from the flies and the dust. Place a weight on top and put the jar in a moderately warm place to ferment. This will take about sixteen days in warm weather and three weeks in cold weather. Remove the scum from the top after fermentation and put in a cool place. Pour boiling paraffin on the top to seal it. The paraffin may be omitted when kraut is made in cold weather, as the organisms which destroy the lactic acid and cause decomposition do not grow then. Sometimes one quart of vinegar is added to twenty-five pounds of cabbage to insure freedom against decomposition.

String-beans and turnips may be preserved in the same way.

### Fermentation in Brine

SOME vegetables give better results when fermented in a weak brine.

*Green Tomatoes*—Select well-developed green tomatoes. Wash, drain, and pack them into containers. Cover them with a weak brine made by adding three-fourths of a cupful of salt and one-half pint of vinegar to one gallon of water. Put into a moderately warm place to ferment. Then remove to a cool place and seal with hot paraffin. These may be kept for eight months, freshened, and served as a salad or made into a relish.

String-beans and cucumbers may be treated by the same method.

### Dill Pickles

DILL pickles are made by the addition of spices and dill to a vinegar solution.

½ Lb. Salt
1 Lb. Bunch Dill or 2 Lbs. Green or Brined Dill
1 Cupful Vinegar
2 Qts. Mixed Spices
Cucumbers

PUT a layer of dill in the bottom of the crock. Pack cucumbers in until within four inches from the top; add spices tied in cheese-cloth bag and the remainder of dill. Pour in the vinegar and cover with the brine. Weight cucumbers down with a plate or piece of wood.

String-beans, green tomatoes, and chayotes will make good dill pickles.

### Tomato Mince-meat

*Green Tomatoes*—Wash green tomatoes. Pack into a jar. Cover with a brine made by putting three cupfuls of salt to one gallon of water. Weight with a paraffin cork and seal. These may be kept four to six months for mince-meat.

1 Lb. Tomatoes
½ Cupful Shredded Coconut or Suet
½ Cupful Brown Sugar
½ Cupful Vinegar
¼ Teaspoonful Ground Cinnamon
¼ Teaspoonful Ground Nutmeg
½ Lb. Chopped Apples
½ Cupful Molasses
½ Lb. Raisins
¼ Teaspoonful Ground Cloves
¼ Teaspoonful Ground Allspice

SOAK tomatoes for three hours. Chop fine. Add chopped apples and other ingredients. Cook until thick. This will keep for some time in sterilized jars when sealed and processed.

To insure good results, always use fresh, firm, and good vegetables or fruits. Scald all containers and utensils. Keep the surface of the materials well covered with the brine. Cover the surface of the fermented products with melted paraffin or cotton-seed oil after fermentation stops.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# Marriage, Limited

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

on me. I'm a goner—that's what. Sweet Suffering Satan, man, but she's sending me pies and slippers and the Lord knows what! I'm scared, that's what I'm going away, by Gosh, and I'm going where no woman's going to find me!"

"Where?" said Mr. Barkman.

"Diskus Lake, up in the mountains."

It was perfectly apparent that I was proceeding happily with my campaign. I had now arrived at that stage in the making of a sale where the purchaser fears he will buy and is trying to escape. If I followed the matter up with efficiency and promptness I might well hope for a favorable result.

I put *on* my hat, went at once to a railroad office, inquired the whereabouts of Dinkus Lake and purchased a ticket for that point. Then I went home and packed, and that evening set out for my destination.

THERE was a small hotel at the lake where I was given a room. That day Mr. Catty did not arrive, nor the next. The third day after my arrival I walked around the lake. On the farther shore, concealed among the trees, was a tiny cottage, a sort of camp. I saw smoke arising from its chimney, and as I was passing I saw a man emerge from the back door, first looking about cautiously as if afraid of being observed. The man was Sismond Catty!

He chopped some wood in a highly inefficient manner, and returned to the house with it. I then approached the camp and taking pains not to be heard, peered through the window. He was endeavoring to prepare a meal. At the moment when I arrived the kitchen was full of smoke, and Mr. Catty, uttering incoherent sounds, rushed to the stove, seized a dish of some food, which had been forgotten while he chopped wood, and hurled it savagely through the door.

"Boiled eggs," I heard him mutter. "Three days on boiled eggs!" He glared about himself helplessly, looking a picture of desperation. If ever a man was in a condition where the value of a competent wife was apparent to him, Sismond Catty was in that position. The moment seemed propitious.

I stepped to the door and entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Catty," said I courteously.

Positively, he leaped into the air, turning so that he faced me.

"Who are you? Who are you?" He demanded. "Where did you come from?"

"Surely you know me," said I. "I am Martha Jibb. You have met me in Mr. Barkman's office. I have come to prepare you a proper meal. It is evident you have exhausted your own capabilities."

"Boiled eggs——" he said helplessly.

"You have demonstrated to yourself," said I, "that man alone is incomplete. You see how helpless a man can be, how inefficient, lacking the assistance of a competent wife."

"My Stars!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "You?"

"No other," said I firmly.

"You sent me those post-cards?" He edged toward the inner door. "And those pies, that hash, those slippers?"

"Samples, sir, merely samples."

"What —do—you—want?" he asked, hesitating between each word. "Barkman sent you?" His tone was hopeful.

"Nobody sent me. This is my own individual transaction. I am searching for a suitable husband, and you come as near as I can hope for to possessing the necessary attributes. I wish to discuss the matter with you—in a calm, businesslike manner."

"Woman!" said he, shakily, "woman!" He pointed a trembling hand at the door. "Go away from here—immediately."

"Not," said I, "until I have laid my proposition before you."

He stood silent, somewhat shrunken in size, and with a furtive look in his eyes. I felt the flush of success. If I could but state my project forcefully now, the sale would be made, and I would have secured a husband who might be regarded as a safe investment. Suddenly he straightened and stared over my shoulder.

"Look!" he hooted, pointing. "Look—quick!"

I turned, nothing was to be seen. I faced about quickly, but too late. Sismond Catty had dodged through the door into the next room and was ascending a ladder that led through a square opening in the ceiling—running up the ladder with an agility with which I had not credited him.

"Stop," I cried.

But he did not stop. He disappeared through the hole with incredible swiftness. I could hear him scrambling about above my head. Presently a rusty rake appeared, and I heard his voice.

"Go away! Go away!"

I was not to be daunted, but placed my foot on the ladder.

"Back," he roared, and poked at me with the rake. I stepped back and regarded him reproachfully.

"I am glad," said I, "to see that you are a man of decision."

"Decision," said he. "*Desperation.* Don't push me too far. I won't be responsible."

"You have allowed yourself to become excited," said I. "Please be calm. I shall give you a moment to collect yourself, and then I shall lay my proposition before you. I assure you I can talk to you up a ladder as well as I could if you were beside me."

"I knew you were that kind," said he. "What kind?" said I.

"The kind of woman that could talk a man up a ladder or down a mine—or into insanity. Woman, I feel queer. I don't know what it is. Perhaps I am going insane. Insane men are dangerous. You had better go away before my last shred of reason leaves me."

"What I wish to say to you," I began, when he interrupted *me* with an outrageous sound, a most unbusinesslike sound. He had found an old tin dishpan and was beating on it so loudly with a stick that the clamor drowned my voice. He peered down at me severely, and stopped for a minute.

"Go ahead—talk," he said, and wrinkled his nose at me. "Talk—see if you can drown out a dishpan."

He was unreasonable. There was no use arguing with him, so I sat down with calm determination to wait until he should weary of his childishness. But he did not weary. He appeared to find a barbarous pleasure in beating his dishpan, and I noted, not without some approval, that he began to attain some degree of proficiency in his savage art.

"I've got two drumsticks now," he shouted down at me in a moment's pause.

He was now beating with some pretense of rhythm, a really creditable performance for a dishpan, and I could not but feel that I had chosen wisely. A man who would improve his time in an emergency was the sort of man I could admire and co-operate with through life.

I was silent.

"Have you gone?" he asked.

"I shall never go until we have reached an agreement to become man and wife."

"Never," said he.

"I shall stay until you do. I have a legitimate proposition to offer you——"

Bang! Bang! Bangety-bangety-bang! It was his dishpan again.

After a time came silence.

"You'll have to come down sometime," said I. "You'll be hungry."

"So will you."

"By no means. I shall cook your food and eat it."

"Don't dare touch my food. I'll have you arrested for—for burglary."

"Nonsense," said I. "At the same time I will be demonstrating to you my culinary ability. I shall even invite you to come down and dine with me."

"Never," he said between his teeth, and when I endeavored to make a reasonable remainder he began beating on his tin pan again.

LEAVING the door open, I went into the kitchen to find food, for the lunch-hour was approaching. I did not feel safe in leaving the room long for fear he would make his escape, but, every moment or so I would dart into the front room to make sure that my future husband was not attempting surreptitiously to descend the ladder. Once I perceived his legs dangling through the hole.

"Ah," said I, "you have decided to come down."

He snatched his legs back quickly and jabbed at me with the rake, which, fortunately, did not reach.

"No true gentleman," said I severely, "will strike his future wife with a rake!"

I cooked a number of savory dishes, choosing those whose aroma was most calculated to flow upward through the trap-door and assail Sismond Catty's nose, arousing in him a primitive desire for food.

"Lunch is ready," said I, spreading a table under the trap-door.

I saw him peer down at the table with a terrible frown.

"Come down," said I.

"Never," said he, but there was pain in his voice. I knew the aromas were doing their work. I stepped into the kitchen a moment, but rushed back as I heard a dish crash upon the floor. Sismond had reached downward with his rake and was in the act of drawing upward to himself a juicy steak on its progress when I arrived. I was not a moment too soon. I snatched the steak.

"Consarn you!" shouted Sismond, his voice choked with the rage of a frustrated man.

"If you do that again," said I, "I shall take your rake away from you."

"Just try it once," said he with such

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

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# Marriage, Limited

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

determination that I was forced to admire him for it. Truly, he was a man of sterling character and admirable tenacity of purpose.

I sat down and lunched under his eyes, which I could feel glaring at me. All the time he pounded upon his dishpan horribly, but I did not allow it to irritate me in the least.

"You'll have to go away before night," he paused to say.

"Why?"

"You haven't any chaperon," and then he repeated it half a dozen times in a sing-song. "You haven't any chaperon! You haven't any chaperon! You haven't any chaperon!"

"Oh, be quiet," said I. "I don't need a chaperon."

"But I do," he said, with real anxiety. "I won't stay in this house alone with a strange woman. A man's reputation is a precious thing."

"Fudge-sticks," said I. "You're going to marry me."

"I'll I'll hang myself to a rafter."

"You haven't any rope," said I, practically.

"I'll yell for help."

"Go ahead," said I, "when they come I shall announce our engagement to them, I should like witnesses."

He uttered a vehement word such as I have heard men of the cruder sex use in moments of stress. Then he was silent, and I addressed myself with enjoyment to my luncheon.

"Boiled eggs!" he said suddenly in a hollow tone, and fell to beating on his dishpan.

Of a sudden he ceased pounding, and there began the most tremendous crashing and trampling and battering upon wood that I have ever heard. For a moment I fancied Sismond might have taken leave of his senses, but I reassured myself by saying that it was only some new subterfuge. The sounds persisted. Then I heard a stout of running, then silence.

I was startled, I scaled the ladder and, poking my head through the trap, gazed into the loft. No threatening rake assailed me. The loft was empty—and a great hole gaped in the roof.

With a spasm of which I did not think myself capable, I descended to the ground and ran out-of-doors. Sismond was in the act of lowering himself over the edge of the roof.

"Do come down," said I. "As well here as by the ladder."

He scrambled back and sat on the shingles, glaring at me. He had left his rake within. He had left his dishpan.

"Now we can talk," said I, "and you will have to listen."

He looked about wildly. I paused to marshal my arguments. He got to his feet. A huge tree rose close to the house, and one of its branches overhung the roof. He leaped upward and seized it, and presently was climbing upward like a squirrel until he had reached a height from the ground that made it impossible for my voice to carry to him. But I could see him grinning—positively grinning with satisfaction.

THERE was but one thing to do. I must follow him. Quickly I rushed into the house, ascended the ladder and stood on the roof. He began to descend. I could not understand it until I saw him scramble out on a huge limb that extended at right angles to the camp. He crept along this until it became so small in size as to make his position perilous. He was fifty feet above the ground. But this limb reached well into the foliage of another huge tree, and, tho I thought he should fall and do himself injury, he succeeded in gaining footing in this next tree. I was now on the roof, he was two trees away from me.

He began to descend. I crawled back through the roof and climbed down the ladder. When I reached the out-of-doors, it was just in time to see him drop to the ground two hundred feet away, and take to his heels with a speed which was most commendable in a man of his age. I gave chase, but he outdistanced me. Exhausted, I sank to the earth, and he, observing this, stopped.

"Yah! Yah-hhh! Yahhhh!" he shouted like a naughty little boy. "Will try to marry me will you? I'm off to Alaska—or Kamschatka—or some place. Thought you had me, didn't you? Yahhh!" Then he turned and walked rapidly away. I knew it was vain to pursue him.

I returned to the hotel, and as was my duty, prepared a report to Mr. Barkman. It ended with these words. "But for the superior agility of the male sex, I should have returned to you with a husband. As it is, I have failed. However, I have gained experience. Immediately upon returning I shall take up work in a gymnasium. I must acquire physical efficiency. Perhaps this failure has been for the best. I should feel uncertain with a husband whom I might find it necessary to pursue up a tree at any moment. It is strange how men retain their primitive abilities. Hereafter I shall have an insurmountable aversion to trees—and rakes. Both, I must confess, however, are efficient means when capably employed."


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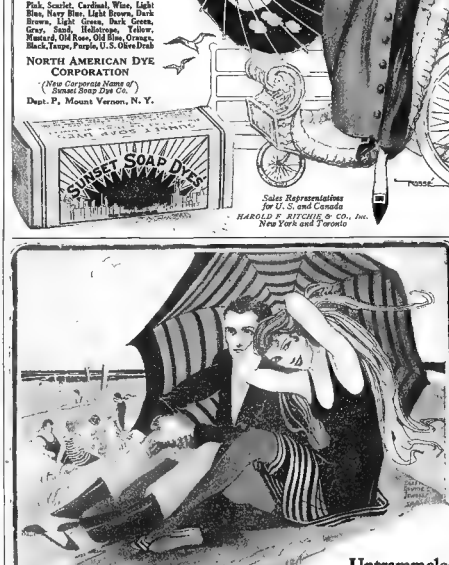

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# Bearing a Torch

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

houses—and then straggled on. He had never seen anything just like this before. He hadn't gotten it thoroughly into his head that it could be—like this.

They went ahead, of course, but they couldn't go right by old women who crept toward you reaching out their hands—toppling over, face downward, while they did it. They kept *ahead*—but they couldn't quite overlook little boys who limped with wounds—and carried babies—and scorched with drawn white faces for their mothers. They pushed ahead, of course, but they couldn't walk over little girls who crouched in the dirt, and cried weakly for a little something to eat. Why, certainly they steered *ahead*—but they couldn't tramp down young women who deliberately stood before them, with ghastly stories on their faces, and jibbering, foolish laughs that turned you cold. Oh, yes—they always kept ahead—kept ahead—like men pushing on past all the desolate wanderers of Hell. Did any one imagine they could do anything for them? Well, they couldn't! They could only keep on pushing ahead—they could only leave them with their disappointed faces—behind—and still push on until they "took the town."

IT SOUNDED well, since there was nothing in it to take but some empty cellar-holes, and some dreary shells of buildings—still left standing—and one of the little boys —still staggering behind you and crying, *"Maman! Maman!"* like a lost ghost—as he lugged the baby.

Oh, God! Was this the thing that he had come for? The thing that he had waited for, like a race-horse, as he had used to wait for the great games at college? Where'd that little ghost come from? That little lame ghost with its bundle—still searching—still sending up its forlorn, piping cry, *"Maman! Maman!"*

His eyes smarted with wet. What sort of a world was this for a man to live in!

They had gone down into one of the cellar-holes. They had their emergency rations—and they *slept*. He felt better. Very much better. He even lay back on his blanket, and smoked quite normally, in the dark of the evening.

"Got a mother living, Curly?" he inquired, carelessly, of the little fellow on his left.

"Yep," replied Curly. "And I guess it's a darn good thing she can't see me now. Some of these little jobs that I have to do—she wouldn't like it, not a little bit!"

"Didn't even like some of the jobs you did when you were at *home*, did she?" he pursued easily. "Didn't even like you to fight then, did she?"

"Wy, no, she didn't *like* it as I know of," admitted Curly, "but she couldn't help herself, either. My dad backed me—see?"

"Mine, too, but my mother had some different ideas, if I remember."

"I guess they do—gen'rally speaking," surmised Curly.

There was a familiar muffled bubbub of distant guns, and they listened apathetically.

"Looks as if us and Father ran things to suit ourselves, doesn't it?" Curly didn't quite get him there, but Perry Loring did.

"Us and Father are the whole thing, as you might say," grinned Perry. "Us and Father run all over globe—and if you don't believe it, just listen to *that* Fourth o' July fireworks—will you! Us and Father own the devil's ears, hands down, and that accounts for its being the hell-of-a-place that 'tis! Us and Father—"

"S-s-s! Shut up!" It was Curly who was running along the cellar-wall like a squirrel, and it was Curly who was clambering up and peering out. "They're coming *back*—you blabbers!" shrieked his whisper. "O' course they're coming back! What did you s'pose? They ain't dead men—are they? They're *coming*—you lay-a-beds! Get ready—there!"

They came—short of equipment but strong of courage. They slid in, they jumped in, they pitched in—and they came for hand-to-hand business, and for recovering lost honor.

A cigaret was stamped into the ground in the dark, and the man who was smoking it so normally, was up and facing them.

"Come on, you devils!" he was muttering, with the guttural sounds—"come on—then!"

Oh, yes! They came. It came. The thing that he had waited for, like a race-horse, so long. It had come now, for sure.

A fight? A fight of young men—in a congested hole, somewhere in France? Good God! There were few who even lived to remember it. War? You could call it what you pleased! Just exactly what you liked! Hell? Did you use the butt-end of your rifle—in Hell? Perhaps. Did you do *like that*—in Hell? Perhaps. Oh, God! Oh, God—and Hell—and the Devil! *Bayonets*—did you say? *When they were doing you like that!* Bayonets—didn't count—you know! Nothing—counted! Except to do the—same thing—yourself! If God would let you! If God—and the Devil—would let you! *Curse you—forever—you—damned—Hun!* You couldn't—*do that*—you know! You couldn't *—do—that!*

Oh, yes, you could. You could do anything you liked. Anything you liked—in this dark battle in a congested hole—somewhere in France. Anything you liked—in this prize battle of the prize war of all the ages—anything at all—anything—at all—

They were no longer young men. They were only heaps of butchered bodies. Was he the only thing that lived—and groped wounded and dying—that stumbled round blind and tortured—in this human shambles? Oh—no! There were others! He had only to listen—to know that! There were others—down there in the shambles!

"What's—'s matter—old man?" It was a tattered husk of sound, a tattered husk of something that used to be Perry Loring—but he knew it, and reached out a hand. He felt at Perry's face in the dark.

"You've—got to—*kill* me—you know!" he broke out in a crazy whisper. "It's—the tortures—of the damned—you know! I won't—*stand it!*"

"You'll—be better—" soothed Perry, with the ragged sounds. "I'm rather done for—myself. Stiff fight. Who's got the hole?" His laugh was a bitter crackle. "Not enough left to say! Just hear 'em groan—old man! You're fine—compared to most of 'em!"

It wasn't a groan. It was a shivering cry—from some dark corner of the shambles—a cry of a boy in his last agony. "Oh—*M—Mother! M—Moth—er!*"

"She can't help you," came Perry's toneless sounds. "She can't help you—son—she—"

But the voice of his friend was once more in his ear. "I tell you—to—kill me—or I'll *k-kill you*—you coward!" it chattered. *"Let me go!"*

He was leaping up the cellar-wall with strange lunges, while the shattered remnant of Perry Loring pulled weakly at him from below.

But he got away. And he was out there alone between the earth and the sky. Alone with his pain—and his wounded thing—standing there among the ruins—quite alone.

"Oh—Mother—Mother—*Moth—er!*"

It went trailing up through the darkness, mounting up to the dark sky, as he shivered there—above the hole of dying boys.

But he got no answer. There was nothing but the lonely stretch of sky above—and the dying boys below. Oh, no, he got no answer—and he would get none—no matter how long he might stand there calling. There would be nothing but the silent waste of sky above—and the mocking waste of earth—and wreckage—and dying boys—and dead boys—down below.

HE MADE a queer sound—like a laugh. That was a mistake—you know—your calling—on your Mother! Ha! Ha! Did you expect an answer? Well—you couldn't get it—if you did! Your *Mother* —did you say? You might go on calling—till the dead boys had rotted in the hole—but you'd never get any answer—because *there wasn't any such a person!* Did you *get it?* Did you *get it*—you Suffering Dogs—you Chipplings—you Shells! There *wasn't* any such thing—and you'd *get it now—yourselves*—hadn't you? You'd got it branded into your souls at last—hadn't you? And you knew that you might go on hollering forever—but you'd never get any answer—you'd never get any answer—you'd never—

He got a glimmer of Perry Loring's face, pushing up over the top, too.

"Come back here, you Hun target!" yelled Perry. "You're likely to be wiped out in about thirty seconds!"

"*Come on—I'm ready!*" he shouted. "You didn't think I wanted to *live*—did you?"

Perry was there beside him. "Come back, old man," he urged gently. "You're done for—you've gone—but you'll be better. Keep your head-piece, old man! Don't lose yourself!"

"I'm gone," he muttered blankly, staring limply about him. "Where's your Mother?"

"I don't know—exactly," attempted Perry unsteadily, while he lifted him bodily in his arms and, with slow, painful movements, pushed back again. "She'd—help us—if she could—I guess!" he defended, with a suddenly bleared vision and wet cheeks. "Keep up your c-courage —old man," came the tattered whisper of poor, tattered Perry Loring. "S-she'd—help us—but s-she's—needed—in the—in the—home—you know—in the—*home!*"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

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# Bearing a Torch

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

He was rubbing slowly at his blind eyes. He was coming slowly to his feet in the quiet room. His Mother? Yes. She was there—and he must tell her . . . *It was what he had brought back to tell her* . . . That he had heard them call—and that—she must answer . . . That he had heard their cries—and he would always hear them — "*Mutter! Mutter!*" — "*Maman! Maman!*"—"*Mother—Mother — Mother — Mother!*"

His left arm groped across the darkness of the room. "Oh, Mother—Mother!" he cried softly. "Don't you—*understand?*"

"Yes, Son," came her quiet answer—and she was looking at him just as she used to look . . . She was smiling at him and reaching out her arms . . . She was moving easily toward him—with her old familiar gesture. "Yes—Son, I understand," she told him. "We both understand."

She was very near him.

"We both understand—don't we?" she repeated. "If we go down deep—*deep enough*—in the storm—we come up bearing a torch—don't we—dear little Son!"

Her fingers reached forward. They almost touched his blind eyes—and he stirred.

. . . . . .

The nurse had come in and told him.

"No, she's not dead," he replied, with a wonderful simplicity. "I have just seen her, and talked with her. I have just *seen* her, you understand—and I am blind."

He walked across the room to the door, and turned round again. The nurse felt little and young, as she looked up at his face.

"If we go down deep enough—we come up bearing a torch," he told her. "Please don't think of me as blind," he ordered lightly. "We come up *bearing a torch*—you know!"

# What Is a Rainy Day?

By CLAIRE WALLIS

TO CARRY the proverbial metaphor a bit further, when should the financial umbrella that has been hoarded toward the sudden shower of need or misfortune be raised? This is a question that will be answered differently by old and young. Grandfather has a theory, which he tries in vain to pound into the head of young Peter, that a rainy day never comes, at least not until old age, but that one should always carry one's umbrella in readiness, for the worst storm is ever ahead. Peter has a suspicion that Grandfather has passed through a great many hard showers and been pretty well wet into the bargain, but Grandfather's rainy-day fund is still untouched, waiting for the deluge probably.

Peter's mother has an idea about rainy days which seems to come nearer the real answer. She expounded this theory to Peter's father only a short time after they were married. "Let's take our rainy-day fund and buy a house instead of renting this old place!" she exploded to her husband's consternation, for he had much the same idea about rainy days that Grandfather has. Then she went on to show him how they needed that money right then more than they could possibly ever need it. They could save so much more if they weren't paying rent, to say nothing of the improvement of their dispositions. She won out, the house was bought, and Peter's father started another rainy-day fund.

It must have been when Peter was ten that his mother again defied tradition and urged the use of the fund for a trip for Peter's father and herself. She pointed out that if Peter's father did not have a rest right then the fund would have to be used anyway for doctor's bills, so why not use it in a pleasanter way. She had her will and they took the trip. Peter's father went back to work with so much more gusto that they were able to make up half the fund before the end of the next year.

Then there came the question of a car. "Just a little runabout affair," Peter's mother pleaded. "It will save your carfare to the office, and the wear and tear of crowded trolleys, not to mention time. I can market better and save delivery costs. Peter can go to a better school, and we can take our vacation in it." The rainy-day fund once more evaporated under the sunshine of Peter's mother's optimism, but began again the day after the car was paid for.

Now there is a question of Peter's college education on the family conference table. Is the rainy-day fund going for that? Peter's mother seems to think so, because she argues that Peter will be better equipped to help his father and herself should a rainy day find them unprepared. But Grandfather sits and solemnly wags his head while he mutters something about "young fools and a miserable old age!"

Which is right, and what is a rainy day?

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# Daughters of the Golden Treasure
## What a Teacher Did

IF THERE is one thing more than another that I am convinced of about plain, ordinary, every-day, average folk, it is that they all stand ready to help one another when the opportunity comes along. You sometimes hear opinions expressed quite contrary to this, but don't you believe them. Here and there, of course, you may find people who fear they're going to lose something if they do anything for anybody, but on the whole, "folks is folks." If I ever had any doubts about it, those doubts were absolutely dispelled on receiving the following letter from one of my Daughters who lives in a little farming community not a thousand miles away from Virginia. Read it for yourself and see if you don't get the same inspiration from it that I got.

DEAR PEGGY:

The wonderful, big, fat check arrived safely, and I can't tell you how happy I am.

You asked me to let you know all about it from the beginning, so here goes.

First of all I must tell you that I am a first-grade school-teacher and, as you know, that does not pay much in the way of salary. Well, when the Victory Loan came along I didn't have a cent to subscribe with, and it worried me terribly. I thought of all the sacrifices our boys abroad had made and I almost wept to think that I couldn't help to bring them home. Oh, you don't know how miserable I was about it. Everybody seemed to be helping the loan but me. Then your wonderful letter came and the light began to shine. The day I got it I could hardly wait for school to close. But at last it did, and I ran home, read your letter again, and decided to act on your advice. At first I was scared, for I had never made a cent in my life outside of school work, so I thought I'd try it on a friend of mine first. I told her just what you said; and she said, "Of course, I will."

To cut a long story short, I made $5 that first afternoon, and so it went. Every day I never made less than $3 and $4 in my spare time, until I was able to buy a bond. Oh, it was a wonderful experience, and I'm ever so grateful to you. But, beyond being happy over the money part, I learned that everybody seems so willing to help you when what you are working for is worth while.

ETHEL D——, Virginia.

I CERTAINLY would like all schoolteachers who read this letter to write to me, for I know a way by which they can make many a dollar for themselves this Summer. Of course, what I have to tell them can also be told to those who are not school-teachers. In fact, it does not matter what you are doing or not doing; it does not matter if you are fully occupied or not; it does not matter if you are young or old, single or married, a schoolgirl or burdened with household cares—write to me if you would like to make money for yourself, and I'll show you how to do it. Inexperience will not prevent your success so long as you really want to succeed. "Really wanting to" will help you to do anything. Here are some extracts of letters from some of my Daughters who "really wanted to" succeed.

DEAR PEGGY:

Your plan certainly helped me. I wanted some money and I knew I couldn't ask my parents for it. Then your letter came with its good news and now I am not worrying. Thank you.

O. M. P——, Illinois.

MY DEAR PEGGY KEY SCOTT:

How perfectly delighted I was when I received that beautiful crystal pen-jar, and I want to thank you very much for it. I can hardly realize it when I think I made seven dollars besides that jar.

ELEANOR F——, New York.

DEAREST MISS PEGGY:

Really those beautiful pearls seem like a dream come true. I certainly thank you, Peggy dear. They are wonderful.

MABEL B——, Arkansas.

DEAR PEGGY:

All my friends admire my ring. I never will regret spotting The Golden Treasure corner in PICTORIAL REVIEW. Best wishes.

VIOLET G——, California.

DEAR PEGGY:

It makes one feel so independent to know that she may have pin-money and a lovely present like the ring I received without having to depend on some one else.

BEATRICE B——, Maine.

As you read these letters don't you wish you were the writer of one of them? How would you like a crystal jar? Or a pearl necklace? Or a club pin? Or a ring that just fits? What would you say to a check coming to you every month for you to spend just as you wish? Would you like that? Of course you would. Then, why don't you sit right down now and drop me a line? Why don't you find out exactly how you can get all these things, these necklaces, rings, pins, and money besides?

### Is Your Letter There?

YOU must be wondering how I know these Daughters of mine can write these delightful, happy letters to me. You are, aren't you? Then let me tell you that one day not long ago they, too, were reading similar letters in this column and wondering if the letters could be true. But they didn't let it stop at that. No. They wrote to me to find out how they could make money and get the rings and pins and necklaces. They took action. They weren't content just to wonder. They wrote to me and that's what I want you to do. If you would like to add to your income, write to me. If you are tired of asking for every extra dollar you need, write to me. If you would like to feel independent of some father, husband, brother, or son, ask me how to secure independence.

Conditions are very different to-day from what they used to be. There was a time when we judged a "lady" by her helplessness. To-day we admire her for her activity. To do things means honor for both men and women. Work means freedom and freedom means growth. Coming in contact with each other broadens women. Getting out into the world widens their horizon and gives them increased understanding of life. This is exactly what joining The Daughters of the Golden Treasure will do for you. You will not only make more money—you will also make your character more firm, add to your self-reliance and increase your innate ability to do things independently. Very often I am asked if it is necessary to have some special kind of knowledge or gift to be successful. My answer is always the same: No, it is not. All you need to succeed is a sincere desire to get on and a determination to stick to things in spite of temporary obstacles. All those Daughters of mine who are now successful are those who would not be prevented from reaching their goal. It is because I know many benefits can be yours that I urge you to join our club.

### Do You Feel This Way?

THREE months ago I received a note from a married woman in Iowa. Her letter certainly made me laugh. She wrote that she had read my column and that frankly it sounded too good to be true. She went on to say that if, however, I could prove to her that what I wrote was true, she would be glad to enroll as a Daughter. That was three months ago. To-day she makes as much as $35 a month and does all her own housework besides. Now, perhaps, you may feel the way about all this that my Iowa Daughter felt. You may think that, without experience in money-making, all these gifts are not within your power to earn. Don't you believe it. I know you can do what my other Daughters are doing. The great point is are you willing to succeed? Do you take up new things and then drop them? Are you easily put off doing things? Show me that you are not by writing me to-day. A postal will do. Just say, "Show me how the others do it," and then see what the answer will be from

Peggy Key Scott

*President, Daughters of the Golden Treasure,*
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW BUILDING,
NEW YORK, N.Y.

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# COLGATE'S
# TALC POWDER

## *Wounded in Service—*

In his letter, Brigadier-General Lindsey says, "Colgate's has been at the front."

In the United States, too, Colgate's Talc Powder is indeed at the front, doing service in bringing comfort to grown-ups and babies.

Colgate's is a leader—always.

If your home is already using Colgate's, it may be unnecessary to emphasize that this real Boric Powder is safest and best for you and your children. Send 2c in stamps for a trial size, or purchase the full size box at your dealer's.

*Sold everywhere*

**COLGATE & CO.**

**199 Fulton Street** *Dept. 10* **New York City**

Hdq. 164 Inf. Brigade,
American E. F., France,
September 20, 1918.

Messrs. Colgate & Co.,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing herewith a little relic which you may consider interesting.

The conditions under which the can was pierced by a piece of shell are as follows:

On the night of August 18, 1918, there was a hostile air raid on------, a small town near the front line in an American sector. An American soldier was sleeping in a box car near the railroad station, with his infantry roll as his pillow. A bomb struck close by, and the fragment went through the box car, through the man's roll, and penetrated, as you see, the can of Colgate's Violet Talc Powder.

So far as I know, the fragment of shell has never been withdrawn.

You may well claim, therefore, that your Talc Powder has been at the front.

Yours truly,

JRL/JV

J. R. Lindsey,
Brigadier General.

Eleven charming scents, besides a Tinted and an Unscented Talc, all on the same formula of an eminent physician. "The real boric powder."

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